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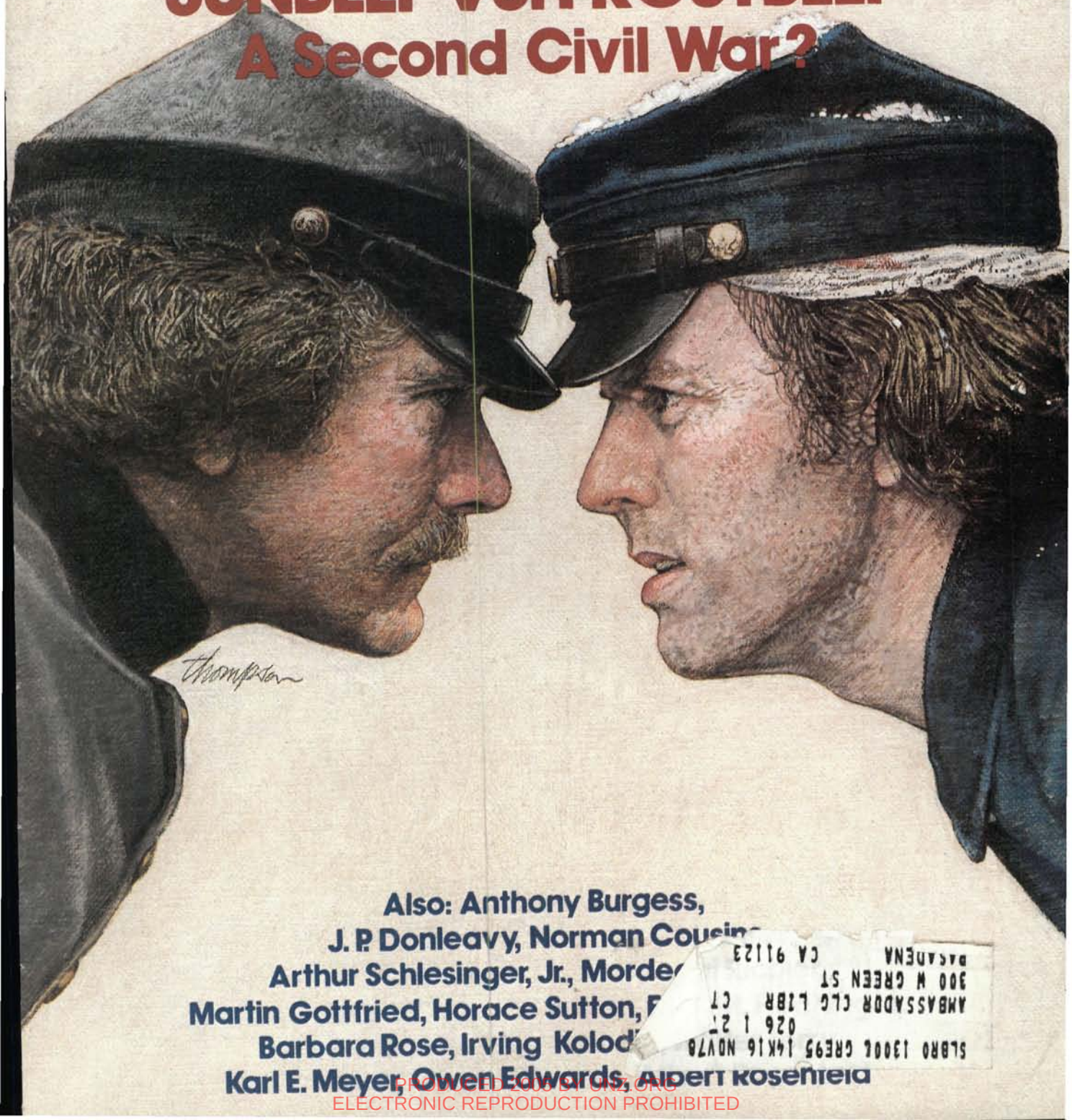

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Veteran car critics and testers have been reporting some very nice things about Omni. Like the confident feel of its front-wheel drive. And the kind of space front-wheel drive gives Omni's occupants. So, the nation's automotive press also thinks so.

We think you're going to think Omni's tops, too. Because Omni can get so much done... lots more in fact...than it did for the car experts. We say that because it will take thousands of miles around the town and out in the country to put Omni to its truest test. With you at the wheel.

$4135.* (CAR AS SHOWN)
$3706.* (BASE STICKER PRICE)

Now, car testers don't worry too much about price. But you have to. So it's nice to know Omni prices start at just $3706.* Which includes such standard items as an AM radio, vinyl body-side moldings, and whitewall radial tires. With a little judicious selection of options and trim packages, you can own an Omni like the one in the picture for just $4135.*

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You can make your Omni roomier yet. More versatile. Order it with an optional factory-installed multipurpose carryall roof rack. With appropriate attachments, it'll handle bikes, skis, baggage, or other cargo up to 150 pounds. After all, the more you carry outside, the more you can carry inside.

EPA ESTIMATES:
30 MPG HIGHWAY/25 MPG CITY.

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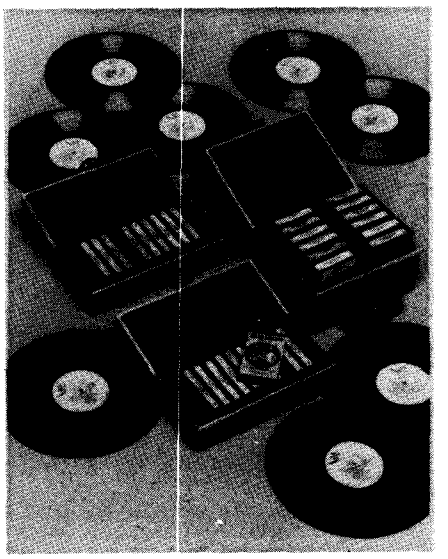

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SOUNDSTAGE I

SONGS (ARTIST)

Take the "A" Train (Duke Ellington Band)
They Say It's Wonderful (Frank Sinatra)
More Than You Know (Lena Horne)
When the Saints (Louie Armstrong)
Tangerine (J. Dorsey Orch.)
Pennsylvania 6-5000 (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Strings of Pearls (Glenn Miller Orch.)
I'm Getting Sentimental Over You (Mel Torme)
Lady Be Good (Count Basie and the Orch.)
When You Were Sweet Sixteen (The Ink Spots)
Music Makers (The Harry James Orch.)
The Last Time I Saw Paris (Johnny Desmond)
Garden in the Rain (The Sportsmen)
I'll Be Seeing You (Kate Smith)
Let's Get Away From It All (Tommy Dorsey)
Sunrise Serenade (Glenn Miller Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE II

SONGS (ARTIST)

These Foolish Things (Ted Weems)
I've Heard That Song Before (Harry James)
A Tisket, A Tasket (Ella Fitzgerald)
It's the Talk of the Town (Johnny Desmond)
I Surrender Dear (Mel Torme)
Blueberry Hill (Louie Armstrong)
Green Eyes (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Navy Fight Song (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Boogie Woogie (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
To Each His Own (Ink Spots)
In The Mood (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Yankee Doodle Boy (Norman Brooks Orch.)
Moonlight Serenade (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Sing, Sing, Sing (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Frankie & Johnny (Lena Horne)
You Made Me Love You (Judy Garland)

SOUNDSTAGE III

SONGS (ARTIST)

You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To (Kate Smith)
Got a Pebble in My Shoe (Ella Fitzgerald)
Don't Get Around Much (Duke Ellington)
I've Got a Crush on You (Frank Sinatra)
This Can't Be Love (Johnny Desmond)
Somewhere Over the Rainbow (Judy Garland)
Don't Fence Me In (Shep Fields Orch.)
Moonlight Cocktail (Glenn Miller Orch.)
So Rare (Jimmy Dorsey Orch.)
Bugle Call Rag (Benny Goodman Orch.)
If I Didn't Care (Ink Spots)
Twilight Time (Les Brown Orch.)
Heartaches (Ted Weems)
Taking a Chance on Love (Tommy Dorsey)
Red, Red Robin (Sportsmen)
I'm Getting Sentimental (Tommy Dorsey)

SOUNDSTAGE IV

SONGS (ARTIST)

Ghost of a Chance (Mel Torme)
When I Take My Sugar (Shep Fields Orch.)
Side by Side (Kate Smith)
Harbor Lights (Shep Fields Orch.)
Woodchoppers Ball (Woody Herman Band)
Swanee River (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Best Things in Life Are Free (Frank Sinatra)
Elmer's Tune (Lawrence Welk Orch.)
Cuddle Up A Little Closer (Ink Spots)
Flat Foot Floogie (Louie Armstrong)
Little Brown Jug (Glenn Miller Orch.)
That Old Devil Moon (Johnny Desmond)
Somebody's Taking My Place (Ted Weems)
Sophisticated Lady (Duke Ellington Orch.)
Wish You Were Here (Judy Garland)
Don't Squeeze Me (Lena Horne)

SOUNDSTAGE V

SONGS (ARTIST)

Velvet Moon (Harry James Orch.)
I Wonder Why (Bing Crosby/Judy Garland)
I Had the Craziest Dream (Harry James)
Ain't Misbehavin' (Fats Waller)
A Slow Boat to China (Dick Haymes)
I'll Be Around (Anita Ray)
Tuxedo Junction (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Song of India (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Blue Skies (The Sportsmen)
Habanera (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Perfidia (Billy Daniels)
If I Had You (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Red Sails in the Sunset (Sportsmen)
Swing Low (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
People Will Say We're in Love (Kate Smith)
Rock-a-Bye Basie (Count Basie Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE VI

SONG (ARTIST)

You Do Something to Me (Frank Sinatra)
Kalamazoo (Glenn Miller Orch.)
All of You (Johnny Desmond)
Me and My Shadow (Shep Fields Orch.)
Music Maestro Please (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
All or Nothing at All (Billy Daniels)
Oh, Look at Me Now (Dick Haymes)
At Last (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Coffee Time (Les Brown Orch.)
But Not Like You (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Sunday Kind of Love (Anita Ray)
April in Portugal (Ted Heath Orch.)
I've Got the Sun in the Morning (Bing Crosby)
This Love of Mine (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Linger Awhile (Shep Fields Orch.)
The Man With a Horn (Harry James Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE VII

SONG (ARTIST)

Say It Isn't So (Ted Weems)
Rock-a-Bye Your Baby (Judy Garland)
Chattanooga Choo Choo (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Maria Lena (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
April in Paris (Count Basie Orch.)
The Poor People of Paris (Lawrence Welk)
Don't Worry 'Bout Me (Mel Torme)
Poor Butterfly (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Marie (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Isle of Capri (Shep Fields Orch.)
Sentimental Journey (Les Brown Orch.)
American Patrol (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Peanut Vendor (Stan Kenton Orch.)
Just You, Just Me (Frank Sinatra)
My Heart Stood Still (Dick Haymes)
Frenesi (Al Goodman Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE VIII

SONGS (ARTIST)

Serenade in Blue (Glenn Miller Orch.)
When My Sugar Walks (The Sportsmen)
So Far (Dick Haymes)
Prelude to a Kiss (Duke Ellington Orch.)
Stompin' at the Savoy (Benny Goodman Orch.)
There Are Such Things (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Got the World on a String (Bill Daniels)
A Fine Romance (Shep Fields Orch.)
Blue Moon (Les Brown Orch.)
Cherokee (Charlie Barnett Orch.)
Full Moon Empty Arms (Lawrence Welk Orch.)
I Know Why (Glenn Miller Orch.)
It Ain't Necessarily So (Pres Prado Orch.)
Jeepers, Creepers (Louie Armstrong)
Tennessee Newsboy (Frank Sinatra)
Moonglow (Al Goodman Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE IX

SONGS (ARTIST)

I Found A New Baby (Benny Goodman Orch.)
I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm (Les Brown)
I'll Never Smile Again (Tommy Dorsey Orch.)
Let's Put Out the Lights (Shep Fields Orch.)
I Can't Believe That You're In Love (Mel Torme)
After You've Gone (Benny Goodman Orch.)
Blue Champagne (Glenn Miller Orch.)
Stardust (Al Goodman Orch.)
Sleepy Time Gal (Harry James Orch.)
Hold Tight (Andrews Sisters)
Tenderly (Kate Smith)
I Can't Get Started (Johnny Desmond)
Polka Dots and Moonbeams (Frank Sinatra)
Claire De Lune (Glenn Miller Orch.)
This Time the Dream's on Me (Dick Haymes)
Chasing Rainbows (Lawrence Welk Orch.)

SOUNDSTAGE X

SONGS (ARTIST)

Ten O'clock Jump (Count Basie Orch.)
There Must Be A Way (Shep Fields Orch.)
Anvil (Glenn Miller Orch.)
I Can't Give You Anything (Mel Torme)
Who's Sorry Now (Kate Smith)
I Don't Want to Walk (Anita Ray)
Sunny Side of the Street (Tommy Dorsey)
Come Rain or Come Shine (Kate Smith)
Sleepy Lagoon (Harry James)
Drigo's Serenade (Glenn Miller Orch.)
There's a Small Hotel (Johnny Desmond)
Don't Be That Way (Benny Goodman)
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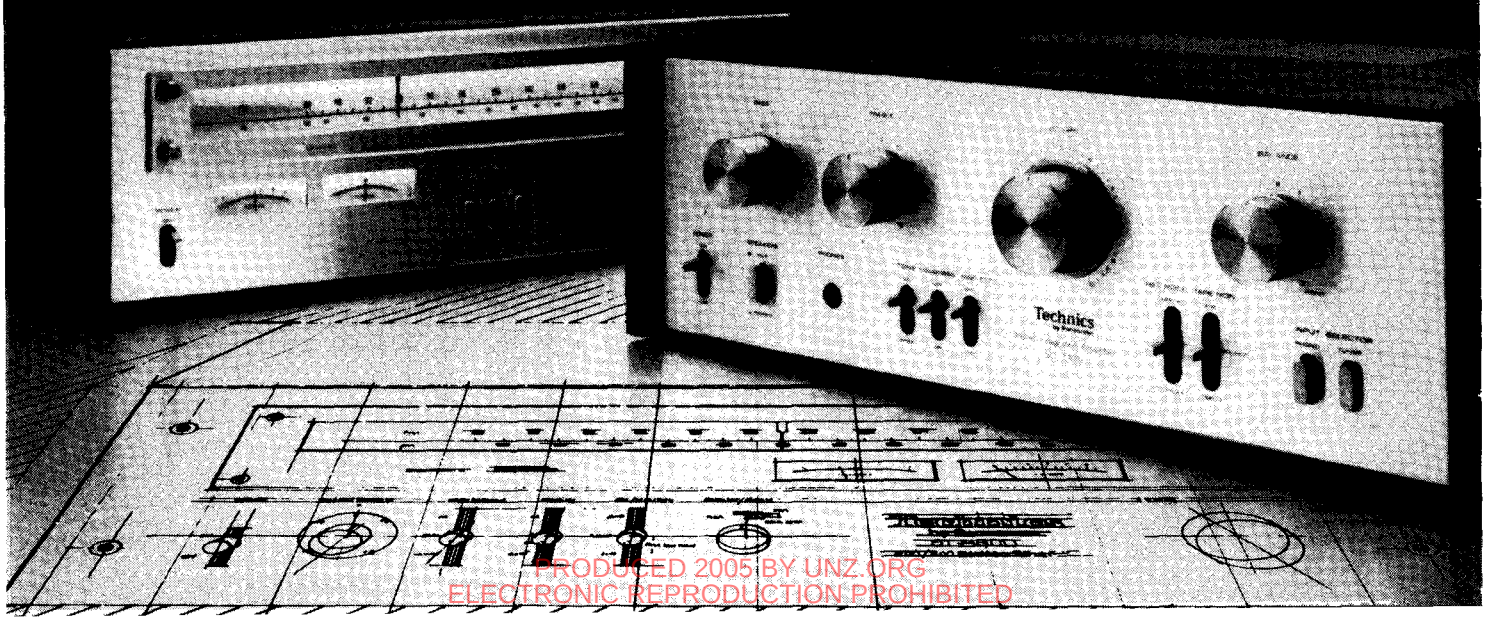

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EDITOR'S PAGE

Salutations

WITH THIS ISSUE I become editor of a magazine that is more than twice my age. This is an edifying thought.

During the 12 months I have worked at *Saturday Review*, learning from Norman Cousins, Horace Sutton, Peter Young, and the longtime contributors, what makes this magazine special, various people have asked me what I am going to *do* with the magazine, which as these people conceived of it was a chunk of clay that could be molded into any shape. They thought that because of my youth, I would do something very different and radical with the magazine.

That isn't going to happen. What has made *Saturday Review* great is going to keep it great: a remorseless dedication to quality—in our individual lives, in our national life, and in our arts and literature.

Fifty-four years ago, when it was founded, *Saturday Review* sought to discern quality in literature. Under Norman Cousins, the magazine widened its scope to include examination of the key social and political issues of the day as well as of science, education, and criticism of all the arts. Since my arrival, we have further widened our purview by incorporating regular investigations of business, the sporting life, cuisine, and popular music.

It is much easier to discern quality than to define it. Moreover, in this era when one man's meat is another man's *poisson* and one man's liberal, another's neoconservative, to define what is excellent or what is worth celebrating may seem a foolish, outrageously egotistic undertaking. In simpler times, values were often so widely shared that they seemed not arbitrary attitudes but God-given truths. America was the hope of the future, capitalism was the guarantor of freedom, prosperity was the source of happiness, and solutions were always possible. Today we wonder whether the U.S.-style democracy we fought to bring to Southeast Asia is in fact the most perfect form of government or, rather, a peculiar solution that happens to have endured for a score of decades. We wonder whether our brand of capitalism, which strives to sell us superfluous goods, goads us into gluttonous consumption of resources, and often denies us the advantages of free market competition, is beneficial or even benign. We wonder whether physical well-being produces spiritual well-being, whether rapidity of communications improves the quality of our communicating, whether the monochrome, plasticized, plugged-in "lifestyle" we are headed for is really such an attractive destination. In an era of megacorporations and power blocs and faceless decision makers, we wonder whether we can effect changes in society or whether it is worthwhile to try.

What *Saturday Review* stands for in the midst of this confusion and cynicism is what it has always stood for: responsible optimism. We believe that man, having won control over his natural environment, is capable of controlling himself and his creations. But to gain that control, he needs not only information but understanding.

Many periodicals see themselves principally as gadflies, whose purpose is to draw attention to corruption and folly. The problem with such an approach is that it ignores what is good in the world and inculcates an unnecessarily depressing self-image. Other magazines magnify fleeting fads into movements of great import in order to generate a false sense of excitement. *Saturday Review* seeks to report fairly, not from any particular political bias but from the viewpoint of a concerned, rational bystander; and though we eventually take a stand (as any responsible citizen or magazine must), it is not without recognizing that there may be a variety of viewpoints.

Our coverage of the world outside the arena of current events—arts, books, travel, science, and sports—is informed by this same devotion to fair-mindedness. At *Saturday Review*, we do not believe in the villain theory of history. We are not hesitant to extol kindness, honesty, literacy, and commitment. We like to laugh, and we abhor those extremists and defeatists who are the enemies of laughter. We believe that freedom is the most fertile soil for spiritual and intellectual growth and that democracy and humanistic capitalism, for all their limitations, *are* the surest known guarantors of freedom.

Nonreaders of *Saturday Review* frequently ask me what *Saturday Review is*, as if the magazine could be epitomized in a slogan. People in the advertising industry categorize *Saturday Review* as a general interest magazine, rather than as a service or trade or news or entertainment magazine. *Saturday Review* is more than that. *Saturday Review* is a family of readers, editors, and contributors united by their common concerns and commitments. It is a way of looking at the world.

With this issue we introduce some changes to the magazine. James Broadwater, who has enjoyed remarkable success as an account executive at Young and Rubicam and as associate publisher of the flourishing regional magazine *Texas Monthly*, becomes *Saturday Review*'s publisher. After 38 years in the editor's chair, Norman Cousins becomes chairman of the editorial board, in which post he will oversee my performance and continue to write editorials and feature articles.

Also in this issue we introduce some design changes intended to make *Saturday Review* more elegant, contemporary, and above all (for we are a reader's magazine) readable.

What is new, though, is not what matters. Change is, after all, characteristic of any growing organism. What matters is the continuity, the renewed commitment to the values that have been shared by *Saturday Review* readers for more than half a century.

In an era of take-overs and make-overs of magazines, such a harmonious transfer of authority from one generation to the next is almost unprecedented. It is my task now to make myself and this magazine worthy of *SR*'s distinguished heritage.

—CARLL TUCKER

"Can we go someplace where we'll be new faces?"

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EDITORIAL

An Open Letter to Carll Tucker

Dear Carll,

This is my last issue as editor of *SR*. I would like to share with you some thoughts about the future of the magazine. These thoughts have been accumulating ever since you acquired the *Saturday Review* in March 1977. At that time, I agreed to remain as editor for one year, after which I would become chairman of the editorial board, continuing to write editorials.

It has been a swift and eventful year. Very early, it became apparent to me that you had strong ideas of your own about what you wanted *SR* to become, even though you had had no previous magazine experience. You were 25. I had feared that as the problems and perils of the magazine business became apparent to you, you would have some sober second thoughts about wanting to take on the responsibility for a major American journal. Just the opposite happened. Your enthusiasm for the magazine and everything about it grew week by week. With each new test or challenge, you simply dug in more deeply, worked harder, stayed later. There was hardly an evening when I came by the office after hours that I didn't find you at your desk. There was some grumbling among staff members when you called meetings for 8 A.M., but you knew there was much work to be done, and you were prepared to lead the way.

I had to admire the way you stood up to management problems and to the notices served by the U.S. Post Office and the paper manufacturers about whopping increases. The postage hikes were especially punitive. They applied not only to the cost of delivering the magazine but also to the cost of sending out subscription bills and circulation letters. It was refreshing to me, conditioned as I was to tales of woe from other magazine publishers, to hear you talk so optimistically about the magazine business in general and the *Saturday Review* in particular.

Until a few years ago, there was a miracle man around the office by the name of Jack Cominsky, who was so cheerfully adept at coping with all these outrageous assaults that I hardly knew they existed. It was only after Jack's death that I came to realize how lucky I had been, because of him, to be able to devote myself entirely to the editing of the magazine. I confess I had little inclination or temperament for the business side. I felt uneasy and inadequate every time people in the advertising or the circulation department came to me with problems or had differences among themselves. I groaned every time Nat Cohn, our controller, came into my office to tell me about new hikes in the production costs or about his gloomy forecasts for the months ahead. We invariably did better than those forecasts—and no one was happier than Nat when we did so—but his melancholy visitations generally left me with sagging spirits.

Some good came out of all those ordeals. I realized that our subscribers were not merely readers; in a very real sense, they were partners in the total enterprise. We shamelessly went to them with a plan for solidifying our circulation on a long-term basis. Their response was beyond my keenest expectation. They demonstrated that we had something at *Saturday Review* that was possessed by no other magazine: We had what was probably the most committed and actively concerned readership in the country. Our readers impart basic energy to the magazine. What they bring to *SR* is just as important as what we bring to them.

No part of my job has been more satisfying than attending to the daily mail from readers. These letters are more than mere reactions to material appearing in the magazine. They say something about the place of the magazine in the lives of the people who read it. They reflect a relationship, not just a transaction.

Many times after the office would clear out at the end of the day, I would telephone writers of those letters at their homes in different parts of the country, just to be able to chat with them, to get their ideas, and to express our appreciation for their confidence. I know I will miss many things about the magazine, but I doubt that I will miss anything more than the direct contacts with the readers.

In a very real sense, I entrust the magazine as much to the readers as to you, Carll. If I could give you only one piece of advice, it would be to stay as close as you can to them. Don't just listen to them; cherish them, trust them, let them guide you. Their instinct in matters of taste is unerring. They have an infallible sense of what is authentic and what is contrived. They do not have to be force-fed or oversold. They react against hyperbole and attention grabbing. They don't read the *Saturday Review* in order to confirm what they already know. They are interested in contrasting viewpoints, so long as those viewpoints are intelligently presented and reflect the integrity of the writers.

IN THE EARLY MONTHS of your association with the *Saturday Review*, your various press interviews gave the erroneous impression that readers who had been with *SR* a long time were not as important to you as the new readers you were trying to reach. Please believe me when I say that you need not feel that only the younger readers will support change in *SR*. What holds all our readers together, regardless of age, is their insistence on good taste and their respect for the place of ideas and the arts in the life of the mind. This is the key to whatever success the *Saturday Review* may have had in the past; it is the key to its future. Our readers know that change is natural and essential. So long as change does not involve a departure from good taste you will find them cheering you on.

I suppose we could spend a great deal of time attempting to arrive at a definition of good taste without being satisfied. Let me go at it therefore in terms of what good taste is not.

In recent years, sleaziness has invaded the culture. There seems to be competition, especially in entertainment and publishing, to find ever lower rungs on the ladder of taste. At the core of this competition is the strange notion that intimacy doesn't require privacy and the even stranger notion that neither has anything to do with genuine love. It is almost made to appear that the First Amendment was designed for the express purpose of shielding writers and editors who want to diagram the sex act in print. They fling human beings at one another anatomically as though there were nothing more to life or love than random and mechanical exchange. The poetry of feeling has given way to puerile limericks and the fumblings of fools.

The annihilation of good taste has not spared language. There is the curious notion that the spirit of freedom is served by gutter jargon. There was

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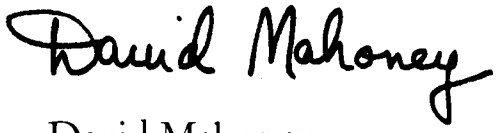
Thank you, Mr. Cousins.

Norman Cousins built a struggling book review supplement into *Saturday Review,* a prestigious magazine of ideas that became an influential force among America's thought leaders.

While exploring developments in literature, music, art, science, and communications, the magazine crusaded for everything from the United Nations in its formative years to a cleaner environment. *Saturday Review* was one of the first to recognize and discuss the challenges of the nuclear age and to push for limited nuclear testing.

In remaining dedicated, over a career of almost 40 years, to his basic objective of giving the individual the information–and confidence–to play a central role in a complex and rapidly changing environment, Norman Cousins has truly made the world a better place in which to exist.

At Norton Simon Inc., we are proud to have been associated with him during part of his distinguished career. Editor, advocate, writer, educator, humanitarian, entrepreneur–Norman Cousins has left a record of accomplishment that is an inspiration to all of us.



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once a time when people who worked in the arts would boast to one another about their ability to communicate ideas that attacked entrenched power or brutality. Now they seem to feel they have somehow struck a blow for social justice in the simple act of using four-letter words. The trouble with such verbiage is not that it is harmful but that it is threadbare and trite and doesn't speak well for the users.

Carll, there will be pressure on you to prove you are "with it"; people will use terms like "squeamish" or "prudish" to push you into running articles that are supposed to reflect a new openness but that actually represent nothing more than a twisted, desensitized, and dehumanized view of the world. Don't feel you have to apologize for holding to standards. And above all don't let writers cheapen the language in *SR*. The business of the *Saturday Review* is words. Words are the most important part of the civilizing process.

It is inevitable that the debasement of language in recent years should not only reflect but actually produce a decline in civility. The slightest disagreement has become an occasion for violent reaction. Is it all the fault of television? I doubt it, although I know it would be a serious mistake to minimize television's effect on children. TV educates youngsters to believe that the proper way to react to a slight is by punching someone in the face or bashing him over the head with a footstool. On every hand, there is evidence that people are losing the art of reasonable discourse. My friends in Congress tell me they receive letters of denunciation for even the most casual disagreements. I have to confess that even at the *Saturday Review* we receive letters now and then that seem to be written on the assumption that no negative opinion will be taken seriously unless accompanied by a cancellation of subscription.

All this, of course, is a reflection of the most dangerous, most persistent, and most stereotyped idea to be harbored by the human mind; namely, that the next person understands only the language of force. You find it everywhere. In the Arab world you will be told that there can be no peace in the Middle East because the Jews understand only the language of force. In Israel you will be told that negotiations with the Arabs are difficult because they understand only the language of force. In Washington, you will find opponents of the SALT negotiations who say that arms reduction and control are unwise because the Russians understand only the language of force. In Moscow, you will hear people say that the obstacle to SALT is that Americans understand only the language of force.

This, then, is the way the world ends, not with a whimper but with the explosive fallacy that the only language everyone understands or is prepared to use is force.

My hope, from my earliest days at the *Saturday Review*, Carll, has been that the magazine would help to develop a language that transcends force. That was why *SR* was one of the very first to call attention to the implications of nuclear weapons. We couldn't keep our planet from blowing up in our faces unless the language of force gave way to ideas that could institutionalize world peace. Unfettered national sovereignty belonged to an outworn and dangerous language. It was turned inward; it juxtaposed its own interests against the common interest. It was incapable of making moral judgments whenever a security issue was supposed to be involved. To suppose that a nation could detach itself from moral dictates and yet remain free of violence was as irrational as imagining that an individual could live in anarchy and yet be safe.

Considering the nature of the force that would be used in any breakdown, it seemed clear that the biggest single challenge on earth was to bring nations within a framework of law—as much for their own interest as for the human interest. This is what has been behind the magazine's commitment to the World Federalist concept—the concept that the best way for the people of each country to retain their independence and their separate cultures is by regulating the behavior of their governments in the international sphere.

IT WOULD BE EASY, considering the present troubled state of world affairs, to conclude that the cause of purposeful survival has made little progress and has even punier prospects. But underneath all the tensions and hostilities and accumulating force, something important and powerful has been happening. Around the entire world, people are coming to realize that they need not acquiesce in their own destruction. They dare to believe that this world and everything in it belongs to them. They dare to insist that the conditions be created that will make it unnecessary for them to kill or be killed. They do not believe that they are doomed by computer forecasts to a barren world. And they are ready for the leadership that will summon a total response to the cause of a rational collective existence.

Humanity's greatest problem has never been the absence of solutions to complex situations. Its greatest problem has been the absence of belief in answers. I can think of no higher function or purpose for the *Saturday Review*, or for any person or agency enjoying the privilege of communication, than to help people believe that they are always larger than their problems.

Progress begins with the belief that what is necessary is possible. For something to be attempted, it is first necessary to have a vision that it can be achieved. Hope is a practical reality because it supplies the energy for converting intangibles into tangibles.

SR has always lived within this philosophical frame. The general shape of this frame is recognizable to all those who have a high regard for minds like John Milton, John Stuart Mill, Thomas Jefferson, William James, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Alfred North Whitehead, and Learned Hand. I commend this tradition to you, not because it will bind you to the past of the *Saturday Review*, but because it speaks to the human future.

In saying this, I mustn't make it appear that the magazine has lived solely with and within philosophical abstractions. We have tried to involve ourselves in living history. We are proud of the projects we initiated in Hiroshima after the atomic bombing. *Saturday Review* readers made it possible to set up a program under which the 440 children who were orphaned by the atomic bombing were cared for and educated all the way through their college years. The *Saturday Review* also brought a group of young women who had been crippled and disfigured by the atomic bombing (the Hiroshima Maidens) to the United States for plastic and rehabilitative surgery. *SR* was instrumental in arranging for the training of Japanese plastic surgeons and for the treatment in Japan of 37,000 survivors of the atomic explosion.

We are proud, too, of having initiated and carried out a project for the medical and surgical treatment of Polish women who had been disabled and mutilated by Nazi medical experimenters who were testing new sulfanilamide drugs during World War II. The bones of the women had been cut open and stuffed with gangrenous materials. The Nazi doctors then tried to check the raging infections with the new drugs. Ten years after the end of the war, the surviving women were still without adequate treatment. With the support of *SR*'s readers, the victims were brought to this country for medical and surgical treatment. *SR* also represented these and other victims of Nazi medical experimentation in negotiations with the West German government, resulting in compensation for the individuals involved.

Continued on page 10

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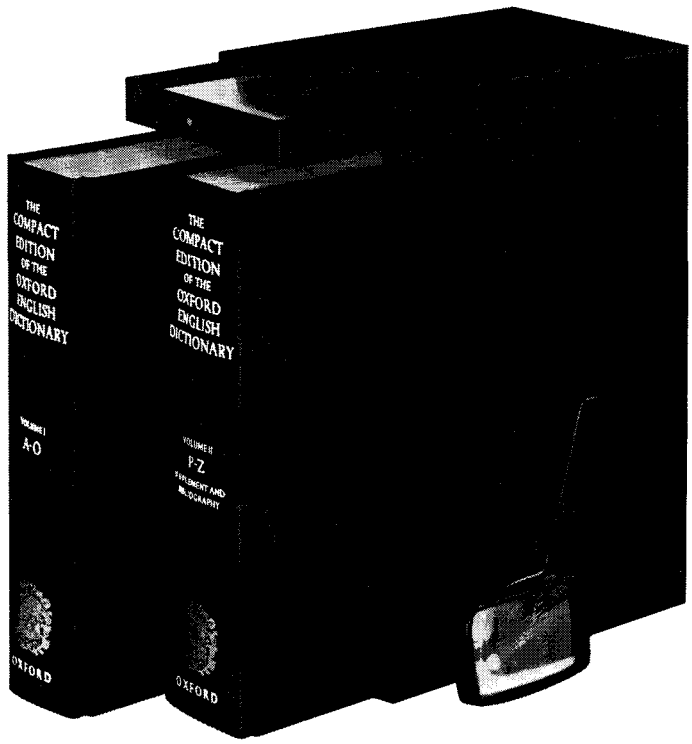

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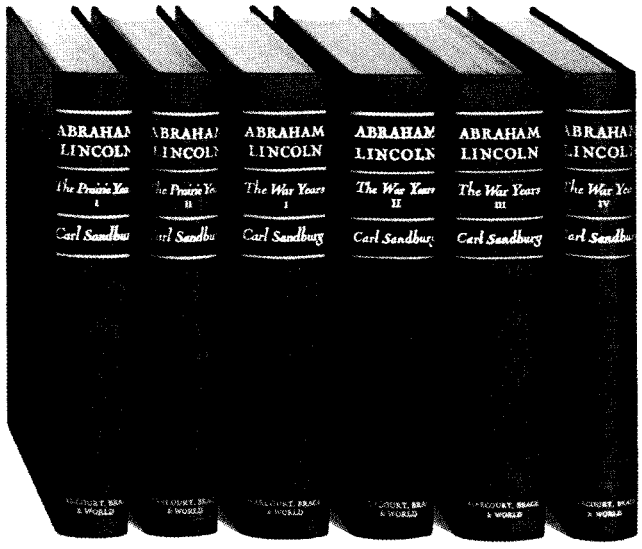

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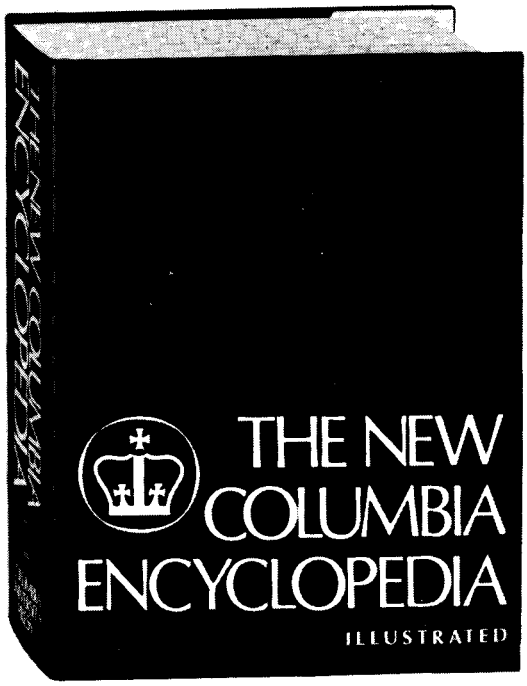

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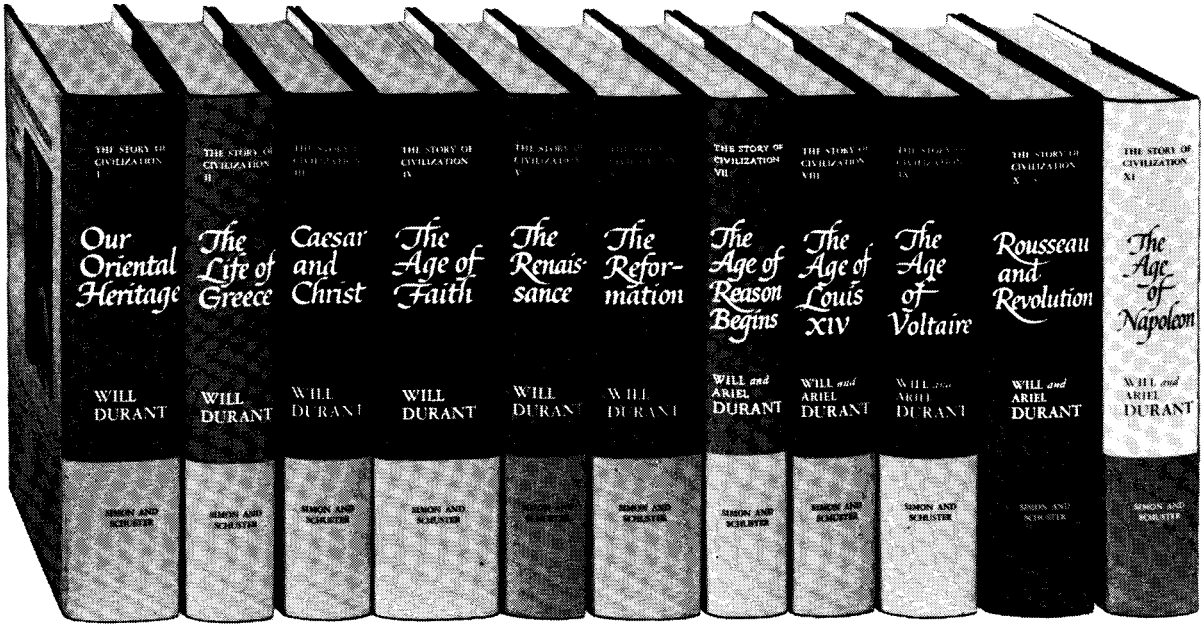

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from page 7

Still another project was ABC—Aid to Biafran Children. *SR* was able to bring food and medication to little children who were suffering from malnutrition. Some 250,000 children received aid under this program.

These projects are examples of the partnership between the magazine and its readers. Most of the volunteer personnel required for these programs, and a large part of the necessary funds, came from them.

I have saved for last some notes about the people who founded the *Saturday Review*. Next to our readers, I have always believed our greatest asset has been our heritage. Few magazines were brought into this world with more distinguished parentage than that of the *Saturday Review*. The first editor was Henry Seidel Canby. His associate editors were Amy Loveman, Christopher Morley, and William Rose Benet, all of whom were literary scholars and booklovers.

It is now 38 years since, at the age 25, I came to what was then *The Saturday Review of Literature*. Never once in all these years have I felt that *SR* was not their magazine or that I was anything more than a trustee acting in their behalf. I can still recall the flush of pride I felt whenever they would comment favorably on a new issue as it came off the press, or would refer to the editorial. And I can still hear the robust laughter that came from the next room when Christopher Morley was going through the mail about his Trade Winds column, or Bill Benet's musical voice singing out when he came across something worth reading aloud, or Amy Loveman's soft-spoken comments, always astute but never invidious, or Henry Canby's judicious and balanced appraisals of whatever it was that engaged his scrutiny. John Mason Brown, who joined the staff as drama critic, was the consummate wordsmith. I have seldom known anyone with a keener sense of the ironies of language.

I also have the warmest memories of Harrison Smith, who owned the magazine after the subventions from Thomas W. Lamont ran out. Hal Smith was a fine judge of literary talent. Before coming to *SRL*, he was a book editor and publisher and was credited with the discovery of William Faulkner and the early development of Sinclair Lewis, among others.

I will always be grateful to George Stevens, who succeeded Henry Canby and left the magazine in 1940 to become editor of J. P. Lippincott. George briefed me about my job. I still go to him for advice.

The most important part of the legacy of *SR*'s founders has been a knowledgeable optimism—about literature, life, and the world. From the start, the *Saturday Review*'s editorial optimism was fed not by easy assumptions but by the natural wellsprings of American history. The magazine never strayed from these prime sources of intellectual and spiritual energy. When I joined the staff in the beginning of the Forties, there was a sense in the nation of renewed pride in its heritage. Exciting books were being written about Jefferson, Paine, Emerson, Whitman, Fuller, Thoreau. The debunking outlook of the Thirties was giving way to a new mood of belonging to something worth defending and indeed proclaiming. The spirit at *SR* was creatively anticynical. I trust it will always remain so.

The four men who served as your predecessors had widely different backgrounds and interests. All of them, however, shared the same love of language and the same concern for the conditions of a free and creative society. All of them were energized by the possibilities of a more humane world. All of them were respecters of great visions and dreams. All of them were champions of books. And all of them knew no greater privilege than to communicate with the readers of this magazine, who are its real and enduring owners. I welcome you to this company. —N.C.

Hail and Farewell

For 38 years Norman Cousins has occupied the Editor's chair of The Saturday Review, from which vantage he has enlivened the American literary scene with his incisive writings and skillful editorial craftsmanship. As he puts to press this issue of April 15—his last—we tender him heartiest congratulations and godspeed!

We welcome simultaneously Saturday Review's new management, incoming Editor Carll Tucker and Publisher James Broadwater. May the magazine continue to flourish and provide its splendid fare to the reading public for many years to come.

DeWitt Wallace and the Editors of Reader's Digest

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EDITOR'S ODYSSEY
Gleanings from Articles and Editorials by N.C.

Books and Writers

The library is not a shrine for the worship of books. It is not a temple where literary incense must be burned. A library, to modify the famous metaphor of Socrates, is the delivery room for the birth of ideas—a place where history comes to life. —1950

•

A good artist is a prism for refracting beauty and truth. —1952

•

Whatever the limitations of a book, it is remarkably soundproof, though it is beautifully audible to the inner ear. But the virtues of a good book transcend its silence. A good book is an adventure in sharing, but it is also an intensely personal experience. It offers fruitful solitude—sometimes in the heart of a crowd. —1953

•

A book is the most varied product in the world. Its physical aspects are secondary to the range of thoughts and images it attempts to transfer to the mind of the reader. In this respect, a book is like a piece of rope; it takes on meaning only in connection with the things it holds together. What is carried by the book is nothing less than the life of the mind. —1953

•

The book is the particularized art of the writer. A book exercises yet replenishes the mind; it shatters the loneliness one feels in the group, yet it provides a splendid mutuality in isolation; it confronts the physical limitations of life yet seeks to transcend them; it helps a man to comprehend the need for stillness. —1966

•

The writer's art is measured by his ability to transcend personal memory. Memory is the proof of life. Nothing

Amy Loveman, Harrison Smith, and Jack Cominsky at SR's *office in New York. April 1943*

really happens to a man unless it becomes memory. Some people pass through life in a state of total antisepsis: They have not touched life nor have they been touched by it. The artist-writer refines the ability of an individual to have contact with life, to be at one with others, to make their memories his own. In this sense, he widens the path to the subconscious. —1966

•

A poet, said Aristotle, has the advantage of expressing the universal; the specialist expresses only the particular. The poet, moreover, can remind us that man's greatest energy comes not from his dynamos but from his dreams. The notion of where a man ought to be instead of where he is; the liberation from cramped prospects; the intimations of immortality through art—all these proceed naturally out of dreams. But the quality of a man's dreams can only be a reflection of his subconscious. What he puts into his subconscious, therefore, is quite literally the most important nourishment in the world. —1966

•

There can be no civilization without progress, no progress without ideas, no ideas without books. The writer helps to furnish the basic energy for human advance. Aristophanes once protested against what he called "traitors to the stage." He was referring to those writers who failed to make the most of the opportunities not just to entertain people but to change them and move them. The problem of the writer has always been to increase his usefulness and his accessibility. For brilliance of expression is not enough. The writer must have something to say. He must be able to get through. —1966

•

The poet reminds men of their uniqueness. It is not necessary to possess the ultimate definition of this uniqueness. Even to speculate on it is a gain. —1966

•

Pascal once said that most of the disorders and evils in life are the result of man's inability to sit still and think. Our own age, however, is not likely to be distinguished in history for the large numbers of men who insisted on sitting still in order to pursue serious thought. Plainly, this is not the Age of Meditative Man. It is a sprinting, squinting, shoving age. Substitutes for repose are a billion-dollar business. Almost daily, new antidotes for contemplation spring into being and leap out from store counters. Silence, already the world's most critical shortage, is almost a nasty word. Modern man may or may not be obsolete, but he is certainly wired for sound, and he twitches as naturally as he breathes.

—1966

Continued on page 12

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There is a simple non-medical technique for increasing longevity. This system goes by the name of "book." Through it, man can live hundreds of lifetimes in one. What is more, he may enjoy fabulous options. He can live in any age of his choosing. He can take possession of any experience. He can live inside the mind of any man who has recorded an interesting thought, any man who has opened up new sluices of knowledge, any man who has engaged in depths of feeling or awareness beyond the scope of most mortals. This is what good books are all about. —1969

•

The writer himself is the best possible authority on what is required if he is to produce his best work. And writers in all ages and places speak with one voice when they tell us that writers are answerable only to their own consciences. They cannot be instructed about truth. They cannot be steered or deflected in their view of the nature of society or the nature of man. Such views have to develop out of the intense and often agonizing process by which a writer's perceptions are translated into conceptions and convictions. The writer's mission is to see deeply into things. Governments must not be allowed to block or constrict that essential vision.

All through history, governments have been uncomfortable and insecure about writers. Governments don't understand how a writer manages to penetrate their most treasured hiding places. They don't know how or when the writer will peel back the multiple layers beneath which governments' errors have been interred. Governments don't really understand what goes on in the mind of a writer or what inspires him to conceive of ideas that will sweep away all sorts of bastions of entrenched authority.

No weapons of government are as powerful as the writer's words. The right words are the greatest instrument for change the world has ever known. When the words ring true in the minds of enough people, overwhelming forces begin to move. —1972

•

So long as people value thought, there will be a central place for the written word. If we fail to succeed as writers, it will not be because we used the wrong medium but because we didn't have the right message. —1972

•

What should concern us is not the importance of society to the writer but the importance of the writer to society. The writer gives ideals to his time. He gives people a sense that what is necessary is also possible. And out of the writer's ideals a society receives its basic energy. —1972

The Human Condition

The desensitization of twentieth-century man is more than a danger to the common safety. It represents the loss or impairment of the noblest faculty of human life—the ability to be aware of both suffering and beauty; the ability to share sorrow and create hope; the ability to think and respond beyond one's wants. There are some things we have no right ever to get used to. —1959

•

Twentieth-century man will find his greatness not in a cellar or a shelter but out in the open where he belongs. He will achieve his moment of triumph on earth not by proving that he can emerge from a dungeon after his civilization has been obliterated, but by seeing the connection between cause and effect. —1960

•

Loneliness is multidimensional: There is the loneliness of mortality. There is the loneliness of time that passes too slowly, or too swiftly. There is the loneliness of inevitable separation. There is the loneliness of alienation. There is the loneliness of squandered dreams. There is the collective loneliness of the species, unable to proclaim oneness in a world chained to its tribalisms. —1973

•

Man is left with a crisis in decision. The main test before him involves his will to change rather than his ability to change. —1975

•

If your ideas live in others, then you have indeed made a contribution to the immortality of the human spirit. If an idea lives in you that was born in others, you are benefiting from a grand continuity of the human spirit. —1956

•

Humans are not helpless. They have never been helpless. They have only been deflected or deceived or dispirited. This is not to say their history has not been pockmarked by failure. But failure is not the ultimate fact of life; it is an aspect of life in which transient or poor judgments play larger roles than they should. —1973

No one, no matter how great his expertise, knows enough about the future to say that we have passed the point of no return. He may be the supreme authority on his own subject, but he cannot predict the workings of the human mind. The way the human mind will respond to any given situation is the kind of intangible that can become the dominant reality of tomorrow. —1974

•

Human beings in a world of computerized intelligence are taking on a quality of spindled artifacts; they are losing their faces. They are also losing their secrets. Their mistakes and indiscretions are metabolized by a data base, never to be forgotten. Nothing is more universal than human fallibility; nothing is more essential than forgiveness or absolution. Yet statistical maintenance is as remorseless as it is free of redeeming judgments nourished by intangibles or the passing of time. —1975

•

What is required today is not a catalog of reasons for turning away from people in desperate need but a full release of intelligence and ingenuity in facing up to the common interest. The question is not whether our lifeboat can accommodate more survivors but whether, since we are all in the same lifeboat, we can make it safely to shore. —1975

•

Americans are being underused, and their full potential is not being developed, if they are poorly educated, poorly fed, poorly sheltered. The management of our resources begins with the management of human resources. —1976

Musings and Meditations

Life is an adventure in forgiveness. —1940

•

I am no pessimist. I doubt that any man knows enough to be a pessimist. —1948

•

Hope is a gift and hope is magic, but hope cannot exist, either in the individual or society, without the prospect of regeneration. —1949

•

The glory and destiny of the human being was never under greater challenge than it is today. Only man has the

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capacity to define goals and to attempt to meet them. Only he possesses the quality to inspire and be inspired. Only he holds the magic of hope. Only he knows the meaning and the power of conscience. Only he can contemplate his own nature and the nature of the universe and conceive of a higher nature than either. But with all his faculties, he has been unable as a species to cope with himself. In the midst of the potential splendor of orderly existence he is a pauper chained to chaos. —1949

•

History is an accumulation of error. —1950

•

Hell's own hell is the nether depth of those who possess natural idealism yet turn their backs on it; who know the meaning of nobility yet resist it; who can comprehend dignity yet shun it. —1950

•

It is not true that genius will always out: Genius can decay and destroy itself in the rust of its own corrosive juices. The retrospective hell over the unachieved is a small oven compared to the living hell of coping with a mysterious inner vault that volition alone cannot unlock. —1950

•

If our philosophers want to summon us to great deeds, let them do it in the name of the institution of man. —1953

•

To the extent that any religion speaks only in behalf of its own interests, to the extent that it places itself above or apart from the whole, it jeopardizes its own interests and injures the whole. In order to get inside man, the Church must get outside itself. —1953

•

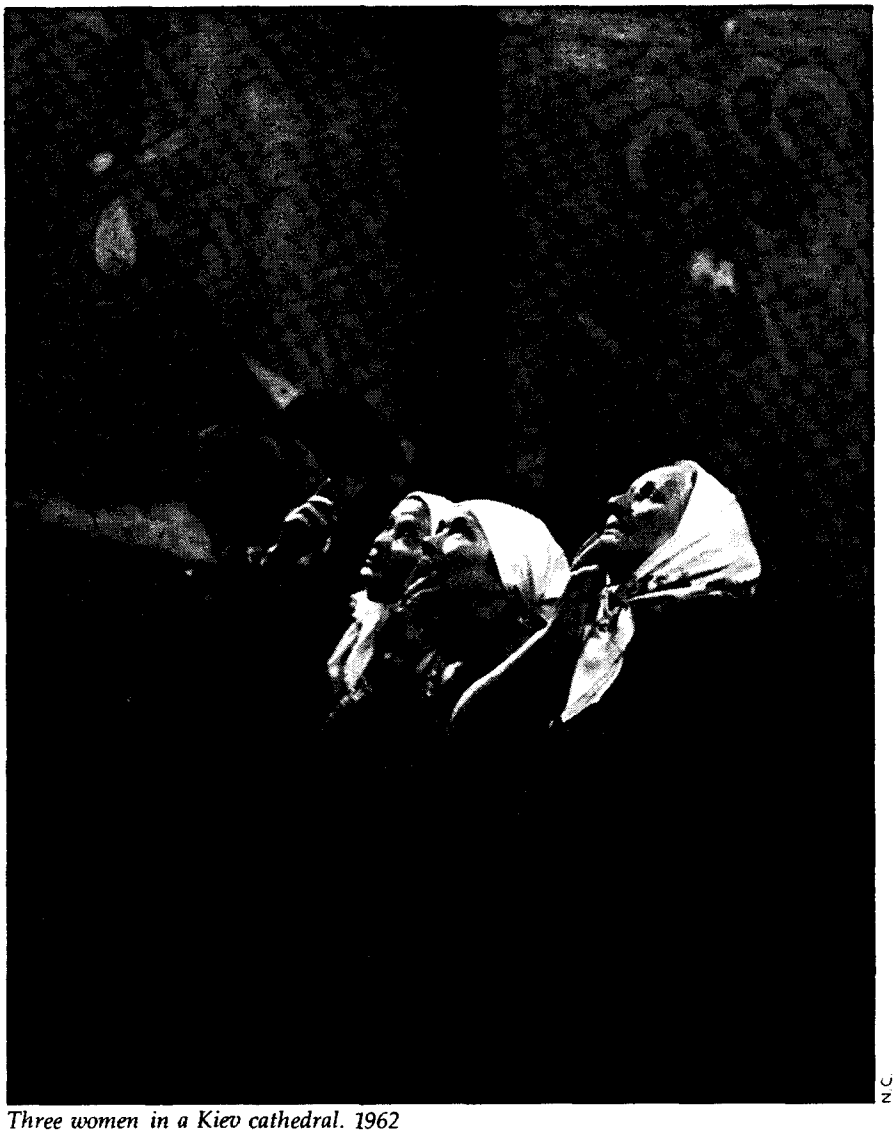
Moral outrage is a vital fact of life—as real as military hardware and occasionally even more explosive. —1956

•

Nothing is more precarious than the delicate balances of environment on which life depends. Nothing is so little respected or understood. —1966

•

Any life, however long, is too short if the mind is bereft of splendor, the passions underworked, the memories sparse, and the imagination unlit by radiant musings. —1969



Three women in a Kiev cathedral. 1962

•

What is most characteristic of modern man is not his power but his powerlessness, not his ability to mobilize vast force but his inability to protect himself against it. —1971

•

History is a vast early warning system. —1973

•

Life is precious because humans can do things for the first time. We can create in ways we have never created before. We have access to the phenomenon of cause and effect. We are able to create our own causes and shape our own effects. We can dwell on the experience of past lives and thereby enhance our own. —1974

Each individual is capable of both great compassion and great indifference. He has it within his means to nourish the former and outgrow the latter. The individual is capable of maintaining great societies and staging great holocausts. He has it within his means to fortify the former and avert the latter. The individual is capable of ennobling life and disfiguring it. He has it within his means to assert the former and avert the latter. Basic purpose and human destiny do not lie outside him but within him. —1975

•

Wisdom consists of the anticipation of consequences. —1975

•

The highest purpose of the human species is to justify the gift of life. —1975

Continued on page 15

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How International Paper helps mother trees have stronger, healthier offspring

This woman is—well, you might call her a matchmaker.

She's using a syringe in one of our seed orchards to make just the right kind of match: the pollen of one very special pine tree to the flower of another.

It's all part of an effort to grow a better kind of tree—one far taller, straighter and more resistant to disease than its ancestors.

That effort could be critical to America's economy.

Nature under pressure

America uses more than half a ton of wood each year, for every man, woman and child. (That's the equivalent of a 55-foot-tall southern pine tree with a 12-inch diameter for each one of us.)

And, the huge demand will double by the year 2000 if we are to meet our needs for housing, protective packaging, communications and other critical demands of a modern economy.

So America must grow more trees—and trees with a lot more usable wood fiber. That's where International Paper is helping.

For 20 years now, International Paper has been breeding better trees. They're not only taller and straighter than ordinary trees. They also grow *faster*. And they have fewer, smaller branches. That means they contain more *usable* fiber.

Our first man-bred tree, the Supertree, contained 25 percent more wood fiber. Now we're breeding a tree expected to yield 20 percent more fiber than that.

In fact, our tree breeding program is so extensive that this year we expect to replace every southern pine that we harvest with even better, man-bred trees.

And we've extended our breeding program to hardwood trees like gum and sycamore, so that hardwood lands will be more productive, too. We've also developed a Landowner Assistance Program, to help small landowners do a better job of managing their forests.

Right now, there are over 700,000 acres of land involved in this program.

And there's still more. We're finding ways to get more wood fiber out of the trees we harvest. We're involved in cooperative nursery programs and tree farm programs.

We're working to improve tree harvesting techniques, while protecting forest soils and insuring our forest watersheds for the future.

More to be done

Will all this be enough to keep the world's fiber supply going strong? It will help. But more must be done.

At International Paper, we believe forest products companies, private landowners and government must work together to develop more enlightened policies to manage America's forests.

The wrong policies can make tree farming difficult and force the sale of forest land for other purposes. The right policies can assure continuation of America's forests—a renewable natural resource.

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from page 13

Dreams must command the respect of historians. Dreams put human beings in motion. If the dreams are good enough, they can overcome happenstance and paradox; and the end product will be far more solid than the practical designs of men with no poetry in their souls. —1977

•

We justify the gift of life in many ways—by our awareness of its preciousness and its fragility; by developing to the fullest the sensitivities and potentialities that come with life; by putting the whole of our intelligence to work in sustaining and enhancing the conditions that make life possible; by cherishing the human habitat and shielding it from devastation and depletion; by removing the obstructions in our access to, and trust in, one another. —1974

•

Nothing about human life is more precious than that we can define our own purpose and shape our own destiny. —1974

•

So long as people do not persuade themselves they are creatures of failure; so long as they have a vision of life as it ought to be; so long as they comprehend the full meaning and power of the unfettered mind—so long as this is so, they can look at the world and, beyond that, the universe with the sense that they can be unafraid of their fellow humans and can face choices not with dread but with great expectations. —1975

•

We are single cells in a body of three billion cells. The body is humankind. —1975

•

The thoughts and actions of moral man have consequences that extend to all men. In this sense, he finds the world in his mirror. —1975

•

The moral man isn't necessarily one who has never experienced the struggle between good and evil. The moral man is one who recognizes the existence of such a struggle and does not shrink from it. —1975

•

No man need fear death; he need fear only that he may die without having known his greatest power—the power of his free will to give of his life to others. If something comes to life in others because of you, then you have made an approach to immortality. —1975

•

The tragedy of life is not in the fact of death, but in what dies inside you while you live. —1975

•

A man may have no jurisdiction over the fact of his existence, but he is not barred from imparting meaning to that existence. —1975

•

There are no "mere" men. Moral splendor comes with the gift of life. Each man has within him a vast potential for identification, dedication, sacrifice, mutuality. Each man has unlimited strength to feel human oneness and act upon it. —1975

•

The only safe assumption for human beings is that the world will be what we make it. Within broad margins, the movement of history will continue to be connected to human desires. —1977

•

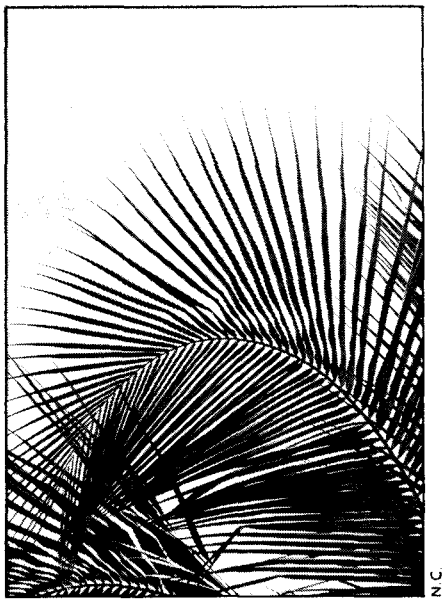
In the making of moral judgments, the humblest citizen in the nation stands on even ground with a President. —1978

The Atomic Age

Modern man is obsolete, a self-made anachronism becoming more incongruous by the minute. He has exalted change in everything but himself. He has leaped centuries ahead in inventing a new world to live in, but he knows little or nothing about his own part in that world. He has surrounded and confounded himself with gaps—gaps between revolutionary science and evolutionary anthropology, between cosmic gadgets and human wisdom, between intellect and conscience. The struggle between science and morals that Henry Thomas Buckle foresaw a century ago has been all but won by science. Given time, man might be expected to bridge those gaps normally; but by his own hand, he is destroying even time. War no longer waits on time. Whatever bridges man has to build and cross, he will have to build and cross immediately. —1945

•

War is not inevitable. It is possible; it may even be probable; but it need not be inevitable. —1945



N.C.

Palms outside a bedroom in Libreville, Africa. 1958

Whatever man's limitations may have been in the past, however great the perpetuation of error, the fact of the matter is that what has to be done today is well within his capacity. For what is needed are not superhuman attributes. Man is not being called upon to rearrange the planets or to alter the composition of the sun. He is not being called upon to work miracles. He is being called upon to make decisions affecting his own welfare. The only price he has to pay for his survival is decision. —1945

•

Aboard the *U. S. S. Appalachian* at Bikini:

For 53 seconds, the bomb fell. It seemed like 53 years. When the unknown is sovereign even for a moment, you live not one but many lifetimes. Everything comes to a halt. You feel that even the waves have stopped moving. And still the bomb falls.

And then, suddenly, the flash. It is deep and round and large. You rip off your goggles and see the rapidly mobilizing column rising from a clot of black smoke on the horizon. You see it gathering into a column of heavy, peach-and-cream-colored cotton, flattening out and then spreading at the top into the classic mushroom. And you are jerked back to reality. You realize that the atomic bomb is no longer a novelty on the face of the earth. The mystery dissolves into a pattern. By this time, there is almost a standardization of catastrophe. —1946

•

The sense of personal regeneration here in Hiroshima is discernible and unmistakable. We find not only proof

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of the power of life over death but of the individual discovery of such physical, emotional, and spiritual resources as even philosophers have not dared to dream. This regeneration has soared far beyond personal rehabilitation to a restoration of vital faith in human destiny. Today there is a new vision in Hiroshima. It is that the city has a mission to explain itself to the world, to offer itself as a laboratory specimen in the making of world peace. —1949

•

If I believed that peace could be achieved only at the expense of principle, I would be against peace. If I believed that peace meant surrender to evil, I would be against peace. I say this though I have seen an atomic bomb explode 16 miles away, though I have seen dozens of dead cities, their insides hollowed out by dynamite and fire, though I have seen the faces of the dead in war and the faces of the damned whose bodies but not whose minds survived. —1949

•

The issue is not whether one side can impose its will on the others but how we can keep both sides from fusing inside an atomic incinerator. —1950

•

To talk about the need for perfection in man is to talk about the need for another species. The essence of man is imperfection. Imperfection and blazing contradictions—between mixed good and evil, altruism and selfishness, cooperativeness and combativeness, optimism and fatalism, affirmation and negation. The challenge is to make the world safe for man's imperfections and his contradictions. The challenge is to keep his differences from catching on fire. —1950

•

There is scope for neither ideological fulfillment nor national purpose in nuclear suicide. —1951

•

Man goes into his laboratory and comes out with a device that has stamped upon it a death warrant for at least a billion persons. The device makes it possible to expunge in a fraction of a second what it has taken 2,000 years to put together piece by piece. The device is not created on an empty and tranquil stage. It is presented against a background of lit fuses and supercharged tensions. Yet nothing explodes in our minds. The device can rock the earth, but it has yet to make a dent in our thinking. —1952

•

One of the principal problems of modern man is that he has delegated his survival instincts to the state and has therefore become increasingly incapable of comprehending fundamental threats to the species of which he is a part. —1966

•

Nothing is more arrogant than pronouncements by government officials about "permissive levels" of radioactive poisons in the human body. The proper amount of strontium 90 in the human body is no strontium 90. —1976

Vietnam

What kind of thinking is it that believes we can liberate a people by dousing them with dynamite and fire? We assert that our purpose in Vietnam is to save the Vietnamese from the Vietcong. But if we attack and kill Vietcong and non-Vietcong alike—the inevitable concomitant of our search-and-destroy policy and the bombing—then we are making a farce out of our proclamations. —1968

•

The deadlock in Paris is producing too many dead. Stone-faced diplomats who are concerned primarily with saving the national face are not going to break the deadlock or prevent more people from dying. It will take moral imagination, largeness of spirit and intelligence, and courage to find a way out of the morass. Such resources have not been unavailing or meager in the American past. They need not be unavailing now. —1969

•

We went into Vietnam in order to demonstrate our readiness to make military commitments and to make them work. When they proved unworkable, we multiplied the power. In so doing, we discovered that the power was being used not just against the Vietnamese but against our own history. So we now learn the hard way that a nation cannot separate itself from moral purpose; that force added to cynicism makes for self-destruction; that the prestige of the American military is not as important as the prestige of the American people; and that gamesmanship and super-sophistication can turn into authorized insanity. All this we now know, but how do we make it right with the Vietnamese or with history? How do we make it right with ourselves? —1971

Why is military humiliation greater than moral humiliation? Step by step, the need to avoid an admission that we might have been wrong in our original decision to intervene has served only to produce greater humiliations. The ultimate tragedy of Vietnam is not solely a war we don't know how to end but a situation in which we have come into fundamental conflict with our own history and values. —1972

The Quest for Security

Never in history has the sovereign state been more powerful or less secure. Its capacity for waging war has never been so great, nor its ability to protect itself so puny. —1960

•

Man is completely daring and inventive about the feasibility of a world holocaust but absurdly timid and unresourceful about the making of a world community. He denies the oneness of hope but asserts the oneness of despair. Unity of spirit is resisted; unity of defeat is pursued. —1963

•

Some government officials seem more concerned about the fact that other nations may not respect our strength than they are about the fact that other nations may not respect our wisdom. —1966

•

It is not natural or safe for a people to live in a continued condition of world anarchy. Nor is it sensible for the United States to underwrite that anarchy and call it security. —1976

•

True security begins with the knowledge that no great national edifices are going to be built on a foundation of universal suicide. —1976

•

The easiest way for a nation to destroy itself is to make national security the highest value. People are never more insecure than when they become obsessed with their fears at the expense of their dreams, or when the ability to fight becomes more important than the things worth fighting for. —1977

•

Men caught up in games of international realpolitik tend to delude themselves with the thought that "hard" matters of military policy are the only ones that count. History, however, is littered with the relics of civilizations whose leaders felt uncomfortable or

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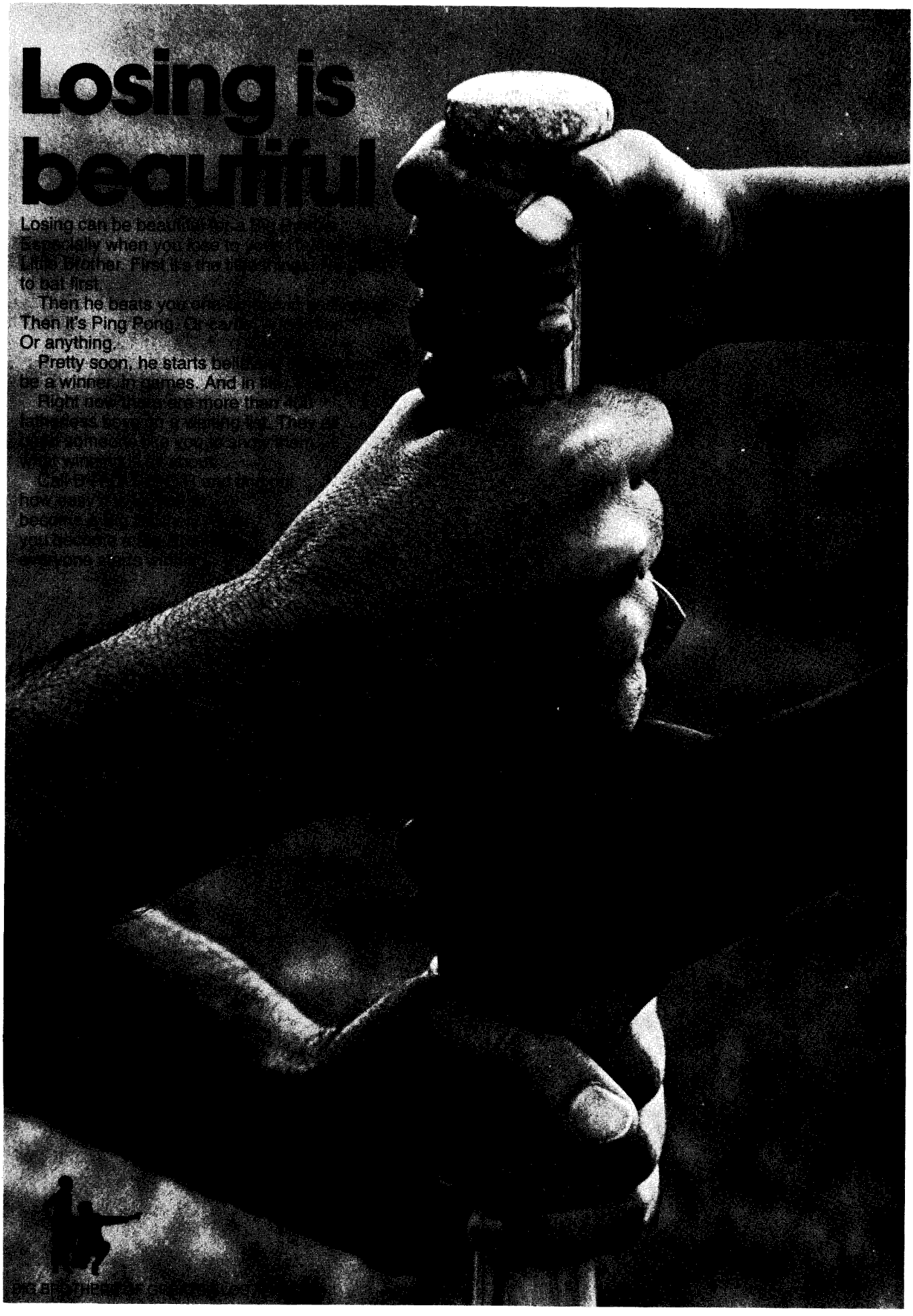
Losing is beautiful



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N.C.

Dr. Schweitzer and his colleagues on a Lambarene riverbank. 1958

scornful in the presence of moral questions. —1978

•

The great danger is that the mistakes of the past will go unrecognized. This nation can survive anything except ignored and unredeemed tragedy. —1978

Toward World Law

An ideal is going begging—the ideal of world citizenship. Milton, Paine, Hugo, Heine, Tennyson, and numberless others were eloquent in their plea for a world citizenship. Today, the basic fundamentals for the ideal exist, but we find that the ideal itself is virtually an orphan. History has almost lost its voice telling us for 5,000 years that states within a geographical unit must unite or fight. —1943

•

War is an invention of the human mind. The human mind can invent peace. —1945

•

When world law was first mentioned, people said it was too soon. Now when it is mentioned, they say it is too late. It is neither too soon nor too late. If we have a voice and an idea behind it, and if what we say makes sense, the time is just right. —1951

•

It has remained for our own age to provide the most primitive and dangerous idea ever held by the mind of man. This is the idea that it is somehow possible to preserve human civilization on this earth in the present condition of world anarchy. —1953

•

The cause of the United Nations is inseparable from the cause of peace. But we will not have peace by afterthought. If the United Nations is to survive, those who represent it must bolster it; those who advocate it must submit to it; and those who believe in it must fight for it. —1956

•

World peace will not be achieved by drift or default. The goal must be defined, the approaches must be accepted, the responsibilities must be fixed. —1965

•

All things are possible once enough men realize that the whole of the human future is at stake. —1967

We are putting about a dollar into the United Nations for every thousand dollars we are putting into our military budget. Do we have to bankrupt ourselves before we recognize that true security for us or anyone is possible only through a world organization with adequate powers to underwite world safety? —1968

•

The consequences of anarchy in the streets are serious. The consequences of anarchy among nations are catastrophic. —1968

•

Despite the historians, there has been only one age of man. It is the age of primitive man. The beginning of the age of civilized man, when it comes, will be marked by his political, philosophical, and spiritual awareness of himself as a member of a world species with world needs and with the capacity and desire to create world institutions to meet those needs. —1971

•

More and more, the choice for the world's people is between becoming world warriors and world citizens. —1972

Continued on page 18

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Statesmen cry "peace, peace," but there is no peace because they will not accept the slightest restraint on their ability to roam and fend at will in the world or to do anything they conceive to be in their own national interest, even though what they are doing may be contrary to every known canon of justice and decency. —1976

•

The United Nations cannot survive as a cockpit in which to choose up sides or to trade insults and abuse. It must be vested with objective standards for establishing justice in the relations among nations. Most important, it must represent peoples, not just governments. —1976

•

It is unscientific and unrealistic to believe that men who have solved the problem of leaping across space to inspect the face of Mars lack the wit to create vital balances on earth. —1976

Beyond the Earth

The idea of man in space is an explosion in the imagination. It shakes free the sense of wonder; it cracks open a vast area of the human potential; it confronts the intelligence with the prospect of an encounter with the infinite. But it also adds to the terror. Not terror of what is unknown about space but of what is known about man. A great ascent has taken place without any corresponding elevation of ideas. Man has raised his station without raising his sights. He roams the heavens with the engines of hell. —1961

•

Perspective continues to be man's greatest shortage, just as his ironies continue to be his most abundant product. —1971

•

Perspective can help us not just to ponder ironies but to cope with them. It is a spectacular feat of intelligence to listen to a man's heartbeat on the moon and to be able to calibrate the precise amount of strain his heart is under; but what about the hearts of men at home? Are we fully tuned in to the human heart on earth? How much unnecessary heartbreak is caused because the earth has yet to be made into a fit habitat for most of its humans? —1971

•

What was most significant about the lunar voyage was not that men set foot on the moon but that they set eye on the earth. —1973

•

To be able to rise from the earth; to be able, from a station in outer space, to see the relationship of the planet earth to other planets; to be able to contemplate the billions of factors in precise and beautiful combination that make human existence possible; to be able to dwell on an encounter of the human brain and spirit with the universe—all this enlarges the human horizon. It also offers proof that technology is subordinate to human imagination. —1973

•

Infinity converts the possible into the inevitable. —1974

•

Nature shuns one of a kind as much as it abhors a vacuum. If anything occurs at one place or at one time in the universe, it is bound to occur in another, given infinite time and infinite space. —1974

•

We come of age as a cosmic species when we accept the fact that the universe is not constructed for our particular benefit or convenience. Far from feeling spurned or shrunken, we can have an enlarged sense of privilege over our place in the total scheme of things. A great adventure opens before us. We have new connections to make. The rendezvous with infinity becomes us. —1974

•

We are wide-eyed when contemplating the possibility that life may exist elsewhere in the universe, but we wear blinders when contemplating the possibilities of life on earth. —1975

Education

This is the confession of a half-educated man. My education prepared me superbly for a bird's-eye view of the world; it taught me how to recognize easily and instantly the things that differentiate one place or one people from another. But my education failed to teach me that the principal significance of such differences is that they are largely without significance. My education failed to grasp the fact that beyond the differences are realities scarcely comprehended because of their shattering simplicity. And the simplest reality of all is that the human community is one—greater than any of its parts, greater than the separateness imposed by actions, greater than the divergent faiths and allegiances or the depth and color of varying cultures. —1952

•

Respect for the fragility and importance of an individual life is still the first mark of the educated man. —1954

•

If we want knowledge without values, we can find it in almanacs. If we want information without motivation, we can get it in computers. But if we are looking for leadership, then the first test is for character. —1960

•

Leisure time in the contemporary world is potentially man's greatest gift to himself; actually, it is a problem of ghastly dimensions. People have more time on their hands than their knowledge, interests, or aptitudes can accommodate. —1963

•

Education tends to be diagrammatic and categorical, opening up no sluices in the human imagination on the wonder or beauty of their unique estate in the cosmos. Little wonder that it becomes so easy for our young to regard human hurt casually or to be uninspired by the magic of sensitivity. —1965

•

All the world's institutions of learning, no matter how hallowed and ivied, remain monuments to the collective ignorance of man in the techniques for maintaining and nurturing civilization itself. —1966

•

The designations *East* and *West* as fully separate and distinct compartments are the relics of an outmoded scholarship. —1974

•

The main failure of education is that it has not prepared people to comprehend matters concerning human destiny. —1975

•

Knowing more about the gift of life is not merely a way of satisfying random curiosity. In the end, it is what education is all about. —1977

Health and Healing

The most costly disease in America is not cancer or coronaries. The most costly disease is boredom—costly for

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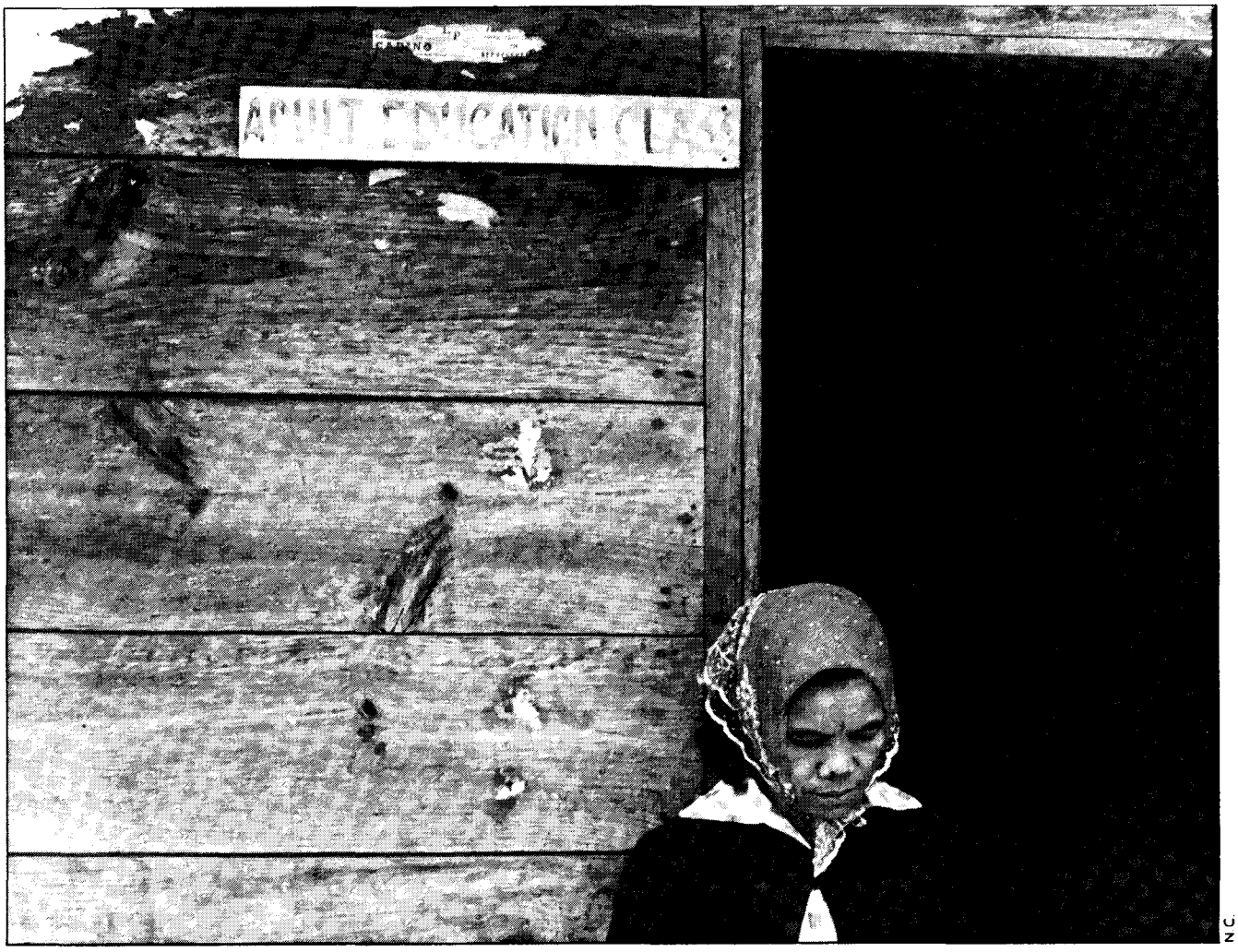

Back to school in the Philippines. 1965

both individual and society. —1963

•

Most men think they are immortal—until they get a cold, when they think they are going to die within the hour. —1964

•

Longevity by itself is indistinguishable from vegetation. A man can acquire a new pancreas, kidney, liver, heart, bone marrow, and lung, but he will succumb to boredom if his mind is without a horizon. —1969

•

The largest library on earth is not big enough to contain a catalog listing everything that goes into the making of a single living cell. Man has been able to comprehend everything in the world except the uniqueness of his own being. Perhaps it is just as well. If ever he began to contemplate his own composite wonder, he would lose himself in celebration and have neither time nor energy for anything else. —1970

Drugs are not always necessary. Belief in recovery always is. —1977

•

The art of healing is still a frontier profession. —1977

•

The will to live is not a theoretical abstraction but a physiologic reality with therapeutic characteristics. —1977

•

Complicating the doctor's dilemma about drugs is the fact that many people tend to regard drugs as though they were automobiles. Each year has to have its new models, and the more powerful, the better. —1977

•

The most prevalent—and, for all we know, most serious—health problem of our time is stress. The war against microbes has been largely won, but the struggle for equanimity is being lost. It is not just the congestion outside us—a congestion of people and ideas and issues—but our inner congestion that is hurting us. Our experiences come at us in such profusion and from so many different directions that they are never really sorted out, much less absorbed. The result is clutter and confusion. We gorge the senses and starve the sensitivities. —1977

•

I have learned never to underestimate the capacity of the human mind and body to regenerate—even when the prospects seem most wretched. The life-force may be the least understood force on earth. William James said that human beings tend to live too far within self-imposed limits. It is possible that these limits will recede when we respect more fully the natural drive of the human mind and body toward perfectibility and regeneration. Protecting and cherishing that natural drive may well represent the finest exercise of human freedom. —1977

Continued on page 20

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from page 19

Pain is part of the body's magic. It is the way the body transmits a sign to the brain that something is wrong. —1977

•

One of the main functions of the doctor is to engage to the fullest the patient's own ability to mobilize the forces of mind and body in turning back disease. —1978

•

The will to live is a window on the future. It opens the individual to such help as the outside world has to offer, and it connects that help to the body's own capability for fighting disease. It enables the human body to make the most of itself. —1977

The unbearable tragedy is not death but dying in an alien arena—separated from dignity, separated from the warmth of familiar things, separated from the ever-present ministrations of a loving relationship and an outstretched hand. —1978

—SELECTED BY SUSAN SCHIEFELBEIN

SOME AUXILIARY HISTORY —and People to Be Thankful For

APART FROM THOSE who figured prominently in the early history of *SR*—principally **Henry Seidel Canby, Amy Loveman, Christopher Morley, William Rose Benet,** and **George Stevens**—a number of persons are deserving of special mention.

J. R. Cominsky was the best business partner anyone could imagine; he made the *Saturday Review* his life—from the time he joined the staff in 1942 to his death in 1968.

E. DeGolyer, bookman and petroleum geologist, made it possible for us to build on the original foundations of *SR* and to develop the magazine into a national journal of ideas and the arts.

In 1960, the magazine became part of the McCall Corporation. The next decade was the period of the magazine's greatest growth—thanks in large part to the creative support of **Norton Simon**, principal owner of McCall's, and **Herbert Mayes**, President of the company.

In 1971, the magazine changed hands. I left several months later when its new owners decided to divide it into four monthly journals.

It was inevitable perhaps that *World* magazine would be born out of the separation. Few things in my life have touched me more deeply than the way thousands of readers rallied around the new magazine, taking out three-year subscriptions for a journal that had not even been published. I was deeply proud of *World* and everything about it. **Roland Gelatt, Richard L. Tobin, Hallowell Bowser, Emily Suesskind,** and **Sharon Fass**, all of the old staff, were the pioneers who, working under extraordinarily difficult conditions, shared with me the excitement of opening up a new shop. *World* was born on July 4, 1972. By that time, we had been joined by **Horace Sutton, Katharine Kuh, Hollis Alpert, Margaret Weiss, Thomas Middleton, Cleveland Amory, Goodman Ace,** and **John Ciardi**. Some distinguished newcomers came to the staff as contributing editors—**U Thant, Buckminster Fuller,** and **Leo Rosten**. **S. Spencer Grin** was publisher.

In April 1973, the scheme for four separate *Saturday Review* monthlies collapsed. When we learned about the approaching bankruptcy, we were confronted with a difficult decision. Should we try to take it out of a costly bankruptcy that was not of our making, or should we continue with *World* as the spiritual inheritor of *SR*? The possibility that the name *Saturday Review* would be a thing of the past created too deep an ache to be sustained. We took a breath and applied to the bankruptcy court with no idea of how we were going to satisfy creditors.

The largest of these creditors was Norton Simon, Incorporated, one of whose subdivisions had furnished paper and printing for the monthlies. It was **David Mahoney**, President and Chairman of NSI, who persuaded the other creditors to waive all their rights and make it possible for N. C. and his colleagues to start anew.

Mr. DeGolyer's daughter, **Cecelia**, and her husband, **George C. McGhee**, former Undersecretary of State, stepped forward to create a new group that would accept financial responsibility for the restored magazine. Joining the McGhees were **Philip Klutznick**, former Ambassador and one of Chicago's prominent citizens; **Raymond** and **Patsy Nasher**, civic leaders in Dallas; **Carl Schaeffer**, my longtime personal friend and an advocate of the theater; **Louis Marx, Jr.**, who was associated with the prior ownership and who believed it was important for *SR* to be restored; and **Leo Nevas**, N.C.'s family lawyer and friend. I was moved by their devotion, just as I had to admire their courage in trying to do something that had never been done before—bring a magazine back from a bankruptcy. Carl Schaeffer's law firm represented us.

The first issue combining the two magazines was called *Saturday Review/World* and was dated September 11, 1973. By this time, most of the familiar names on the old *SR* were on the new masthead, including **Irving Kolodin, Henry Hewes, Walter Terry,** and **James Cass**.

Our business staff was headed by **Nathan Cohn**. Our advertising kingpins—**Helene Slaught, Lyn White, Robert Burghardt,** and **Joseph Luyber**—were all back with us.

Any summing-up of people who played an important part in the development and nurturing of the magazine over the years would be incomplete without the names of **John F. Wharton** and his associates, principally **Joseph Iseman** and **Alex Hehmeyer**. John Wharton died only a few months ago, a man of luminous integrity, loved by all who knew him.

For most of the past decade at *SR*, I have been the beneficiary of an extraordinary duo of personal assistants—**Emily Suesskind** and **Mary Swift**—and of the editorial advice and help of **Susan Schiefelbein**, *SR*'s associate editor.

I must also call attention to the people here and abroad who volunteered their services on *SR*'s major projects—the Hiroshima Maidens; the Moral Adoptions Plan; the Ravensbrueck Lapins; and Aid to Biafran Children. I am especially indebted to the surgeons and doctors—**Dr. Arthur Barsky, Dr. William M. Hitzig, Dr. Bernard Simon, Dr. Sidney Kahn, Dr. Omar Fareed, Dr. Frank Catchpool, Dr. Davida Taylor**, and **Dr. Fergus Pope**. The Society of Friends performed invaluable services.

I must emphasize that there are many more who are unnamed here but whose place in the magazine will not be forgotten.

Most of all, I want to thank *SR*'s readers for believing in us, for trusting us, and for the joy of knowing them and being part of their world. —N. C.

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Charles Bastin is head of Morgan Guaranty's personal banking office in London.

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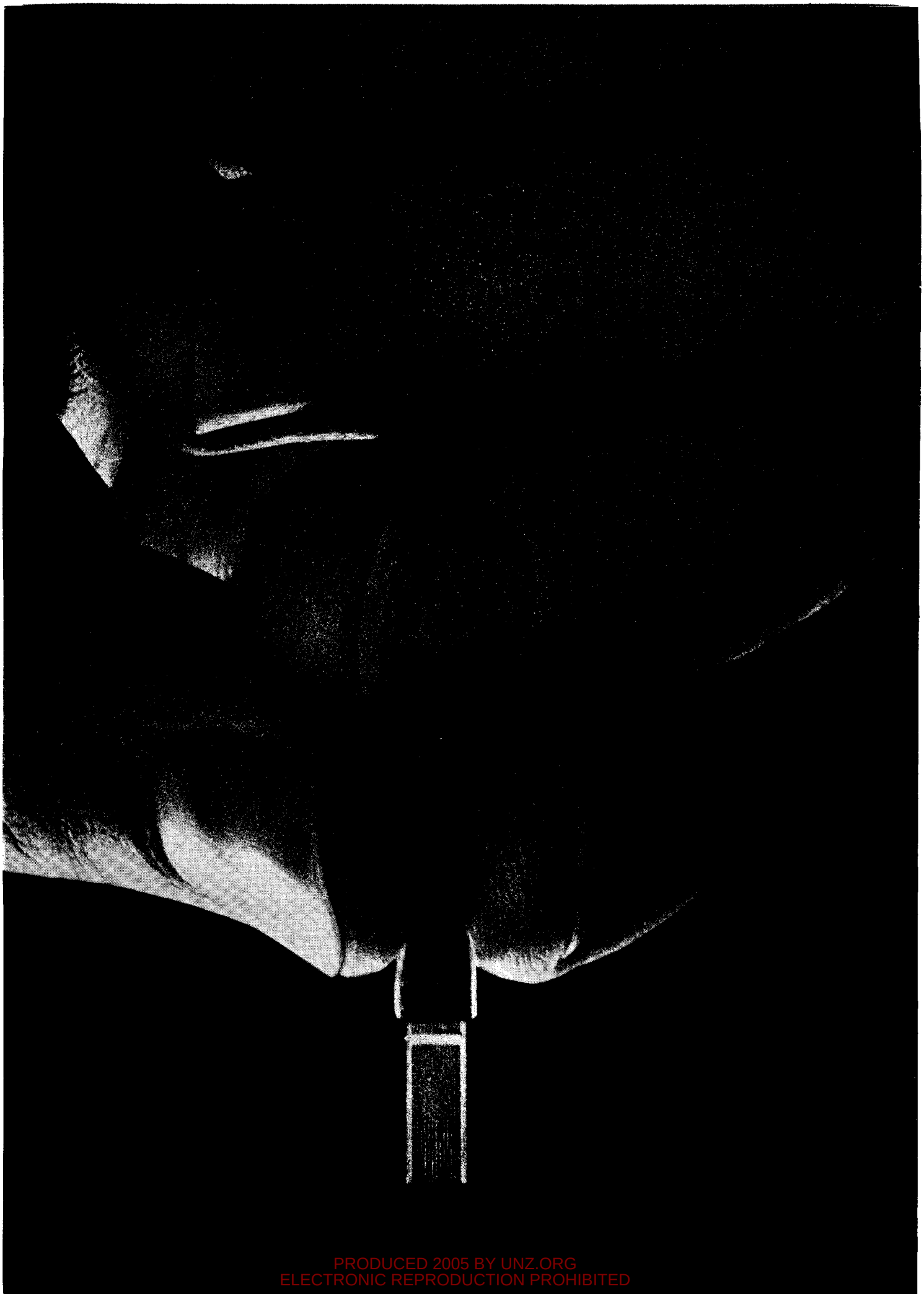

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The Chicago Connection.

With it, the phone system of tomorrow is in Chicago today.

A while ago, we told you lightwave communications was just around the corner. Today, it's in the streets of Chicago.

For the first time, the human voice, business data and even video signals are being carried by lightwaves traveling over hair-thin glass fibers. Instead of electric current traveling over copper wire.

But without that little link you see on the opposite page, lightwave communications for such a wide range of services might still be an experiment in a lab. And without Western Electric technology, the link might still be a design on a blueprint.

The link is an outgrowth of an idea from the people at Bell Labs. While they were putting the major components of the lightwave system together, they had to find a way to splice the glass fibers and get the light across the splice.

A Simple Idea

The idea they came up with was deceptively simple. A coupling device made up of tiny grooved chips, smaller than the tip of your finger, that would guide the ends of the hair-thin fibers and butt them up in perfect alignment.

There was only one hitch. Making one chip was easy. But there was no machinery that could mass produce all the identical chips that would be needed for a lightwave system like the one in Chicago.

Making Ideas Reality

That's where Western Electric comes in. Turning ideas into technological innovations is nothing new at Western Electric.

Over the years, Western Electric has piled up an impressive list of innovations that have become manufacturing standards.

It was the first company in the world to manufacture the transistor.

It was the first to put the laser to work as a useful production tool.

And it is the company that went beyond conventional machining techniques to make the chips for Chicago's lightwave system.

Each chip is pure silicon crystal. Its internal structure (a criss-cross arrangement of intersecting planes) provides a built-in blueprint for regularly spaced grooves. And because the crystal's diagonal planes etch faster than its perpendicular planes, uniform grooves can be chemically cut into the chip.

By combining the science of chemistry and the art of lithography, Western Electric's Engineering Research Center developed a way to etch 12 ultra-precise, perfectly shaped, identical V-grooves on each chip. With each groove no wider than a hair and separated only by a hair's breadth from its neighbors.

And, more importantly, they were able to reproduce these chips so that each one was a perfect double of the other.

Teamwork is the Key

The telecommunications revolution beginning in Chicago is another good example of how Western Electric and Bell Labs help put new technology into practical use for the Bell telephone companies, quickly and economically.

Their close relationship is an important reason why your telephone system is the most efficient and reliable communications system in the world. And it's a basic reason why innovations in technology are a common occurrence in the Bell System.

Western Electric

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LETTERS

More from City College

On February 3, 1978, President Robert E. Marshak of the City College of New York wrote *SR* a letter expressing his indignation with the handling of the article "How to Kill a College" [February 4], by Dean Theodore L. Gross. In this letter, Marshak claims to be writing "on behalf of the entire City College community." We don't know what the president means by "the entire City College community," but we do know that the faculty was not consulted.

Without meaning to enter into the merits of what Gross had to say, we certainly, as individual faculty members, do not wish in any way to be associated with President Marshak's utterly crude attempt to impugn *SR*'s editorial integrity.

Professor Stanley W. Page, history
Professor Morris Silver, economics
City College of New York
New York, N.Y.

Classical Comments

Dr. Jean Mayer wrote a beautiful article [Education Now, February 18] on the lifelong benefits he received from studying classical languages during his youth; however, he is the president of Tufts University and for that reason alone would not have been a typical student. American schools do not cater only to an educational elite.

Dr. Mayer says, "Like many French and British children raised before World War II, I began studying Latin at the age of nine and Greek at eleven." I doubt that there would have been enough children at Daniel Bagley Elementary School, in Seattle, Washington, where I studied before World War II, who would have learned enough Greek or Latin to justify the expense of a teacher and textbooks.

And in most secondary schools in the United States, a modified elective system is in effect, with larger schools offering more choices than smaller schools. It is not easy to get students to register for the more difficult courses nor for those that adults might consider the best choices.

Finally, many demands on today's teachers are made by the community. We are supposed to teach health, automobile driving, citizenship, more and more science and math courses, music, design, geography, reading, writing—the list could go on and on. It really is difficult for many students, particularly the good ones, to find time for the courses they are told they ought to take. Dr. Mayer makes a wonderfully convincing case for adding classical languages to the list again. It may well be time to question the elective system and perhaps for the schools to resist demands for so many separate courses. At present, the problem reduces itself not only to student ability and money but, as Seneca pointed out, to *Vita brevis est, ars longa.*

Katherine Keene
Eleanor Roosevelt High School
Greenbelt, Md.

Jean Mayer's statement on behalf of the classics is a masterpiece. I wish I'd said it myself!

Frederick M. Moore
Teacher of classics
Summit High School
Summit, N.J.

Conceptual Misconceptions

Your February 18 issue arrived this afternoon, and I immediately read it, from cover to cover. I was especially drawn to Warren Sylvester Smith's article "You Call That Art?" Surprise and indignation do not encompass what I felt when I came across Smith's reference to Shigako Kubota as a man. Kubota is a great *female* artist. A little research would also have turned up the fact that Kubota is married to Nam June Paik, an innovative video sculptor, also mentioned in Smith's article. Was this error merely a typographical slip, or do you think of all imaginative artists as male?

Jessie Affelder
Chicago, Ill.

Editor's Note: Your reaction to our error is justified. Our apologies to Ms. Kubota.

With this issue, English novelist and critic Anthony Burgess begins a regular column, Notes from the Blue Coast. Mr. Burgess is now living in Monaco. His best-known work is *A Clockwork Orange*.

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"INEVITABLY A MAN IS MEASURED BY HIS LARGEST CONCERNS, AND BY WHAT HE REGARDS AS THE ULTIMATE QUESTION." *Norman Cousins.*

When you wrote this almost twenty years ago today, you were not laying a yardstick for yourself. Or for your magazine. The issue was nuclear testing. And ultimately mankind, not men, were being measured.

It is a tribute to your humanity and unwavering optimism that as you turn over your editorship to Carll Tucker, these same words can be used to delineate your own stature.

Your concerns are, as always, rooted in the desire to prove civilization still has the capacity to rise above cynicism and barbarism. Your magazine has never deviated from a celebration of quality, wherever it could be found.

Your successor, Carll Tucker, assumes the editor's chair at the remarkable age of 26. But none of us can forget that you took the same chair at a remarkably similar age.

For 38 years your vision, your dedication to preserving free creative expression has made Saturday Review a fertile recepticle for our collected hopes and aspirations.

You once said "We live in an age where people prefer a hard shiny exterior to the genuineness of deeply felt emotions." We not only value those emotions, we depend on them. As you assume your new role as Chairman of the Editorial Board, we salute you Norman Cousins for continuing to share them with us.

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FRONT RUNNERS

Is Nice a Vice?

What is your pugnacity quotient? If you're the easygoing, sunny-natured type, better not apply for a job as guard at the Reno, Nevada, city jail—you might be labeled "too nice" to rate being hired.

This happened recently to Diana Vasquez, who came out number one on written exams for the jail job, but was deep-sixed by the jail's psychological tester because, he said, she was "too nice" to be a jailer. But Vasquez is not all *that* nice: She fought back vigorously, with help from the American Civil Liberties Union. "Why," Vasquez asked, "should a jail be an ugly environment run by people who are not nice? Is this necessary to effectively operate a correctional facility?"

When a Civil Service Commission psychologist was called in to review the Vasquez case, he concluded that the jail's job-testing procedures needed overhauling. The Reno police department then backed down and reinstated Vasquez as number one on their waiting list. But now, after her clash with the police, Vasquez is not sure whether she will accept the appointment if it comes through. If she does turn it down, the jail psychologists can always claim that her change of mind only shows she is erratic and was unfit to begin with.

Supergun

Do the Israelis have an exotic new superweapon? And did they use this weapon to knock out Uganda's early-warning system during the now famous raid at Entebbe Airport? Wild as it sounds, this rumor is being talked up by various sources, most notably *Foreign Report*, a publication put out by London's Economist Newspaper, Ltd.

According to the *Report*, the new Israeli weapon is very real and very effective: It foils enemy radar, jams electronic circuitry, and even bollixes up wristwatches, police revolvers, and other mechanical devices. During a demonstration at a Canadian bank in 1969, says the *Report*, the weapon was beamed at several bags stuffed with money, and burly policemen were unable to lift the bags.

A Canadian named Sidney Hurwich is identified as the device's inventor; he claims, the journal says, that his ray weapon can in theory disable tanks and throw up impenetrable force fields in midair.

The *Report* says, finally, that because of the new weapon all electronic warning systems at Entebbe Airport went dead during the Israeli raid and that Idi Amin later executed the airport's control tower personnel because they enraged him by claiming their instruments had malfunctioned "as though by magic."

Miracle in San Francisco

Young piano virtuoso goes into tailspin, disappears for five decades, then is found living in poverty, with his performing skills miraculously intact.

No, that's not a soap opera plot: It's the true life story of Ervin Nyiregyhazi. Born in Hungary, Nyiregyhazi was acclaimed as a genius when he made his U.S. debut in 1918 at the age of fifteen. Unfortunately for him, his parents—eager to shield their prodigy from everyday distractions—had babied him shamelessly: At the age of eighteen he could not tie his shoelaces or cut his meat at the dinner table. Not surprisingly, during the 1920s he began to shrink from performing publicly. His career sputtered to a halt, and the young pianist dropped out of sight.

Then three years ago someone found Nyiregyhazi in San Francisco, living in down-at-the-heels surroundings. It developed that throughout his five "lost decades" he had in fact kept right on playing, studying, and composing. According to the Ford Foundation newsletter, Nyiregyhazi "has written more than 700 works, many of them orchestral."

Now seventy-four, Nyiregyhazi still does not feel up to playing publicly, and he has not made a recording since 1921. But Gregor Benko, president of International Piano Archives, has persuaded him to play for taping selections from his considerable repertoire—including his much-celebrated interpretations of Liszt. The taping project is being underwritten by the Ford Foundation.

Bafflegab

This directive was recently issued statewide by the Colorado Bureau of Investigation: "Fortunately, the message we asked you to disregard was not sent. Thus, we ask that you disregard the message we sent asking you to disregard the last message."

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FRONT RUNNERS

Clearing the Air

We bow to none in our concern for the way public affairs are treated on television. So we were delighted to learn that a task force at Manhattan's New School for Social Research had studied just this matter on a $116,000 grant from the John and Mary R. Markle Foundation. The task force report is now out, and it says, "There was minimal affirmative correlation found between priority social issues and station priorities—when local public affairs programming delivery is measured in terms of budgetary allocations, program promotion, and air-schedule visibility relative to available audience potential."

Well, we're glad that's settled. Now, we have a suggestion for the John and Mary R. Markle Foundation. For a paltry tax-exempt $116,000, we will undertake to evaluate this study and send the fund our report. In a plain brown wrapper.

Skull-duggery

A human skull found in the stomach of a tiger shark is proving a headache for officials in Natal Province, South Africa. The problem is that there's no way of determining the race of the deceased: Was the shark's victim a white, a "colored," an Asian, or a black? Till the puzzle is solved, the skull will remain aboveground, since authorities aren't sure which of the strictly segregated local graveyards should be its resting place.

Front Runners Submissions

SR will pay readers $25 for any clipping or item accepted for use in Front Runners. We regret that we cannot acknowledge receipt of materials, run by-lines with items, or return unused submissions.
Please send items to:
Front Runners, Saturday Review,
1290 Avenue of the Americas,
New York, N.Y. 10019.

The Deadly Anapest

Does rock music leave you feeling drained and weak? That played out feeling, says Dr. John Diamond, formerly of New York's Mount Sinai Hospital, is not in your mind—it's actually in your muscles. Psychiatrist Diamond's studies show that the unusual rhythm (two short beats, then a long one) heard in many rock numbers runs flatly counter to the heart's own rhythm (a long beat followed by two short beats). By affecting the brain, Diamond says, rock's "stopped anapestic" beat has a peculiarly debilitating effect on the heart, muscles, and blood vessels.

Diamond is, incidentally, his own best test subject: He first experienced rock's weakening effect, he says, while standing in a record shop that was reverberating with driving, pounding rock sounds. His later researches on the subject involved close analysis of about 20,000 rock, pop, and classical recordings. Although the study showed that Bob Dylan and the Beatles are harmless to the human frame, Diamond found that you can be made weak as a kitten by many Rolling Stone numbers—and by some nonrock numbers as well, like Stravinsky's "The Rite of Spring" and Ravel's "La Valse"!

The Other "Watergate"

The London publishers Sidgwick and Jackson are about to bring out both Richard M. Nixon's *Memoirs* and H. R. Haldeman's *The Ends of Power*. Ironically, the publishing firm's cable address is WATERGATE.

No, there's no political angle here: It's just that the firm used to do business in the Adelphi, an elegant enclave overlooking the Thames where the palace of the archbishops of York once stood. Today, all that's left of the old archiepiscopal dwelling is a handsome seventeenth-century gate, built of heavy stone blocks, which is believed to have been designed by the early Stuarts' favorite architect, Inigo Jones.

In those days no embankment separated the archbishops' palace from the Thames, whose current lapped its walls. It was at the palace gate—a "water gate" at the river's edge—that boatmen tied up to discharge passengers or take them on board. Now London's water gate is high and dry—but it is at least innocent of any suspicion of malfeasance. ●

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SUNBELT VS. FROSTBELT

A Second Civil War?

by Horace Sutton

IT WAS SEPTEMBER OF 1976, and the party was almost over. The Tall Ships had come and gone. The Freedom Train had puffed across a continent telling how liberty had come to the land. Grown men had played dress-up, donning uniforms of Washington's continentals and marching off to replay campaign tactics that had carried the day against Burgoyne and Cornwallis. The smell of gunpowder, exploded from a thousand pyrotechnic displays, hung over parks and parade grounds like the stale smoke of a giant poker party held the night before.

All this had been done to celebrate the birthday of the Republic born two centuries before, conceived in liberty and welded together in the concept of union. Yet union and celebration were not in the mind of Michael Harrington, congressman from Massachusetts. He was thinking about regionalism. While the deeds of the Adams family, those Massachusetts stalwarts of the Republic, were being dramatized over national television week after week, no place in the nation found itself in more straitened circumstances than Massachusetts itself. The economic downturn of 1972–73 had devastated the Northeast. Factories had closed or departed for the more felicitous climes of the South. Military bases were, one by one, state by state, slipping into the Sunbelt, that recently designated region knit together of states that lay below a latitudinal line stretching from San Francisco to the point where the northern border of North Carolina falls into the Atlantic.

The inflation set off by the oil embargo was devastating. The price of home heating oil soared from $2 a barrel to anywhere between $11 and $14 a barrel. And in the district represented by Michael Harrington, firm of jaw, florid of face, Harvard '58, there was no way to avoid the crippling expense of heating one's home. Says he, "An awful lot of people saw hope and expectation peeled back for the first time in their lives. Those who had harbored expansive ideas suddenly found that they were among the severely economically disadvantaged." It was very clear to Harrington that those occupying congressional seats had to meet the needs of what some have called The New Poor.

That Bicentennial September, with no recovery in sight, Harrington, having met with representatives of other states in like difficulties, joined with Congressman Henry Reuss of Wisconsin to launch the Northeast-Midwest Economic Advancement Coalition. The toothy name came from Reuss; the philosophy, from Harrington; the membership, from 16 states in New England, the Middle Atlantic, and the Midwest. Ideology and political cant were of no matter. Of disparate strains, the congressmen were welded together by the common problem of regional inequity.

The formation of the Northeast-Midwest coalition was, if anything, a Fort Sumter in reverse. While the coalition's members were certainly not suggesting secession, they served notice that they would act as a body to ensure a fair shake from the federal government, the nation's biggest employer and provider.

With Harrington, Congressman Frank Horton, (a Republican from upstate New York) as cochairman, and Congressman James Oberstar of Minnesota as secretary-treasurer, the

Continued on page 33

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Storm the castle. Ride the moors.

The wind whispers in the turrets. Where battles raged, birds sing. Where warriors once clashed, flowers grow.

This is the towering Harlech Castle. Built in Wales by Edward I in 1283.

And when you come to Wales you can see more castles per square mile than in any other country.

But the countryside of Britain is more than castles.

It is friendly pubs and tranquil beauty. Thatched cottages and great manor houses.

You can ride the countryside of England, Scotland and Wales by rail, car or motorcoach. Or you can even ride horseback.

And around the corner in so many places you'll find reminders of America's British heritage.

From the escapades of John Paul Jones in Scotland to George Washington's great-grandfather's home near Stratford.

To Runnymede, site of the signing of the Magna Carta in 1215, to which we owe so many of our basic rights. British and American.

We share far more than simply our shared language.

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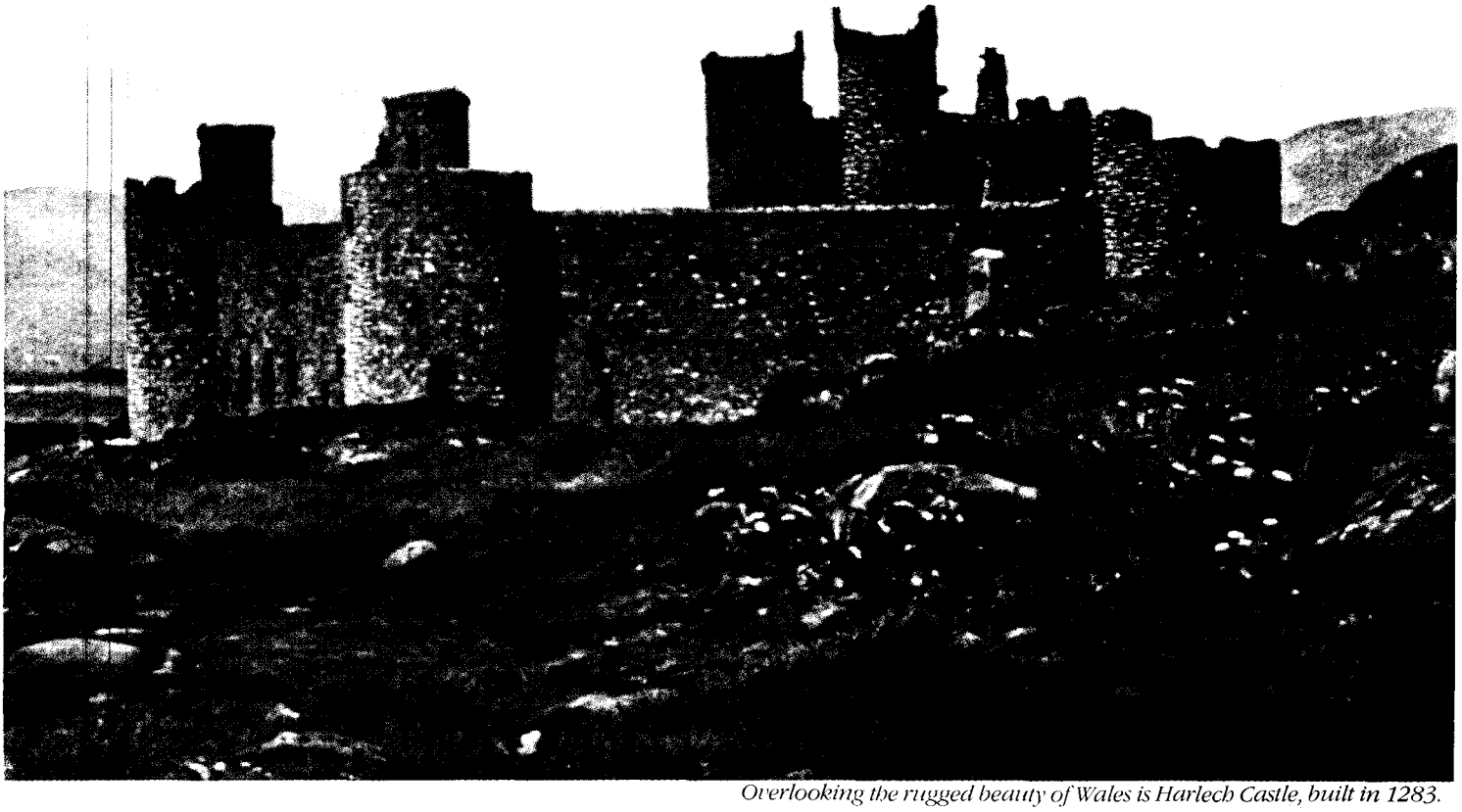

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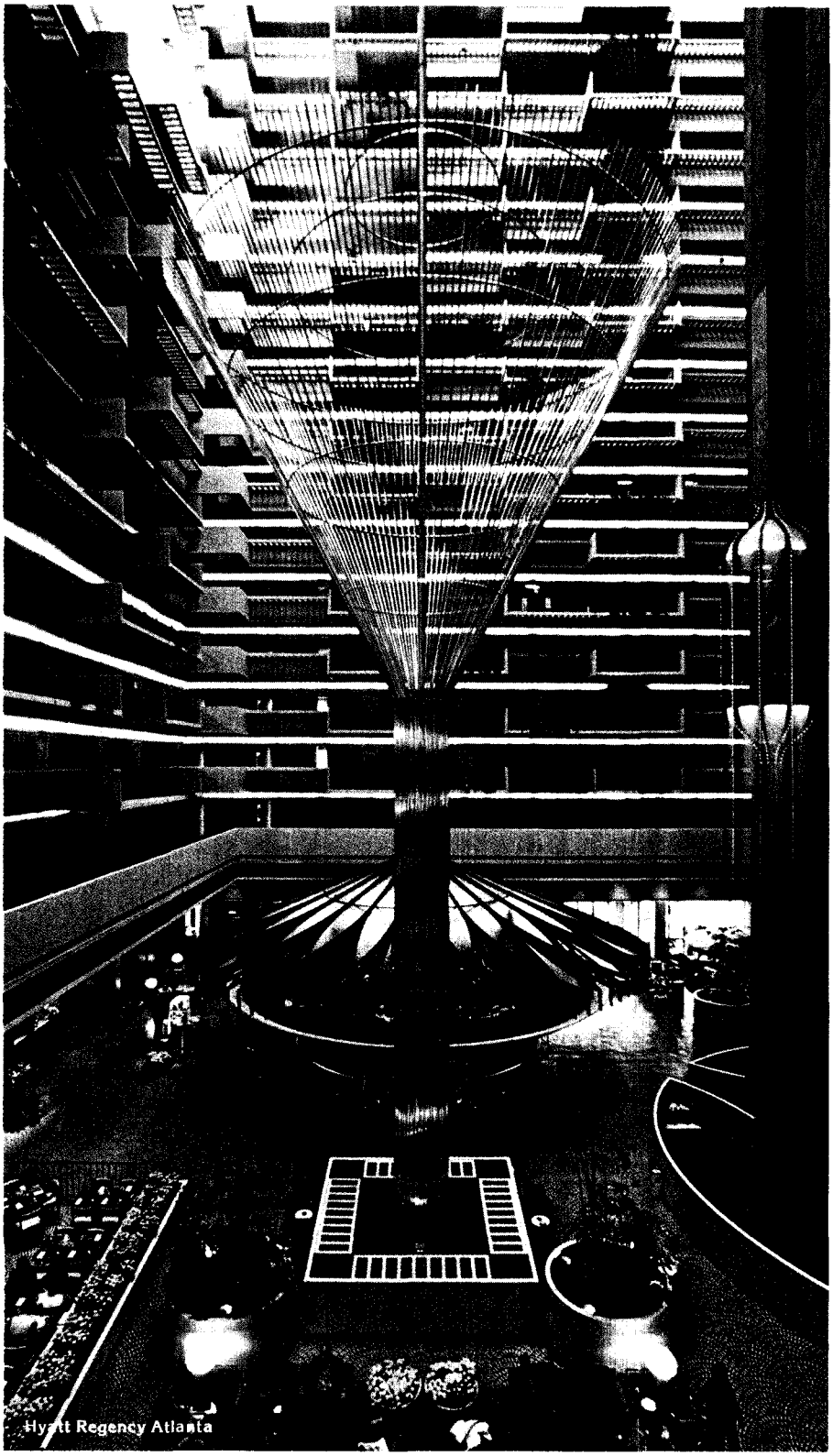

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"When legislators from the Northeast and the Midwest locked arms in a regional coalition, the Sunbelters made no move to match the Yankee offensive. 'We don't need a Sunbelt coalition; we've got Jimmy Carter in the White House,' Congressman Charlie Rose of North Carolina crowed."

Issues *from page 28*
coalition assembled a force of 204 representatives backed by its own research bureau. Their concerns varied: Some were interested in the out-migration of industry; some were concerned with welfare; others, with the closing of military bases.

The objectives of the coalition are laid out by John Moriarity, a young Harrington aide who was detached to become the coalition's paid director. "We are not trying to stem the flow of funds to the South. We're trying to balance the flow of funds so they go where the need is greatest," he says.

"When the South was in a position of greatest adversity they had to have a buddy system. We are now creating a buddy system, and we're doing it in a public way. We feel we have a limited amount of time left. After the census of 1980, considering the population shifts, we stand to lose 9 to 10 seats in the Northeast and the Midwest.

"We can't suggest the problems of the East and the Midwest aren't there. We can't suppose there is no poverty in the South. We aren't saying it's our turn to put on the feed bag. We are suggesting that the federal programs must be sensitive to other parts of the country that were once the chief providers that brought forth the New Deal programs that provided the economic opportunity enjoyed by the South today."

It comes hard to the Northeast to realize that its political and economic supremacy is being challenged by sections of the nation that were uncharted Indian country, Polynesian kingdoms, Spanish lands, and even Russian territory when the Founding Fathers put the Republic together. From 1870 to 1940, a span of 70 years, the nation was dominated, as Kirkpatrick Sale points out in *Power Shift*, "in practically every aspect of life ... by a nexus of industrial, financial, political, academic, and cultural centers based in the Northeast, stretching from Chicago to New York, from Boston to Philadelphia."

This power group influenced the selection of presidents, controlled the Congress, decided foreign policy, and established economic priorities. But the shift came with the start of World War II, which brought with it "new technologies and new priorities." Defense industries, aerospace electronics, oil and gas, and what financial circles call "agribusiness" clustered in the South, Southwest, and West. The population migrated "from the older and colder sections of the Northeast to the younger and sunnier sections of the South and Southwest."

Sale calls this vast bottomland of the U.S. the Southern Rim, but Sunbelt is the name that has caught on. It says in a word—or in an amalgam of two words—what brought it about. If the Sunbelt, or the Southern Rim, were to be an independent nation, as Sale points out, it would have a gross national product larger than that of the United Kingdom, Italy, Sweden, and Norway combined. It would possess more cars and telephones than any other nation in the world. "It would, in short," Sale writes, "be a world power on the scale of the present superpowers."

While the Sunbelt was growing into a superpower, another phenomenon was under way. The federal government grew into a superspender. The federal budget that stood at about $15 billion before World War II is now over $300 billion. The government's payroll has increased from $613 million to $3 billion. Whereas New York (for all its poverty) is probably the seat of $200 billion in private assets and a source of $30 billion a year for capital backing, Washington's assets are without limits, and, as Sale indicates, "the source of something like $300 billion a year for private businesses."

New York the money center has been eclipsed by Washington the superdisburser. With the preeminence went the power. In the years from 1869 to 1945, only two presidents were elected from areas outside the Northeast. But from 1963 until now, all elected presidents—the presidential appointee Gerald Ford excepted—have sprung from the Sunbelt. Control of the presidency and control of major committees give the Sunbelt states a position of advantage in the contest for that mammoth pot of federal dollars. It is the shift in power and poverty that has caused the forces of Frostbelt and Sunbelt to array themselves as if for battle.

When legislators from the Northeast and the Midwest locked arms in a regional coalition, the Sunbelters made no move to match the Yankee offensive. "We don't need a Sunbelt coalition; we've got Jimmy Carter in the White House," Congressman Charlie Rose of North Carolina crowed with some exuberance. Who could consider it a coincidence that in 1977, the first year of Carter's presidency, more money designated for military construction was earmarked for Georgia than for all the 16 states of the Northeast-Midwest coalition put together?

Sunbelt euphoria faded last spring when the House assembled to vote on HR 6655, a housing and community development bill sparkling with a new formula. The old formula could enable federal aid to be funneled on the basis of poverty, overcrowded housing, and population. Under the new formula, a consideration was added for housing that existed before 1939 as a means of funneling dollars to aging and indigent cities of the East and the Midwest.

Congressman Mark Hannaford, a bouncy, bantam-sized former mayor who represents Long Beach, California, and its adjacent areas, rushed forward with an amendment to HR 6655 that would have neutralized the pre-1939 formula. "This program," Hannaford said from the floor, "looks at old buildings regardless of their state of repair or need as a measure of need, and it mindlessly and arbitrarily passes out money on that basis."

Off the floor the rhetoric was more heated. Hannaford and his cosponsor, Congressman Jerry Patterson, also of California, told the press that the legislation rests on the premise that "we should tax the people of the rest of the country to resolve the problems of neglect faced by the large and old cities of the Midwest and the East." Said Hannaford, "I cannot accept that the suburbs in my district in Los Angeles and Orange counties, some of them with many low-income people, should be taxed to support the revitalization of Detroit or Newark."

Continued on page 34

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"On the hustings, Congressman Mark Hannaford of California is not likely to stand with sheathed spear. In Tucson he told his audience, 'We are both a part of what is coming to be referred to in Congress as the Sunbelt, and we are being taken to the cleaners together.'"

Notwithstanding, the so-called Hannaford-Patterson amendment perished by a vote of 149 to 261. The Northeast-Midwest coalition had drawn first blood. The battle was joined.

By November of last year, Hannaford was heading what he has called a task force to monitor Frostbelt-Sunbelt issues and to respond accordingly "when the best interests of the South and the West are at stake."

In his Washington office Hannaford smiles. "I'm a Democrat," he says. "I support cities. I don't want to contribute to sectional cleavage. I'm offering a response to Frostbelt action."

On the hustings, however, he is not likely to stand with sheathed spear. Speaking before the Nucleus Club in Tucson this winter, Hannaford told his audience he was surprised at first by the invitation to come to Arizona. As he began to think about it, however, he realized that Tucson and Long Beach have a common problem. "We are both a part of what is coming to be referred to in Congress as the Sunbelt, and we are being taken to the cleaners together. The Frostbelt in the northeastern and the midwestern states has plans for some of our tax dollars."

Writing for home consumption in *Western City* magazine, Hannaford declared that the Sunbelt is "not prepared to stand with its hands in the air while the rest of the country makes off with its wallet."

Sounding those themes, Hannaford's task force has taken the form of a western coalition, but on the House side it relies on an assigned aide in Hannaford's office and as yet operates without the oiled apparatus functioning on behalf of the Northeast-Midwest coalition.

Western senators, however, rallied to a call sounded by Senator Paul Laxalt, the Nevada conservative Republican who handled the Reagan campaign and who is prominent in the fight against the signing of the new Panama Canal Treaty. Laxalt was able to lasso a bloc of 20 senators representing states stretching from the edge of the Midwest clear to Hawaii and Alaska.

Laxalt has said, "A Northeast senator's effectiveness is measured by how effectively he can raid the federal till," a statement not calculated to endear him to those members of the senate club who hail from the New England and the Middle Atlantic states. At the suggestion of Senator Alan Cranston, a Democrat from California, a Democratic cochairman was chosen to balance Laxalt on the western coalition. They turned to Dennis DeConcini, an affable forty-year-old freshman senator, the product of an Arizona political family, who had earlier managed Raul Castro's successful campaign for governor of Arizona.

Laxalt offered to run DeConcini's campaign for cochairman, and DeConcini said he would agree to the offer if the senator from Nevada could promise better results than he had obtained on behalf of former governor Ronald Reagan. On that jocular note DeConcini was chosen to head, with Laxalt, the coalition of western senators.

Despite Laxalt's stone flinging at northeastern senators, the western fight is directed more at the federal government than at other parts of the nation. What attracted DeConcini to the cause was the appearance in January 1977 of what he calls "the president's hit list on water projects." It is a circumstance to be noted that "hit list" is also the term used by eastern and midwestern congressmen when they refer to bases that the Pentagon is considering for relocation in Sunbelt areas.

DeConcini worries about such matters as water, Indian claims, and the overbearing presence of federal lands. He is quick to point out that only 13 percent of Arizona is privately held land, the rest belonging to the federal government, the state, and the Indians. Aware of his own local problems, he is more sensitive and more amelioratory on matters that press the East. "I realize more money is spent in New York for welfare, unemployment, and Medicare than is spent in Arizona and a dozen western states, and there is nothing wrong with that," he says.

The argument between Sunbelt and Frostbelt in his view boils down to defense spending. In not all cases, DeConcini claims, does the location of bases and defense facilities derive from political clout. He turns to California as a state without strategic committee representation that nevertheless bristles with defense installations, military bases, and airfields.

"Defense dollars should be spent where they get the most use," DeConcini declares. "Take air training. It makes sense to me to use part of the country where you can have the maximum amount of good weather to fly rather than Michigan or New Hampshire, where the weather is hampering.

"Moving a training center like Luke Air Force Base [Arizona] to Pennsylvania or Massachusetts would not be in the best interests of training and probably would not help the unemployment problem that is there."

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'It may have to do with the military, who want to bask in the sunshine and have a swimming pool at their beck and call and who are totally indifferent to the responsibilities to the nation as a whole and indifferent to training in cold zones as well as in hot zones.'"

That argument is contested with some heat by northern legislators. Harrington's whole fight, the one issue that inspired him to organize the Northeast and the Midwest, was predicated on the Pentagon proposal to move Fort Devens from Massachusetts. Oddly, the new home being considered for Fort Devens is Fort Huachuca, Arizona, near the town of Sierra Vista (population 20,000), a few miles from the Mexican border. There the troops wouldn't have to endure snowed-in winters—only 120-degree summers. No one has measured the cost of northern heating oil in Devens's barracks against the cost of air conditioning in southern Arizona.

On the subject of military displacement, no other senator rings more decibels than Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio. A leader with Senator John Chafee of Rhode Island of the senatorial branch of the Northeast-Midwest coalition, Metzenbaum sits in his expansive office in the Russell Building, chomps on candy from an ever-present bowl, and says, "You can't fight all the wars in the Sunbelt. These are supposed to be military installations. You can't assume every war is going to be fought where the sun is shining.

"One objective of our coalition is to stop the military from literally decimating their installations in the Northeast and the Midwest. I never hear in any conversation with the military that they are going to open a new facility in the Northeast or the Midwest or even expand those they have. But it is a constant battle to keep them from closing the Rickenbacker facility in Columbus or the defense electronics center in Dayton or the defense logistics agency in Columbus.

"It may have to do with the makeup of the committees, but it may have to do with the military, who want to bask in the sunshine and have a swimming pool at their beck and call and who are totally indifferent to the responsibilities to the nation as a whole and indifferent to training in cold zones as well as in hot zones."

To Metzenbaum, who ran for his senatorial seat on the promise that he would bring more jobs to Ohio, the matter of defense spending is basic. And Senator Chafee can give chapter and verse on the effects of diverting defense spending as it affected his home state. As secretary of the navy until he resigned in May 1972, Chafee was completely familiar with the impact of the navy's decision, effected in 1974 to move much of the navy from its traditional home in Rhode Island. The navy extracted from Newport the headquarters of the cruiser-destroyer forces in the Atlantic, as well as a supply depot largely staffed by civilian employees. That wholesale diversion of forces is still being referred to in that city as "the second Pearl Harbor."

Across the bay in Quonset, Rhode Island, a large naval air rework facility that occupied itself with fixed-wing and helicopter aircraft engines and employed nearly 3,000 people was uprooted. Work at Quonset's shipyard, with the ships gone, dried up. At Davisville, a Seabee construction battalion employing 1,000 Rhode Islanders closed down. In all, 17,000 naval personnel were dispatched southward, leaving 6,000 Rhode Islanders jobless.

Why did it happen? Well, the navy, Chafee explains, likes to have its ships overhauled close to their home ports. There the men can work on their ships by day and be at home with their families at night. When the Boston shipyard closed, it followed that Newport be closed. Why did Boston close? Because it was old.

Where are the Seabees today? In Gulfport, Mississippi, the home state of Senator John Stennis, who holds the key position on the Armed Services Committee. Says Chafee, "The southern group is extremely well organized. It is no coincidence that you see Charleston, South Carolina, brimming with defense facilities and Strom Thurmond sitting as ranking Republican on the Armed Services Committee. Or the lovely Naval Air Training facility sitting in Meridian, Mississippi, near where Stennis lives.

"I don't know whether it is cause or effect," Chafee offers disarmingly. "I don't know whether they are there to look after their bases or whether the bases are there because of them."

Harrington, Chafee's neighboring New Englander, wouldn't have to ponder that suggestion very long. The strong, purposeful regionalism that he brought into the House and that was picked up by the Senate is nothing more, he says, than what southern legislators have been practicing all along. "They refined the art," Harrington says. "We have merely adopted it."

Some of the cooperative southern thrust comes from the Southern Growth Policies Board, an interstate agency that is supported by the governments of 13 southern states stretching from the Atlantic to Oklahoma. Delaware and Maryland (which are not Sunbelt states) are eligible to join, and so are Missouri and Texas.

The Southern board operates out of Research Triangle

"We're all fine, thanks, except Otis, who had a learning experience on the Belt Parkway last week."

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"The senator called on the federal government to prevent the bankruptcy of New York, an event that 'would be to the Northeast what Sherman's march was to the South. It would be a massive statement that self-government in America is indeed all sail and no anchor."

Park, in North Carolina, where it employs a staff of about a dozen, and has offices in Atlanta and a new one in Washington, in view of the Capitol, as well. Each year a governor of a member state serves as chairman of the board. This year's chairman is Governor George Busbee of Georgia, who succeeded Jimmy Carter in the statehouse at Atlanta.

Seeking to blunt northern arguments in one blow, the Southern Growth Policies Board has issued a paper entitled "The Snowbelt and the Seven Myths." No fairy tale, it hits hard at these propositions:

1. The South is draining federal funds from the North
2. The South is stealing industry and business from the North
3. The South is actually richer than the North
4. Most poor people live in the North
5. Most distressed cities are in the North
6. Growth lag or lack of percentage increases in income signal the need for federal help
7. Old cities need federal aid

THIS WINTER the President convened the White House Conference on Balanced Growth and Economic Development—the name intended no slur at the partisan name of Busbee's group—inviting 500 citizens to participate. Three quarters of the delegates were chosen by the governors and one quarter by the White House. Care had been taken to down-play the hot regional issues. Suggestions along that line, so the story goes, had, been passed to principal speakers by Jack Watson of the White House staff.

Michael Harrington was not invited. The Northeast-Midwest Economic Advancement Coalition opened an office in the Sheraton Park Hotel where the symposium was held, but the coalition was not permitted to include materials in the packets prepared for distribution to delegates.

There were four days of speeches, a number of them by prominent citizens, but the main event matched two Democrats—George Busbee against Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the junior senator from New York.

Moynihan's address was filled with historical references, quotations plucked from assorted sources, the whole of it dotted, like a fruitcake, with fetching tidbits—an economic lesson here, a fervent plea there. In all, it was an eloquent paper that synthesized, in its lyrical way, the reason for the face-off between Frostbelt and Sunbelt.

The senator observed, first, that the subject of concern was labeled regional growth, but it referred, really, to regional decline. He reminded the assemblage that the federal government had addressed itself to policies of regional growth from the beginning of the nation. Western expansion was nineteenth-century regionalism. In the 1930s, with the coming of the New Deal, Franklin Roosevelt perceived the economic lag in the South and, in 1939, addressed himself to the problem. Said Roosevelt:

> It is my conviction that the South presents right now the nation's number one economic problem—the nation's problem, not merely the South's. For we have an economic unbalance in the nation as a whole due to this very condition of the South's. It is an unbalance that can and must be righted for the sake of the South and of the nation.

It has been a tradition of the northeastern states, Moynihan declared, to pursue an ethic of collective provisionism, "which in our time is associated with the activist national liberalism of the New Deal." He reminded the delegates that Roosevelt, a New Yorker of the Hudson Valley, was instrumental in calling for a "considerable transfer of resources from his region... to the South and the West." The outpourings were for Roosevelt "the expression of a national purpose which knew little of regional power but concentrated greatly on regional need.

"What happens to this tradition of national liberalism if it turns out, two generations later, that while the South was willing to accept the resources of the North to get it going, it has no intention to reciprocate now that the Northeast is in need?" Moynihan thinks, to answer his own question, there would be a "response in bitterness that would equal what the South expressed and endured after its defeat in the War Between the States." Moreover, it would mean the loss of the national liberalism that the Northeast gave to the nation. Moynihan admitted this to be a fine point but insisted it was at the heart of the issue. "It is not a point easily understood, and it will be fiercely resisted, yet I believe it to be so," he said.

Moynihan presented two propositions. The first was that the federal government cease to make the problems of the Northeast worse by continuing to pour federal money into the South and the West. The heavy concentration of defense facilities in the South, he said, has caused him on prior occasion to remark that "our armed forces are clearly preparing to fight the next war in Nicaragua, or at least someplace where it never freezes."

In his second proposition, the senator called on the federal government to prevent the bankruptcy of New York, an event he considers "somewhere between possible and probable in the next six to thirty months." Such an event, he continued, using a parallel that would not be lost on his audience, "would be to the Northeast what Sherman's march was to the South. It would be a seismic event in the world at large. It will be seen to be a failure of democratic government of an altogether ominous degree. A massive statement that self-government in America is indeed 'all sail and no anchor.'"

If New York City should go bankrupt, he warned, "it will be the only thing the thirty-ninth President is remembered for... none of the other things we are talking about at this conference will matter."

When it came his turn, Governor Busbee elected not to defend the matter of military installations in the South. He chose instead to attack the amendment to the Housing and Community Development Act that had slipped through the Congress, when the South had, he said, "its eyes closed and its britches down." On the other hand, he was sympathetic to

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'Addressing Moynihan, Busbee assured him that 'we are sympathetic to the plight of New York City.' Then came the sting. 'This is not a divorce proceeding,' he said. 'You can't expect enough alimony to sustain the manner of life you've been accustomed to.'"

the plight of New York, but he noted that New York was offering tuition-free college degrees while "I was fighting and bleeding for money to start a statewide kindergarten program."

Both senator and governor warned of the danger of sectionalism and of politicizing regional growth. "Squaring off the governor of Georgia against the senator from New York could mark the formal beginning of such a process," Moynihan said. Busbee, too, decried divisiveness: "The time has come to stop the trend of sectionalism and to address the problems that plague America as Americans. We are as much one nation economically as we are one nation politically." Addressing Moynihan, Busbee assured him that "we are sympathetic to the plight of New York City." Then came the sting. "This is not a divorce proceeding," he said. "You can't expect enough alimony to sustain the manner of life you've been accustomed to."

From the sharp edge of partisan regionalism it is not too long a step to separatism. Regionalists wave off with it-can't-happen-here disdain the specter of Quebec straining at the bonds that tether it to Ottawa. But once in the bloodstream, regionalism is as hard to expunge as dengue fever. One hundred and seventeen years after the outbreak of the War Between the States, we remain a nation where part of the country waves and reveres the flag of the Confederate breakaway states and still sings "Dixie" as if it were "Onward, Christian Soldiers"; a nation where the Lone Star state, which had existed as an independent republic for 9 years and was admitted to the Union on its own petition 133 years ago, still stands to sing "The Eyes of Texas" as if it were its national anthem.

The effects of regionalism are only too vivid in Italy, where sectionalism has broken the threads of the patchwork country sewn together by the *Risorgimento*. The Milanese sniffing at the Neapolitans, the Romans looking askance at the Sicilians, and the Venetians with their own independent mercantile and martial history, a people apart from, say, the Sards. Cracks appear in the unity of France when Bretons strike hard for a revival of their national language and a relief from the second-class citizenship that they feel they have endured because of the remote posture of the land and the singular ways of the people.

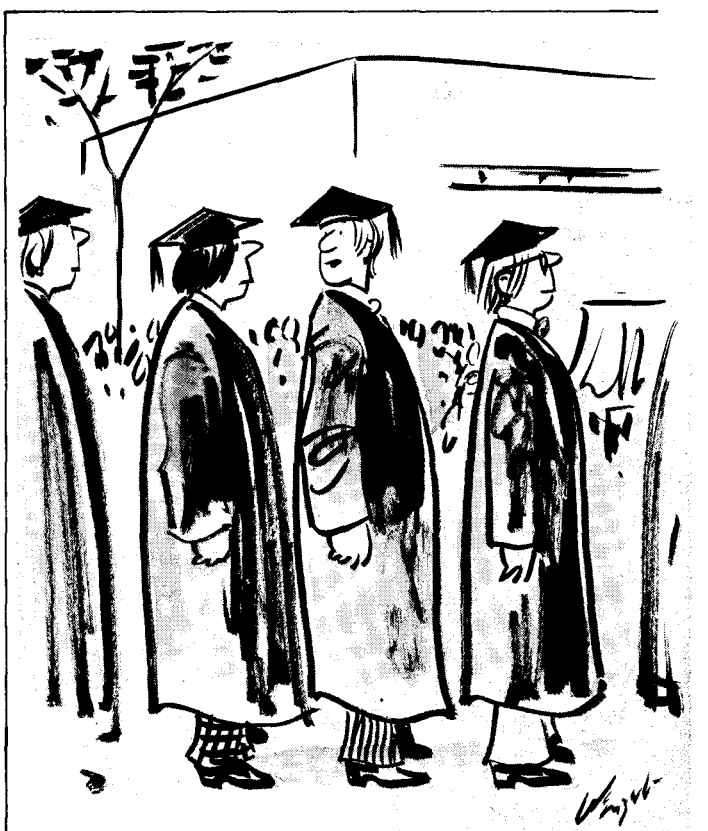
And nowhere in western Europe is the lesson clearer than in Spain, where the new constitutional monarchy strives to hold together a nation in which the Catalans and the Basques consider themselves as separate countries and in which the rustlings of independence come from Andalusia and Galicia as well.

In the United States, regionalism in the Congress breeds trade offs in which legislators may vote in favor of measures they basically dislike, or even fear, as a favor to other congressmen who hopefully will be sympathetic when the regionalists' turn comes.

Activists in the regional fray in Washington—senators, congressmen, and heads of sectional groups—have urged caution. It is said that the late Senator Humphrey was against regionalism and was wary of it. Senators Muskie and Kennedy are conspicuous in their absence from the skirmish lines.

Yet, the realities remain. Says the Northeast-Midwest coalition's Moriarity, "If the debate evolves in an acrimonious way, so be it. We are facing the possibility of an eight-year Carter presidency. When Tip O'Neill resigns we stand a chance of seeing the House managed by a southern speaker. And then there are the seats we will lose in the House in '82. Who will stand up for us then?"

In a memorandum written to White House aide Stuart Eizenstat this January, Michael Harrington expressed worry over a backlash against sectionalism that "creates very real political problems." Mark Hannaford has said, "I don't like this role. I hope the need for it passes. Moreover, if war breaks out over this I'm not going to enlist." No jokes come from Howard Metzenbaum, the senator from Ohio: "I don't look at it as a matter of Balkanization or trying to go into battle with other sections of the country. We are not coming out with our dukes up." But in the backroom trade offs, in the legislative infighting, in the speeches on and off the congressional floor, the tone is less than pacific. If you listen carefully, you can hear the trumpets blow and the trumpets say, "Charge!" ◉



"Just think. In a few seconds we'll both be unemployed."

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AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION... The New Frontier in Psychiatric First Aid

by Ann Kliman

THE HOUSE is indistinguishable from the others on the block except for a small sign that reads THE CENTER FOR PREVENTIVE PSYCHIATRY. *The house next door is part of the center, too. From it emerges Linda Burke (the names in this article are fictitious), a trim blonde in her early thirties looking quite calm and composed. Inside, looking less composed, is her therapist, Ann Kliman. The interview had been a long, intense one, pervaded by grief and punctuated by wrenching sobs. Small wonder. Linda's lawyer-husband had been killed only yesterday—wiped out at the peak of his energies and the prime of his career when another car careened across the highway and met his car head on. Here now is Linda, suddenly, shockingly The Widow Burke, with four small children.*

Helping people through such crises is part of Kliman's daily work. This does not mean she remains cool and detached. One look at her as she now slumps down in her chair, rubbing her eyes as she rests her glasses on the desk, offers clear evidence to the contrary. Detachment may be appropriate in some forms of psychotherapy, but in crisis intervention—Kliman's business—it is total immersion, with all nerve endings exposed.

It is near the end of her day, and she is now mustering her resources for her next, and last (barring emergencies), interview. It is with the Warrens, whose house burned down last week. Reaching for the Warrens' folder, Kliman shuffles through half a dozen other folders, all of them cases being dealt with currently at one stage or another. A little girl getting ready to have her tonsils out. A family disrupted because the father has been fired. A woman who has just been told that a cancer arrested a year ago is now spreading. A mother who found her baby dead in its crib. People caught up in a messy divorce situation. A ten-year-old boy present when his father was assaulted by a band of muggers.

A situational crisis is not something that brings people in for psychiatric treatment in most places in the world. Ordinarily, these crises are situations you expect to manage yourself, perhaps with the help of friends and family. You go to a psychiatrist when you think (or when someone else thinks) that you are "going out of your mind" or behaving bizarrely or severely depressed or on the verge of a nervous breakdown or suffering from some chronic neurotic disturbance that virtually incapacitates you in terms of your daily functioning. But the situations confronted by Kliman and her colleagues are normal everyday situations—not the kind that happen *every day, to be sure, but the kind that* could *happen to almost anyone at almost any time. They do in fact happen every day to someone.*

Though the center's Situational Crisis Service (in White Plains, New York), directed by Kliman, was a pioneering venture, crisis intervention services are now popping up in various parts of the country. In fact, crisis intervention is a lively trend in current psychiatry. It offers psychological first aid rather than treatment of mental illness.

In Crisis: Psychological First Aid for Recovery and Growth, *a gripping new book scheduled for publication next month by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Ann Kliman talks about her work. Specially adapted from the book for* SR *is the following article, a sampling of actual case histories and how Kliman dealt with them.* —ALBERT ROSENFELD

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Ken Dewey

Mr. Craig called to say his wife had lapsed into coma and died. I said it was even more important now for me to see him and his family."

Death

Alan Craig was referred to the center nine months after his wife, Jean, had been diagnosed as having stomach cancer. After extensive surgery and chemotherapy, she had had a five-month remission during which time she felt quite well and went back to teaching classical mythology at a local university. She had not been told the truth about her illness.

At her husband's insistence, and with the full cooperation of her physician, Dr. Howell, Mrs. Craig had been told that she had an ulcer and that was why she was having so much pain and could not keep anything down. Howell assured her that when she recovered from the surgery and if she took her medicine, got plenty of rest, and watched her diet, she'd be just fine. And for five months she did seem fine. Then suddenly she got terribly sick and was rehospitalized. Now, Alan Craig told me, the doctors said it was a matter of hours or days. Jean Craig no longer knew what was going on—she was so heavily sedated.

Mr. Craig was especially worried about his daughter, Mary, who was about to graduate from high school. She had never been told how sick her mother was, and, furthermore, he had contrived to keep her away from the hospital so that she wouldn't have to see how awful her mother looked. He told me that only he and his married son, Ed, knew Jean had cancer. Mr. Craig dreaded calling Ed, who lived 200 miles away with his wife and infant daughter, but he knew he must. And he knew that he had to tell Mary.

Alan told me that he had always been "so bad" with words that Jeannie, who loved to talk, used to tease him about his awkwardness in expressing himself verbally. But, he added, the teasing was always gentle. She admitted that she could never do the simplest arithmetic, while there was nothing her husband couldn't do with numbers. She would hug him and say, "That's *another* reason we're such a good team!" Mr. Craig began to cry as he told me that just before she got sick again, he had given her a pocket calculator and had made a card to go with it. On it was a magician with a magic wand and a top hat. Popping out of the hat was a scarf on which he had written, "Here's a bit of magic to help you come up with the right number. Now maybe you can come up with some magic to help me find the right words when I need them. Love you, Alan."

With tears in my eyes, I smiled and said, "For a man who can't find the right words, you find loving ways to express what you feel. But even without magic, we need to work together to help you and everyone in your family find the best ways to deal with and share what's happening now."

Alan Craig agreed to ask his wife whether she would like to talk with me, explaining that I work with people who are sick and hospitalized. Perhaps she would like a chance to talk to someone who wasn't her doctor or a member of the family. We both wondered if she could do it, considering the amount of sedation she was receiving, but we agreed to give it a try. Alan also agreed to tell Mary how critically ill her mother was and to bring her, Ed, and Ed's wife, Trish, to see me the following afternoon. I asked him if there were any other family members he felt should be included. He shook his head and told me that all four grandparents were dead... but maybe Jean's sister should come; they had been very close, and it was going to be a terrible shock to her. We discussed briefly how he would tell his family about coming to see me; I stressed that my work was with people who had been victimized by something that was out of their control, that he should point out how my job is to keep people psychologically healthy, not to treat the mentally ill.

Late that night I got a call from Mr. Craig telling me that his wife had lapsed into coma and had died. He asked if I still wanted to see him and his family, and I told him that it was now even more important for them to come in. I acknowledged the tremendous pressure on him but again stressed the need for the entire family to be together to discuss not only what had happened but also how each of them felt about it. We changed the appointment time to late afternoon so that he would have time to "do all the things and make all the arrangements I have to."

Part of me dreaded meeting with the Craigs. After nearly two decades of working with victims, it has not become easier. I have become more skilled, and I have learned when to talk and when to listen; I've become a more competent facilitator; and I've learned to accept my own feelings. But it's never easy—and I expect it never will be. For if it did become easy, I would lose what is most crucial for a situational crisis therapist: the ability to demonstrate personally that I can bear painful feelings, that these feelings do not humiliate or disorganize me nor interfere with my functioning.

Mr. Craig came in with Ed, Mary, Trish, and his sister-in-law, Ms. Daniels. They looked like a bereaved family: dazed, red-eyed, bent with fatigue, and huddled together—all ex-

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"Ellie Mack, a rape victim, was just seventeen when I first met her. She was so ashamed of what had happened that she had not told her parents, much less the police or her doctor. I told her I was glad she had the courage to come see me."

cept Mary. She turned her chair away from her father so that she could barely see him and isolated herself from the family group. Before I could finish introducing myself, Mary began to talk, quietly and viciously:

"I went to see my mother yesterday. As I leaned over to kiss her she opened her eyes, and I told her how much I loved her. She whispered so softly I could barely hear her. She whispered that she loved me and was so proud of me, and then she shut her eyes. I stayed with her holding her hand, but she didn't open her eyes or say anything again. That must have been when she went into coma, but I didn't even know that! When I got ready to leave I adjusted the covers, and I found this." Mary held up a piece of paper, then crumpled it into a ball and threw it at her father. "Read it, damn you, read it out loud so everyone will know. Now they will all know what *you* wouldn't let me know, what *you* wouldn't let Mom know. You made us all live in agony alone. Maybe someday I'll be able to forgive you for what you did to me, but I'll never forgive you for what you did to my mother!"

Mr. Craig's face drained white. He began to read, "My darlings... There has been so much that I have wanted to tell you over the past nine months. I didn't because I couldn't bear to, and I was afraid to question too much because I must have known the answer all the time—and maybe because I thought you couldn't bear to listen. Probably both."

His voice broke, and he couldn't go on. Ed took the paper out of his father's hand and in a quavering voice continued reading. "Now there's no time left to tell you I'm sorry—sorry for all the time lost, the time angry, the time I didn't hear, or know, or understand, or wouldn't. Like last summer, Mary. I guess I wasn't ready for you to be grown-up and independent and so far away. You were ready, but I wasn't. Or when I wouldn't let you play in the band, Eddie, for all the silly, overprotective reasons I gave you. Like so many times, Alan, that now I can never make up to you, and you can never make up to me. I thought we had so much time, Lanny. I wasted the tiny bit I had left. Did I really ever let you know how much I've loved you, how loving *you* made me feel more lovable, and again more loving. I hope you won't forget me, not as I am when you read this but as I was, and as I wish I could have become. I know that each of you loved me, each in your own special, precious, and sometimes infuriating way, and you must know how I loved each of you. I wanted to write separately to each of you, even to tiny Ginger, for when she'll be old enough to wonder—but no time. I'm not afraid as I thought I would be, as I have been before. Even the pain is bearable, only the losing you (you losing me) frightens me. No—wrong word—makes me yearningly sad, even jealous—for you will grow, learn, love, live, and a piece of me will go with you. I'm so tired, so tired that dying seems natural rather than inevitable, yet still outrageous. Can it be both at once? So many strange feelings, strange yet peaceful. I need you to remember me, to miss me, to cry, and to stop crying. I love you. I will miss being me with you."

By now everyone was crying. Mary's brother, aunt, and sister-in-law had made a circle around Mary, holding, touching, soothing. Mr. Craig put a tentative hand to her cheek. She wouldn't look at him, but neither did she move away. Everyone began talking at once. They tried to comfort Mary and one another. Someone said it was all right to cry, all right to be angry. Someone else said not to be angry; Jean hadn't been angry. Trish said we all did the best we could, even the doctors. No one's fault. Not fair. Good life. Happy most of the time. Too little time. So good. So, so lonely.

I listened and began to pull together everything that was being said and shared, and I tried to connect it with the letter Mrs. Craig had left. I supported the tears and the loneliness, and the anger. And then I pointed out that they were all doing exactly what Jean Craig had requested them to do: to mourn her and to accept all the "strange" and seemingly contradictory feelings that go with the work of mourning. "I'm pleased you're not isolating each other as you feel you isolated Jean. In her last communication she set a standard of living life, of utilizing time. Your reaching out to one another is the most appropriate tribute you can pay her. You are granting her last request—that a piece of her go on with you as you grow, learn, love, and live."

Over the next few months much work was done, and many issues were discussed, even debated. The Craigs wondered about the quality of Jean's life in her last nine months. All agreed that the surgery and chemotherapy had given her five months of active, happy, gratifying living; all agreed it could have been happier for her, and them, if they had been able to share their caring and concern. It was agreed that the conspiracy of silence on everyone's part, including Jean Craig herself, was a bitterly high price to pay for false comfort. The family shared the difficulty and the energy drain caused by the lies and evasions that they all contributed. They gradually learned to forgive themselves and Jean Craig for allowing the conspiracy ever to have come about.

It has been less than a year since Mrs. Craig's death. The work of mourning is not yet completed; it is still being done. Mary has grown close to her father, even though she is living at a college two hours away. Ed and Trish visit Alan Craig so he can share in the joy of Ginger's growth and delight in being "Grandpa." He feels the loneliness of living alone after nearly 26 years with Jean, and he still has not forgiven himself as fully as have his children. But he recognizes his self-directed harshness as "ridiculous" and assures his family that he's "still working on it." Because Mr. Craig had a good marriage and liked the feeling of being a loving husband, it is highly probable that he will remarry. He says he is no "swinger" and that it's hard learning all over how to call someone for a date. But he is learning.

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Rape

Ellie Mack was just seventeen when I first met her. Unlike most rape victims she did not come to see me through a referral by the Rape Squad, a physician, a social agency, or her family. She came alone and secretly. She knew she needed help but was so ashamed of what had happened that she had not told her parents, much less the police or her doctor. When I asked her how she had known about the center, she reminded me that I had run a workshop at her high school the previous year. She told me how scared and ashamed she felt, and since I had talked about those feelings at her school she hoped I would understand. I told her I was glad she had the courage to see me.

Ellie had gone out the night before to visit a girl friend to study for a history exam. She had left her house at seven-thirty, telling her parents she would be home around eleven. Her going was not unusual—she and her friend Dena often studied together. But when she arrived at Dena's she was told that her friend had a virus and felt too sick to study. Ellie got back on her bike and started home. As she rounded the corner, a car pulled out suddenly and sideswiped her bike. Ellie fell, the car stopped, and a man got out and ran to her. He seemed altogether solicitous and apologetic. Other than a scraped elbow and knee, Ellie was unhurt; but the bike was a mess and couldn't be ridden. The man insisted on taking her home. He told her he would pay for the repair of the bike. He wanted to tell her parents the accident was entirely his responsibility.

Ellie started to cry. "I know I shouldn't talk to strangers or take rides from anyone I don't know, but this was different. I mean, it all made such sense, and he seemed so nice. The wheel was all bent, and I couldn't have carried the bike and my books up the hill to my house. I just thought he was a decent person. But when we got to my street and I told him to turn right up the hill, he continued straight ahead. I told him he had missed the turn, but he didn't say anything and kept driving. I got a bit scared and asked him to turn around and take me home. He grinned at me and told me to keep quiet, and he wouldn't hurt me. I really got frightened then. I started to cry and scream, and then he pulled a gun and told me to shut up or he'd kill me. I couldn't stop crying, and he hit me with the butt of the gun just above my knee." She pulled up the leg of her slacks and showed me a huge bruise, with the skin split. Still crying, but softly now, she told me that he took her to a wood on the edge of town. Holding the gun on her, he ordered her to get out of the car very slowly and walk in front of him.

"When we were deep in the woods, he told me to take off my clothes, but I was so scared I couldn't move. He raised the gun and shot over my head. I thought someone must have heard the shot, and I started to run. He grabbed me and slapped me and said, 'I told you if you were quiet I wouldn't hurt you, but if you make noise or try to get away I will kill you. Now do as you're told. Take off your clothes!' I just kept whispering, 'Please, please.' And then it was weird. He said if I couldn't take off my clothes myself he would—and he did, but he didn't tear them off; he took them off very carefully and folded them neatly on the ground! I was scared out of my mind, but even then I thought it was crazy. He kept smiling and told me to keep very quiet and to kiss his feet. He had pushed me down so I was kneeling in front of him—he was all dressed but his fly was open, and he was holding the gun so it was right next to—right next to his penis—and then he threw me backward, and he raped me. It hurt, it really hurt, he just jammed it into me, and I began to cry again. Only this time he just smiled and said, '*Now* you can cry.' I was bleeding, and when he stood up, he said, 'I know where you live, and if you talk I'll come back again, baby bitch. Maybe I'll come back anyhow.' Oh, God, what am I going to do?"

Ken Dewey

"Then he said, 'I know where you live. If you talk, I'll come back'."

Ellie and I talked for a long time. She could describe the rapist very well and had a fairly good description of his car. I told her she needed the help of a physician, the police, and her parents. I stressed she had been hurt and abused, but she had not made any of this happen, any more than if she had been mugged and robbed. We spoke practically about her medical and psychological needs. I told her I knew a physician who could help her body heal and who could make sure that she wouldn't develop any venereal disease or endure an unwanted pregnancy, if this was the case—a doctor who had helped many rape victims and who would be very gentle. We then spoke about her parents. She described them as loving and caring, but she was afraid they'd be angry that she hadn't fought more and that she hadn't told them right away. I said it would have been very foolish to fight anyone with a gun, and gently I wondered with her if perhaps she wasn't blaming herself for not fighting back and wasn't then projecting this sense of blame onto her parents. We decided this needed more thinking about and talking out, but right now our first step was to contact her parents so they could care for her. She agreed to let me take her home and talk with them in her presence.

At first Mr. and Mrs. Mack were indeed angry with Ellie for not telling them immediately, but then they were overwhelmed by rage at the rapist and became loving and supportive of Ellie. Within the next few hours Ellie was treated by a physician and had met with the Rape Squad. With her parents' and my support, she saw that reporting the rape had been her right and responsibility. She also came to see it as a facilitation of her psychological healing, moving her from a passive and humiliated position into one of constructive action. She gave an excellent, full description of the rapist and helped the police artist draw a picture of him. She was also able to remember the color, make, and style of his car, as well as the first two numbers of the license plate. It took weeks, but the rapist was found, arrested, and brought to trial.

By that time I had worked intensively with Ellie individually and with her family. She was able to integrate the experience as one of violence, to understand that the rapist had used his penis as a weapon, as he had used his gun. She was

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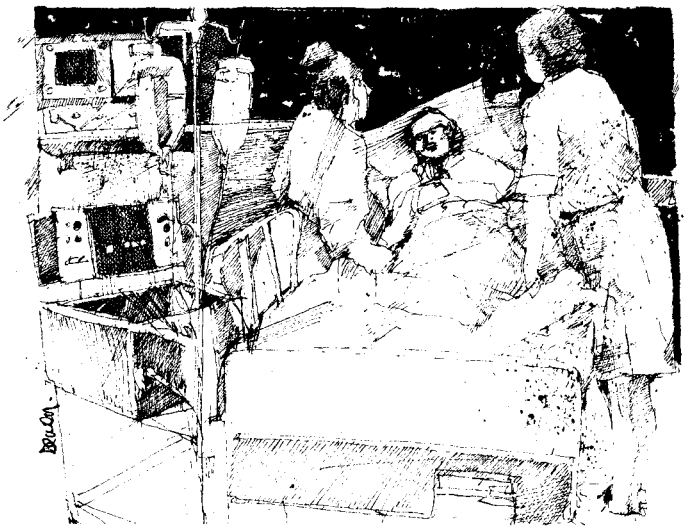

Ken Dowey

"Her car caught fire. She had burns over 30 percent of her body."

able to accept that she had not been made love to but had been assaulted. She was even able to understand the quality of excitement that had accompanied, but in no way dominated, her other feelings of fear, humiliation, and rage. Such excitement is usually stimulated in the victims of all aggressive acts, and an experienced rape counselor knows the importance of helping rape victims understand that it is one of many expectable reactions to attack, just as normal as fear.

Ellie's parents cooperated fully in the family work, talking openly and proudly, outside the family as well as within, about how courageously and honestly Ellie had coped with the rape experience. The freedom with which Ellie was able to talk gave impetus to her high school principal's request to organize another "Rape Seminar," in which Ellie would lead the discussion and I would act as consultant. On the day Ellie testified at the rapist's trial, the courtroom was crowded with her family, neighbors, and schoolmates—male and female. She had gone from helpless victim to master of her own private and public self in nine hard, painful weeks.

I see Ellie now on follow-up once a year. She is at college and is undecided as to whether she is more interested in social work or in marketing research. She is continuing to grow well as a healthy young woman who has mastered a potentially pathogenic life experience.

Extended Hospitalization: A Burn Victim

Vera Lane was nineteen when the car in which she was riding was hit by a truck and caught fire. By the time she was rescued, she had suffered burns over 30 percent of her body as well as fractures of her right ankle, leg, and wrist. The truck driver was killed.

I was called in originally to work not with Vera but with the truck driver's family. Four months went by before Vera's parents called to request help for Vera and themselves. Amanda and Stuart Lane described a horrendous four months. "When we were called to the hospital we couldn't believe it. They wouldn't let us see her at all that first day. When they did let us see her," said Mrs. Lane, "God forgive me, I almost wished they hadn't." She began to sob, and Mr. Lane continued in a hoarse whisper. "Vera is our only child. We tried for years, and when she finally came it was like a miracle. We never thought it would happen, but it did, and Vera has been our golden child. She was so beautiful and talented, so full of life and laughter." He pulled a picture out of his wallet to show me. Vera had been beautiful, stunningly so. "When we saw her, it just wasn't Vera. Her face and arms and chest were so horribly burned. We prayed for her to live. Oh, how we prayed! But knowing now what she's gone through and what's ahead of her, I don't know if we were right. Vera just lies there, bearing the pain and whispering, 'Why didn't you just let me die?'

"At first we all struggled to keep her alive. There was danger of infection, so we had to go into her room with sterile masks and gowns. They didn't want us there, but they couldn't stop us. And she did get infected, and they had to do horrible things to her. They explained it to us and to her. But when they scraped away the dead skin and she'd scream through the pain-killers, we wanted to die. We couldn't do anything but be there. Now she faces months and months of skin grafts and plastic surgery and physical therapy, and there's still nothing we can do but be there. She doesn't want us, she doesn't want the surgery, she doesn't want anything."

I listened to their agony without interrupting. They needed to talk and to be heard. My mouth was so dry I could barely speak. All of us have our own fears and horrors; mine is fire. I'd once worked with badly burned patients, and I could still hear the screams and smell the stench of burned, infected flesh. And I knew the depression that accompanies the combination of prolonged hospitalization, bodily mutilation, and seemingly endless surgeries. I also knew the burn unit where Vera had been treated. It was one of the best; the team of plastic surgeons who would be performing the grafts and reconstructions were expert. And finally, I knew the months and months of hard, painful, frustrating work Vera would have to put in to regain the use of her hands.

I said to the Lanes, "I can understand your desperation. Just listening to you I can feel some of it myself, and I don't even know Vera. Her depression is more than understandable; it's a reaction to the massive insults her body and mind have taken since the accident. She may really want to die, or she may be feeling so helpless and hopeless she anticipates nothing good or safe ahead of her. If she is willing to see me, I may be able to help her cope better. She can also be helped if both of you are able to deal better with what has happened and will happen to her. You *are* here, and you say you want to help. That's all we need to become therapeutic allies for Vera. If we could just get her to fight, to cry, to get angry, anything! We can't reach her when she just lies there. Mrs. Lane, it would help me to know what Vera was like before the accident. Was she a fighter?"

"In some ways, yes. She loved tennis and was very competitive. She certainly fought us when we wanted her to go to college and she wanted to be a photographer. She won, too. She was probably right, for it only took her a month to get a job as a newspaper photographer. In less than a year she's gotten two raises, and now she always gets a by-line." Tears began streaming down her face. "You know, I just remembered. When Vera was seven, she broke her ankle and had to be in a cast. It was impossible to keep her in bed. She'd hop around on one foot, getting into her usual mischief. She made a game of it. She even insisted on walking to school on crutches; she wouldn't let me drive her."

Stu Lane nodded. "Mrs. Kliman, you saw how beautiful Vera was. She knew it, but it never seemed very important to her. She was always more interested in other people's faces. That's one of the things that made her such a fine photographer, her skill in getting expressions and finding beauty where no one else saw it. If she'd been a vain girl who depended on her looks, I could better understand her attitude. But she was never vain. She liked being pretty, but she

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"Vera's plastic surgeon complained to me, 'That poor sweet kid has changed into a rotten little bitch.' I told him, 'Doctor, I'm delighted to hear it! It means that "poor sweet kid" has begun to fight for herself and the quality of her life, and I couldn't be more pleased!' "

never used her looks to get anything. Now she's totally preoccupied with how ugly she is. I don't understand it."

"I'm not sure I do either, Mr. Lane, but perhaps Vera's feelings have less to do with the loss of her looks than with the loss of the sense of herself. We get used to our faces and the way we look. It becomes part of us. When our bodies are mutilated, we *feel* mutilated. She has also suffered severe damage to her hands, and her hands have been most important to her, whether for using a camera or wielding a tennis racket. Now she's not the same—her body, face, and hands have become scarred, painful, and alien, and they no longer serve her. But with all that, I am encouraged to hear she was a fighter before. It makes it more possible to bring her back."

Amanda Lane nodded slowly. "Alien, that's the word. She's alien to herself. I've never admitted it even to myself, but she's alien to me. She doesn't look or feel or sound like my child. That sounds crazy! Mothers are supposed to know their own child no matter what!"

"You're describing a reality," I told Mrs. Lane, "not anything crazy. Because Vera looks, feels, and acts differently, you both have lost reliable points of reference. Over the past nineteen years you've learned to relate to your daughter, consciously and unconsciously, according to the signals given. Now the signals have been radically changed, and you are both lost. One of our jobs is to find a new set of signals so you and she can find each other again. Since you agree Vera feels alien to herself, it would be helpful if you could share with her your own sense of alienation. As upsetting as such an acknowledgment might be, it would be a first step in working on the existing situation."

I waited as the Lanes looked at each other. Stu Lane touched his wife gently under the chin, then they both nodded sadly. He said, "I think I could do that. At the beginning we had no idea what to expect—even what to hope for. The doctors just told us we'd have to wait. Now we know. She will be able to make it, but it's going to be such a long, hard road. They showed us drawings of what she'd look like—many drawings, because they didn't know how she *wanted* to look. They can't make her face exactly like it was before, but she won't be ugly. Even her hands will be all right. Not completely, but good enough to use. But she won't look at the pictures, Mrs. Kliman. It makes me angry, but I can't tell her that."

"Why not? Six months ago if she'd given up on something important to her, given up without even trying, wouldn't you have gotten angry? Wouldn't you have told her so?"

"Sure, but she wasn't hurt then."

"But now that she *is* hurt she needs your caring, your support, and when appropriate, your anger all the more. You're her father, and she needs to know you still love her enough to act like her father. And if your anger should stimulate her to get angry too, that would help her a lot more than her depression."

"But she's entitled to be depressed."

"Of course she is. But she's still got choices. She needs support to be depressed because she has so much to be depressed about, but she also needs support to be angry, to fight, to yell, to make decisions that will restore her to a full life. We can't do that for her, but we can help her to want it for herself."

We were all tired by now but not nearly as tired as we were to become over the next 11 months. Months made up of thousands of hours of painful struggling, agonizing setbacks, and glorious successes.

My first session with Vera was rough on us both. When I entered her room she greeted me with "Hideous, aren't I?"

"No, Vera, you're not, but the scars certainly are. What are you planning to do about them?"

She turned away. "Nothing, there's nothing I can do. What a stupid question! Just leave me alone. I don't want to talk."

"That's one choice you have. You could do nothing and live the rest of your life hidden behind hideous scars."

"The rest of my life, ha! I don't want the rest of my life. I wish I was dead."

"That's another choice you have. You could die and not have to make any more decisions... or have any more opportunities. It would be wasteful, but it's another choice."

"You don't know me, so you don't know what I want."

"That's why I'm asking you what *you* really want."

The scars couldn't hide the stricken look on her face. "I want to go back in time. I want it to be before. And it can't be, so I don't want anything!"

"What would you want to go back to, Vera? If we could turn back time, what would you want to be?"

"I'd want to be me. To be back at the paper, to see my work in print. To get tired because I did so much, not because I hurt so much." She began to sob. "Damn you, why do you make me think of what's impossible?"

"Because it's not impossible. You don't know what you can do or what can be done to help you to be yourself again." Vera reached for a tissue next to her bed. She could use only the middle two fingers of her right hand. She raised the Kleenex and dabbed at her face. "That's what I mean, Vera. Two months ago you couldn't use even two fingers."

"Big deal! I can use two fingers. What does that get me?"

"It's not a big deal, but it's a beginning. It gets you the independence of not having to have someone wipe your nose for you. It's one of a long series of steps that will lead you back to being yourself... and ahead to what you want to be."

"I'm so tired—tired of the pain, tired of the hassling, tired of this endless prison my body has become."

"Vera, I'd think you were unreal if you weren't tired. You're entitled to be. But you're also entitled to use all the help you can get. The doctors have told your parents that plastic surgery will remove almost all of your scarring, that you can have a face that you can live comfortably with—a

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"Include the entire family in all rites and ceremonies. Don't pack the kids off to a neighbor's house. At a time of emotional turmoil, the protection each member of the family needs most is to feel that he or she belongs."

face you can in good part design yourself, a face not terribly different from the one you had. They also said you can regain nearly complete use of both hands—certainly enough to continue your work, probably even your tennis. But only if you're willing to work at it. Everybody seems to think you are worth the effort. What do you think?"

"I don't know what to think. I'm so scared. I don't know what I'm worth anymore. Do you know how terrifying that is?"

"If you're asking if I can put myself exactly in your position, probably not. But if you're asking me whether I know what it's like to be terrified when my body doesn't work as I'm used to it working, then yes. That I know. I believe it's possible to accept and even like oneself despite the most terrible, painful experiences. Think about it, Vera. I'd like to see you again soon. Will you call me?"

"Perhaps. I'll think about it."

It took two weeks for Vera to call. During that time she did a great deal of thinking, crying, questioning, and raging. So did her parents. As a result, Vera *demanded* a consultation with the plastic surgeons she had been avoiding. I met one of them in the hall later that month. He shook his head. "You know, that poor sweet kid has changed into a rotten little bitch." I grinned, "Doctor, I'm delighted to hear it! The 'poor sweet kid' was lying there in frozen misery. Now the 'rotten little bitch' has begun to fight for herself and the quality of her life, and I couldn't be more pleased."

The next months weren't easy for any of us, especially not for Vera and her parents. The bitchiness subsided, but there were still times of anger, frustration, and despondency. But also of accomplishment and even rejoicing. The staff complained about how difficult she often was, but they grew fond of her and maintained a balance between supporting her and making her support herself. Her parents learned to know when gentle acceptance or firm prodding would be most helpful. Vera gradually learned to be at ease with her new face, even with the hairline scars that remained. She sweated through her hand exercises and cried and swore when she couldn't meet her goal for the week, but she also shouted with glee when she got ahead of herself. In the seventh month of her hospitalization she demanded that her mother bring one of her cameras to her room, and with that we knew she was going to make it. For the next weeks, often disguised in mask and gown, Vera would slip into the doctors' lounge, the nurses' station, the physical therapy gym, the pediatric ward—anyplace she had access to—to snap pictures. On her last day at the hospital she presented the staff with a thick album—40 pages of portraits. The faces they showed were gentle, happy, crying, straining, angry, worried, pouting, grinning, sweating, dazed, and fearful. Her album was entitled "Sight and Insight."

Epilogue

With advice and guidance so dependent on the diverse details of each unique case, is there any general advice to be offered on what should be done in a situational crisis? Are people who live in areas where no centers of preventive psychiatry exist helpless to deal with their problems? Fortunately, there *are* universal elements that allow for a measure of self-help, and Ann Kliman offers these pointers as an abbreviated how-to for your own family crisis:

Acknowledge observable reality. Don't deny the obvious. Accept what has happened, then admit it to others—including the children, as well as the ill and the aged, whom we too often treat as if they were children.

Share the truth. Once you have acknowledged what cannot be denied, it is easier—and advisable—to tell the rest of the truth as well in detail.

Share your feelings about the truth. Merely talking about what has happened is not enough. Say how you *feel* about it, and encourage everyone else to do likewise. In the case of children, this sharing may have to be geared to their capacity to grasp what is happening.

Include the entire family in all rites and ceremonies that custom and tradition call for. Don't pack the little kids off to a neighbor's house. Don't send feeble Grandma to your cousin's in Jonesville. Don't isolate anyone in the guise of "protecting" him. At a time when the crisis has already created much emotional turmoil, the protection each member of the family needs most is to feel that he *belongs*.

Expect irrational behavior. Children will cry and overreact to small stresses. Others may clam up. You will blame people who aren't at fault and resent people you ought to be grateful to. This is only to be expected.

Reminisce. Don't brush memories aside because they may be painful. Deliberately remember the lost father—the good and the bad—in detail. Remember what it was like before Mother's breast was removed, and what it's been like since then. Remember everything about the burned-down house, its contents, the good times and the troubled times while you lived there. Remember the benefits you had—and perhaps didn't appreciate—before Dad lost his job. Reminiscing honestly about the past is the first step toward a healthy future.

Don't rush into solutions. Often the tendency is to "repair the damage" by trying to replace what's missing with the least possible delay. Don't remarry just to give the children a new father. Don't hurry to buy or build a new house that resembles the old one as closely as possible. Look over your options.

Prepare for a possibly different and challenging future. After the flood in Corning, New York, the people there began to think of the disaster as an opportunity as well. They thought of doing things differently, imaginatively, even ending up with an improved community. In your individual case, perhaps your old house had shortcomings, perhaps your needs have changed. Your marriage may have had flaws. Your job may not have fulfilled you. You now have a new opportunity to think about the direction of your future—to pick the house, the spouse, the career, the location, the circumstances that best fit the life you and your family *now* want to live. Turn your crisis into a chance for new growth.

In those instances in which there is no way to avoid or change what is happening—an impending death, for example—it is best to seek professional help. And remember that the great gift you can offer one another is the *open sharing* of the truth and your feelings about it. ◉

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IBM Reports

Information: protecting a valuable asset.

In a very real sense, information today has become a valuable asset.

Modern technology has made it possible to put information to work in many ways that help improve the quality of people's lives. For example, computers are helping apply information to provide better education, improved medical care, a cleaner environment and faster, more efficient service to consumers.

Information that has commercial value must be protected like any other asset. And, of course, personal, proprietary or confidential information must also be safeguarded. Safeguarding sensitive information has always been necessary, even when it was stored in file cabinets. Today, much information is stored in computers, and, in general, it can be made more secure than information stored by other means.

Effective security measures needed

However, as the cost of doing work with computers continues to decline, more information will be processed by computers and more people will be using them. This increases the need for effective measures to protect information from accidental destruction or unauthorized use.

This is a matter of great interest to IBM, because our business is providing products to record, process, store, communicate and retrieve information. Security is a key consideration in the development of those products. Basic security features are built into individual IBM systems to meet varying levels of security requirements. Additional safeguards are available to meet special needs.

IBM has, for example, developed identity verification techniques and other methods that can help control who gains access to the information within a computer system. IBM has also developed a cryptography technique and special equipment that can help safeguard information communicated by computer systems.

Management controls necessary, too

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SATURDAY REVIEW: THE ARTS

Steichen's "New" Old Masterworks

by Owen Edwards

Museum of Modern Art, New York gift of photographer

Lillian Steichen, Menomonee Falls, Wisconsin (1907)—"Far removed from the crassness and antisensuality of most modern photography."

FINE PHOTOGRAPHY, like fine music, has the stamina to outlast the long periods of neglect that changes in aesthetic fashion can bring, as was brilliantly illustrated last month by a stunning exhibition of Edward Steichen's early work at New York's Museum of Modern Art (MOMA). These pictures, quite appropriately called "The Master Prints," have had to survive not just benign neglect but disavowal by Steichen himself, who had an image of what photography ought to be that ran exactly counter to his formative work. Photographers, of course, are not the only artists inclined to arrange their position in posterity, but the mechanical speed of the medium seems to breed insecurity about how a reputation will take shape in the future. Even an only moderately long career behind the camera can produce an unnerving, seemingly intractable abundance of pictures, encompassing styles and viewpoints that end up being fundamentally alien to a photographer's sense of who he is.

Few photographers have had so long and varied a career as Steichen or have been so capable of deciding for others which aspects of their work were significant and which were simply fossil curiosities. Steichen was, by turns, an ardent "art" photographer prominent in the Photo-Secession movement formed by Alfred Stieglitz at the turn of the century; a star fashion photographer and portraitist for Condé Nast's *Vanity Fair* and *Vogue*; a combat photographer in two world wars; the curator of the department of photography at the Museum of Modern Art; and the guiding spirit behind the enormously popular "Family of Man" exhibition that has been touring the United States and the world since 1955.

It was the "Family of Man" project that represented for Steichen the culmination of seven decades of work. Steichen the humanist had responded strongly to the dominance of documentary photography that grew out of the depression and World War II. His earlier creative and commercial pictures were overshadowed by this later focus on the human condition. He intended it to be that way. The 75 or so pictures on exhibition at MOMA epitomize all that Steichen turned away from in photography. Like the poems Pound wrote around the same time, these photographs are nostalgic for a vanished era (an era that photography, in fact, helped to kill). There is in them a romantic longing not to be what they are—the products of a mechanical process—and that longing is expressed by a variety of elaborate printing methods that counteract reality. Though done mostly between 1895 and 1910, these prints have the appearance of photographs taken before Matthew Brady's Civil War reportage. Like most secessionists in history, Steichen and his contemporaries in Photo-Secession were reacting against the inevitable direction of things. Many were painters or former painters (a revealing self-portrait of Steichen shows him with a brush and palette). Their answer to the already nagging question about whether photography is an art was a determined "yes," and they were creating in their darkrooms a kind of bastard child of painting.

The movement was a desperate rearguard action against overwhelming odds, as Steichen and Stieglitz were

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Museum of Modern Art, New York gift of photographer

Heavy Roses. *Voulangis, France (1914)* —"The Master Prints *are nostalgic for a vanished era. There is in them a romantic longing not to be what they are—the products of a mechanical process."*

soon to realize. The ability to reproduce things realistically was what would finally give photography its independence, and the ability of photographers to use this unique capacity artistically would finally give them individual stature. But despite the doomed aesthetic purpose behind the "Master Prints," they are wonderful objects to behold, as far removed from the crassness and antisensuality of most modern photography as Scarlatti sonatas are from punk rock. They traverse a wide experimental scale without ever straying from a fundamental allegiance to absolute beauty. With some, a portrait of the photographer with his sister, for example, a snapshotlike familiarity penetrates the lush quality of the platinum printing, but most of these pictures are physically unlike anything most gallery-goers have ever experienced. Several scenes made in winterbound woods evoke the texture of a time and a place as compellingly as Turner seascapes. Another winter landscape, only a few inches square and printed on watercolor paper using tinted gum dichromate, seems more like a Japanese woodcut than anything created by a camera. One particular picture, a bit of sublime "photojournalism" made in 1907, sends across time the vision of two splendidly dressed ladies alighting from their carriage for a day at the races near Paris. The incandescent whites of their hats and dresses rise off the surface of the print like a mist, enveloping the women in an aura of wealth and privilege. The photograph is a description worthy of Proust, and should I ever be forced at gunpoint to list the 10 best photographs ever made, it would be no lower than third.

The past few years have brought a drastic change in the nature of photography. The illusion of reality is neither as trusted nor as sought after as it was when Steichen's "The Family of Man" reigned, and the definition of what a photograph is has widened to include hand tinting, xerography, manipulated Polaroid SX-70s, images on sculpted cloth, and such revived methods as the platinotype process. Personalized means, as well as personal viewpoints, are creating a new, undeclared Photo-Secession. The "Master Prints" exhibit was filled to overflowing with people interested in seeing the photographs not because of how they were made, or why, but simply because they are exquisite. After all these years, without the old strictures and the old strict self-limitations to hold Steichen down, a brilliant young master is again having his day.

One caveat: The $35 exhibition catalog looks as if it was printed in a combination of ink and dishwater and does such a disservice to the work that one wonders why anyone bothered. ◉

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It can be used by anyone, anywhere, whether you are single or married. Our system is real, it is workable, and it will work for you. What is our system? It is a unique discovery of how to buy real estate properties below wholesale, income property, raw land, subdivisions, acreage, home sites, or that week-end retreat. Yes, I can show and direct you how to locate the type of real estate properties that you are interested in buying. Buy with as little as $100 down, and at bargain prices so that you can immediately turn the purchase into ready cash.

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Few people can ever be financially independent from a 9-to-5 paycheck. You know how the cost of living goes up almost daily. Where to get money for the kids' education, for that new house you've been promising your wife, or for the new car you'll be needing shortly? Sounds too good to be true. I guarantee that you or anyone following our system can make a financial success. Maybe you won't make a million dollars, but you can certainly improve your financial condition. Double or even triple it, in a matter of only a few short months.

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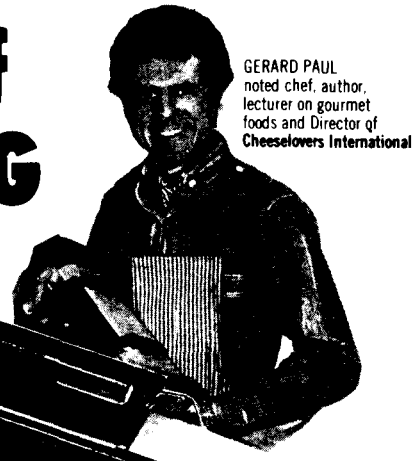

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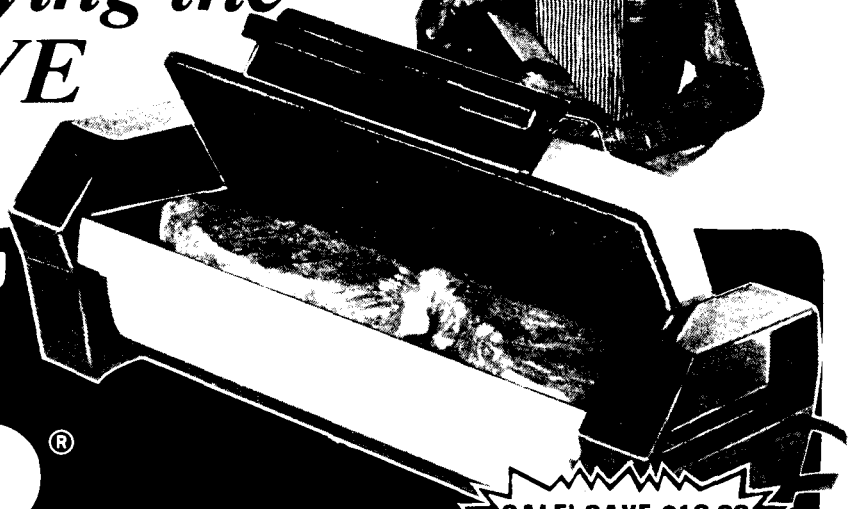

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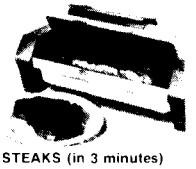
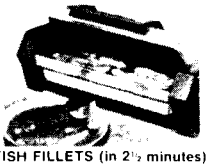


STEAKS (in 3 minutes)



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THEATER

A Princely Return to Conventional Musical Comedy

by Martin Gottfried

Martha Swope

Dittman, Coe, Cullum, and Coca in full cry—"On the Twentieth Century *is a marvelously polished and funny musical that represents something new and rich for its collaborators."*

THE BROADWAY MUSICAL is at a crossroads, and Harold Prince stands at the juncture. His new show, *On the Twentieth Century*, represents a step down one road, and the fact that he has taken the step is even more significant than the fact that the musical is a good one. For more so than anyone else, Prince has been the dominating figure in modern Broadway musicals. As a producer, he oversaw Jerome Robbins's wall-to-wall staging of *West Side Story*. He produced as Robbins meshed dance with drama for *Fiddler on the Roof*. When Robbins abandoned Broadway for classical ballet, Prince—by then a director himself—took up where Robbins left off. His seven-year collaboration with composer-lyricist Stephen Sondheim resulted in the most significant series of musicals in our theater's history: *Company*, *Follies*, *A Little Night Music*, and *Pacific Overtures*. These brought the musical stage close to an ideal of interwoven music, drama, and dance. A new form of stage art was near realization; some of these productions already stood as major works. A breakthrough had been made—there was no question of it.

Broadway, however, is a theatrical mixed breed born of art and commerce, and its business side could not long support Prince's and Sondheim's artistic ways. Despite the acclaim, most of these shows did not do well enough at the box office to repay their backers. Those who invest in the commercial theater are not prone to support million-dollar successes of esteem. Sondheim was not about to write the music for a conventional musical. The nearest he would come was *A Little Night Music*, a cool operetta. Prince, however, was having trouble functioning as a producer, since producers short of money aren't producers at all. He had to reestablish his commercial credibility, an irony indeed for a man whose moneymaking track record had once been incomparable. So he was virtually forced to break with Sondheim, at least temporarily, and to direct *On the Twentieth Century*, the sort of conventional musical he had been struggling to replace. Was this a surrender, proof that the commercial theater is inimical to the artistic?

Prince's new collaborators are not of Sondheim's inclination. Like Sondheim, Betty Comden and Adolph Green are in love with show business, but they never looked on it as a basis for more than musical comedy. Their lyrics have been for songs; Sondheim's, for scenes. Cy Coleman, like Sondheim, is a schooled musician, but his orientation has always been toward pop music, while Sondheim, a student of musical theater, has sought to develop the vernacular of show music

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into something finer. In working with Coleman, Comden, and Green, Prince was dealing with no slouches but neither was he dealing with fellow aspirants to high musical theater.

However, they too are at crossroads. Although Comden and Green have been musical comedy fixtures ever since the production of *On the Town*, in 1944, in the past 20 years they have had only one hit, *Applause*, a 1970 musical that succeeded despite their routine libretto. Coleman has a current success in *I Love My Wife*; but it is an intimate (four-character) musical without the pizzazz associated with Broadway, and it is his first success in a dozen years. Could Comden and Green ever outgrow their outmoded brand of satire? Could Coleman become theatrically minded enough to work with Prince? Could Prince himself come back to the orthodox musical theater he left so many years ago? Would his work be condescending? Would it represent capitulation to yahoo theater?

The show itself was an unlikely choice for a radical *or* a conservative. It is based on a play called *Twentieth Century*, best known as a John Barrymore-Carole Lombard movie, which deals with three basic characters and is set on a train. It is hardly the foundation for a big show with lots of sets; yet it has been made into a marvelously polished and funny musical that has stimulated the talents of these ostensibly mismated collaborators. Coming at each other from separate theatrical directions, they have not exploded but have imploded creatively. The show represents something new and rich for all of them. Coleman has actually written a comic opera score, abundant with duets, quintets, and counterpoint ensembles. It is not only a break from his past of pop numbers but an ambitious, musicianly, and thoroughly theatrical score, the like of which hasn't been heard since Leonard Bernstein's mock operetta, *Candide*, which it recalls. Comden and Green responded as if at last they had the chance to write the lyrics for the self-same *Candide*, a show they surely ached to do with their friend Bernstein back in 1956. Once more, as if reborn, they are the most musical of lyricists. Their words for Coleman's tricky and witty music are technically immaculate, appropriate in sense, and genuinely clever in a modern, offbeat way. In directing the show, Prince has provided a breathtaking fluidity despite a big company and a tremendously complex physical production. What's more, he has revealed a flair for comedy that his work with Sondheim never suggested. This is a very comic opera set in authentic Broadway style. It is as if Prince had decided that since he was going to do a conventional musical, he might as well demonstrate how it really should be done.

The story of *On the Twentieth Century* is set in the Thirties and deals with a hammy theatrical producer whose pretensions to art and costume pageants have put his career on the skids. Fleeing a Chicago failure, he boards the famous train The Twentieth Century Limited so that he can run into his onetime mistress, now a movie star. Perhaps she can rescue his failing fortunes. By chance, as was not so chancy in such period comedies, also aboard the train is a religious fanatic (Imogene Coca) with unlimited funds and an eagerness to invest in the theater.

The situation is predictable, as it must have been when *Twentieth Century* was first presented on Broadway 45 years ago. This doesn't make a difference because the comedy is predicated not on situation but on the clash of two outrageous characters: the flamboyant, egotistic producer and the flamboyant, egotistic actress (the breadth of their personalities is what makes the comic opera music apt). Casting, obviously, is essential to the story's success. Madeline Kahn is near to ideal as the actress, having comic flair and the trained soprano necessary for the difficult music. Her performance is reminiscent of the late, beloved Judy Holliday, for whom the part seems nostalgically written and with whom Comden and Green worked for many years. While John Cullum has the necessary voice, he hasn't the humor or exuberance necessary for the ham-bone producer.

It is with Cullum that Prince has done not his most striking work but his most necessary. He has pushed, shoved, heckled, and finagled Cullum into a performance of comic broadness. One is still aware of this actor's reluctance to move in any direction and in any fashion. He seems embarrassed by clowning when he should revel in it, and his physical humor seems positively mechanized. Yet he has been amusingly made up to resemble David Merrick, and the makeup seems to have psychologically helped his performance. A funny mask can help break down inhibition, making the wearer feel he won't be recognized and laughed at. Cullum does get laughs, and of course he has the powerful, true voice necessary for Coleman's music.

There isn't much dancing in the show. The story and the tremendous amount of music leave no time for it. Larry Fuller's choreography is limited to a quartet of pullman porters who neatly mock the period's bigotry by doing tap dance variations. This matches the fresh and quirky humor in the Comden and Green script. They are satirists no more. As for the look of things, it is frankly gorgeous. Robin Wagner has designed art deco settings of stylish flamboyance for the train's compartments, car interiors, dining car, even its engine, not to mention the scenes set in flashback. He and Prince have arranged for these sets to be changed in the full view of the audience, with a dexterity belying the sets' cumbersome size and the surely limited storage space in the wings of the St. James Theater.

The show, then, is the very model of musical comedy expertise. While antagonistic to the artistic kind of musical theater that Prince has been pioneering, it demonstrates what even conventional shows are capable of, especially in the realm of adult spirit and humor. The polish and professionalism are simply breathtaking, and one must admire that.

More important, though, is Prince's perseverance in seeking a different and much more significant kind of musical theater. For while good work is its own excuse, without a dream to pursue the theater becomes mere production and reproduction. It would be painful if in succeeding with the orthodox *On the Twentieth Century*, Prince only made it harder to convince investors to support the unorthodox. It would be maddening—and this is possible too—if even *this* show were to prove too grown-up for Broadway theatergoers. ◉

"This is Mr. Crysdale. He manages a supermarket."

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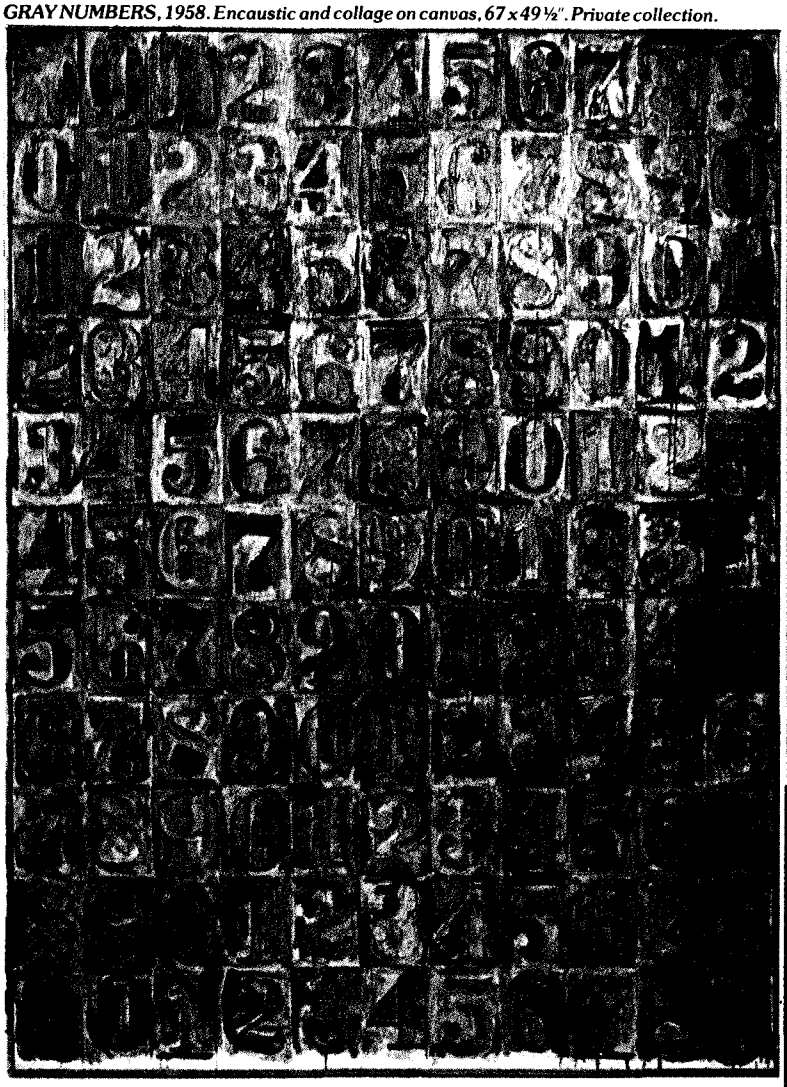
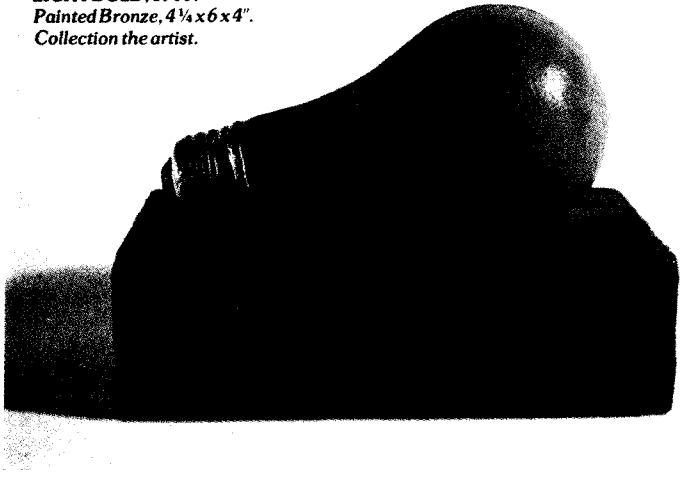
"Take a

GRAY NUMBERS, 1958. Encaustic and collage on canvas, 67 x 49½". Private collection.



MAP, 1963. Encaustic and collage on canvas, 60 x 93". Private collection.

LIGHT BULB, 1960.
Painted Bronze, 4¼ x 6 x 4".
Collection the artist.



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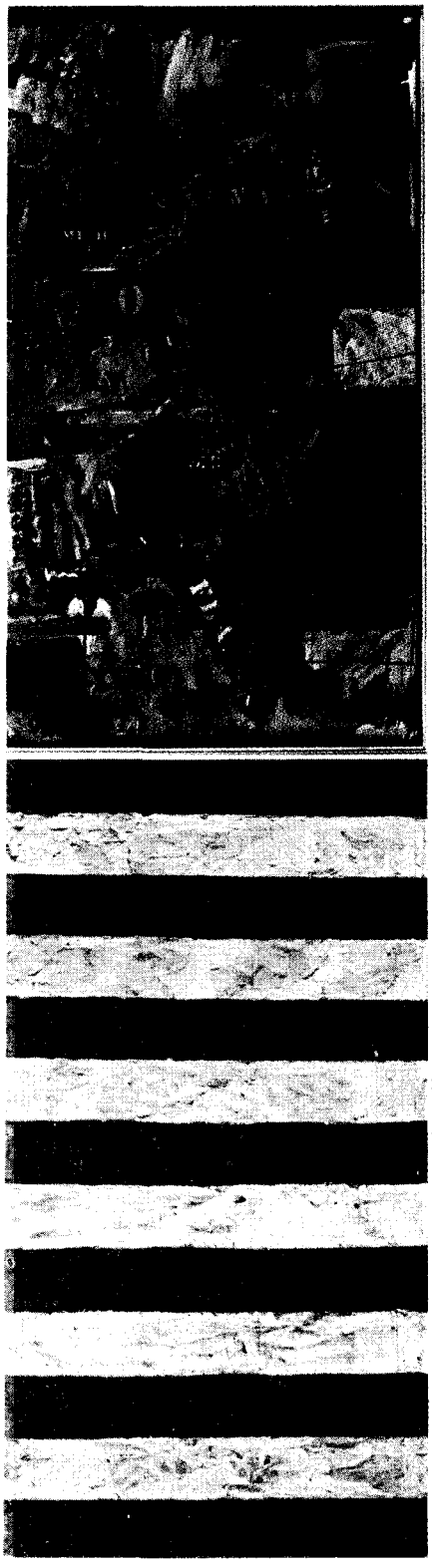
object.



FLAG, 1955. Encaustic, oil and collage on fabric. 42¼ x 60⅝". The Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.

Do something to it. Do something else to it. Do something else to it."

That's a quotation from the notebooks of Jasper Johns, and you can see some of the classic results of his method on the left.

It's not a prescription for every artist; it's a description of the art of becoming, of a way of traveling from the known to the unknown.

And for more than 20 years, Johns has taken the journeys and brought back not merely things to see, but a fresh way of seeing the things we see.

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"Jasper Johns," an exhibition organized by the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, N.Y. appeared there from Oct. 18, 1977 to Jan. 22, 1978. Subsequent showings include: Museum Ludwig, Cologne, Feb. 12 to March 26, 1978; Centre National d'Art et de Culture Georges Pompidou, Musée National d'Art Moderne, Paris, April 18 to June 4, 1978; Hayward Gallery, London, June 21 to July 30, 1978; The Seibu Museum of Art, Tokyo, Aug. 19 to Sept. 26, 1978; San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, Oct. 20 to Dec. 10, 1978. The exhibition is made possible by grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and Philip Morris Incorporated.

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TELEVISION

One Cheer for Cavett

by Karl E. Meyer

AFTER a dismayingly inept start, Dick Cavett has come back into stride and may yet be able to achieve what I thought was impossible—the civilizing of the barbarous talk show. My verdict remains conditional because Cavett has dreadful lapses. Whenever he interviews show business celebrities, his questions seem to veer from fan magazine gee whiz to discreditable prying into third-rate matters. I thought he would never stop asking Joanne Woodward why she hasn't become a superstar.

In any event, with *The Dick Cavett Show*—which is produced by WNET in New York City—we are getting a fair test of a problematic form. For 30 uninterrupted minutes each weeknight, Cavett has a chance to talk with one guest or more in a moderately adult vein. The time, 11 P.M. on most public stations, is about right: When the show is good, it is like a postprandial cognac.

On two recent evenings, for example, there was a superb symposium on the troubled state of the English language. The guests were intelligently chosen: Edwin Newman (author of *A Civil Tongue*), Agnes de Mille, John Kenneth Galbraith, and the Savonarola of critics, John Simon. So spirited was the back and forth that I wanted more. Why, for one thing, did Cavett fail to bring up the problem of such ideologically imposed atrocities as *spokesperson*? There was matter enough, I felt, to warrant a monthly program on the same subject, preferably with the same troupe.

Curiously, the Cavett show seems to work best when it features words and writers and is at its feeblest when it deals with films and actors. There may be a sensible explanation for this paradox. The professional entertainer is always on camera, confronting us with an eyeless Greek mask. Cavett's worst excesses—such as impertinently asking Geraldine Fitzgerald whether Orson Welles had fathered her son—spring evidently from his wish to penetrate the mask and reveal the flesh below. (In the case of Fitzgerald, Cavett was more flustered than his imperturbable guest.)

Authors, or any nonprofessional entertainers, bring private faces to public places. Aside from such practiced performers as Gore Vidal and Norman Mailer, writers as guests evince an inviting spontaneity. They do not arrive at the studio with pretaped answers to predictably banal questions. One of Cavett's better interviews was with the critic and novelist Wilfrid Sheed, who was asked at one point if he was being himself. Startled, Sheed said he wasn't sure and couldn't tell what the red-eye was doing to him. (Cavett confessed, revealingly, that after a show is taped he can hardly remember what he may have said; on camera, he flies by autopilot.)

In short, when it comes to television talk, the amateurs outdo the players. This is apparent in the flawless conversational style of Alistair Cooke, host of *Masterpiece Theatre*. Cooke does not use a TelePrompTer or cue cards but writes and then memorizes his introductory words. He talks on camera with the casual tone of someone thinking aloud. Since Cooke has written his own script, he knows the value of his words and compels our attention.

When John Gielgud and John Houseman attempted to play in Cooke's court as hosts of *The Pallisers* and *The Best of Families* respectively, the results were undistinguished. Each could be seen to be reciting a script and using stage tricks to simulate a spurious spontaneity.

If what I am saying makes sense, Cavett ought to steer clear of players in his choice of guests, however tempting the glamour of a Sophia Loren or a Jason Robards (neither of whom had anything of real interest to say). Far more memorable than any film star was Charles Schulz, the creator of *Peanuts*, who was as wide-eyed as Charlie Brown and as winningly unabashed as Lucy.

"The whole world is going to hell, and you're complaining because the little light on your waffle iron flickers?"

Part of the problem is that Cavett came to the Public Broadcasting Service (PBS) after too many years on the networks. It is to his credit that he was dropped by ABC because his ratings were deemed to be anemic. To my mind, network talk shows are uniformly loathsome; hosts rely on mindless one-liners to keep us watching through the interminable commercials. Much that is repulsive in American life—the cynical engineering of hype, the abject courtship of the media, and the blithe ignorance about anything that happened a week ago—is mirrored in Johnny Carson's plastic grin. Carson leans on his admitted gift for repartee to avoid getting into anything deeper than a demitasse saucer.

When Cavett made his PBS debut last fall, he seemed almost to miss the commercials and to be turning to established stars as if to prove he was back in the big time. Initially, he fired questions like a breathless spastic, sometimes (and unforgivably) cuing a response. One of his early guests was William F. Buckley, Jr., who was asked if he had ever concluded that he was totally wrong about something he had said or written—a very good question. Alas, Cavett then blurted, as I recall, "Such as the Edgar Smith case." Buckley was spared the pain of reflection and embarked on a lengthy disquisition about his defense of a murderer in New Jersey who turned out to be guilty as charged.

It has taken Cavett months to unwind and to learn to address a smaller audience with a longer attention span. Given his verbal dexterity and the wide range of his curiosity, he may yet turn the talk show into something more substantial than bubble gum. If I had any say in the matter, I would vote for a second season for the glibbest talker from Nebraska since that other gust of prairie wind, William Jennings Bryan. But I would implore Cavett to lay off the stardust. ◉

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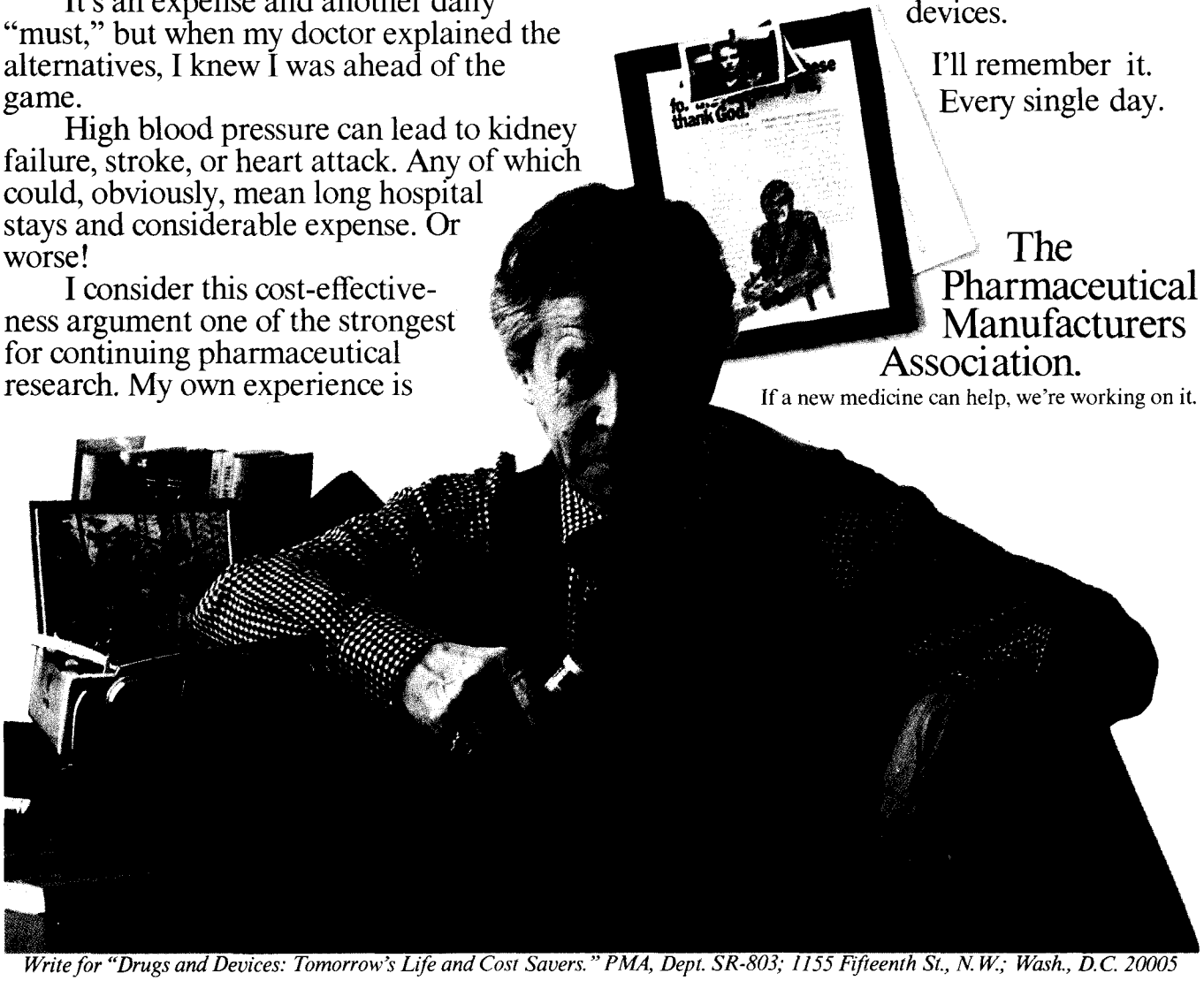

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FINE ARTS

Stuart Davis: Loud, Hip, and Political

by Barbara Rose

Mr. and Mrs. Meyer Steinberg

Hot Still-Scape — *"An art that is uncompromised by either academicism or illustration, an art authentically contemporary as well as artistically valid."*

FOR MOST of the modern era, art and politics have repelled each other like oil and water; nevertheless, some socially committed artists have persevered in their efforts to reconcile the two. The works of one such artist—Stuart Davis—are now on view in a remarkable show at the Fogg Art Museum, at Harvard University. Davis, an active supporter of radical causes who painted images drawn from popular sources, is a paradigm of the politically engaged artist.

Provocative insights into Davis's politics are contained in the exhibition catalog, *Stuart Davis: Art and Art Theory*, by John Lane, of the Brooklyn Museum, who also organized the show. The portrait of Davis that emerges from Lane's research reveals striking parallels between the way Davis related art directly to politics and the way the French Realists demonstrated their commitment to the class struggle by using the glorification of manual labor as a major theme in their works. Like Daumier, Davis began as a political cartoonist; like Courbet, he was an activist who joined workers in their battles and maintained a lifelong commitment to socialism, first as contributor to the *Masses*, then as editor of *Art Front*, and later as chairman of the American Artists' Congress.

Davis inherited another element of Courbet's radicalism: the belief that art should address itself directly to the masses instead of to any aristocratic social or cultural elite. According to the English art historian T. J. Clark, whose brilliant study *Image of the People: Gustave Courbet and the Second French Republic* examines the painter's art during the brief years of France's doomed Second Republic, Courbet's practice of deriving his motifs from the mass-produced prints and folk images that circulated among the lower classes not only revitalized the tradition of "high" art but also set a precedent for twentieth-century Cubist Realists, who took their inspiration from the flat, graphic images of popular posters, advertisements, and signs.

By the time Davis was painting Cubist works, however, modern art had departed so far from recognizable subject matter that he could not achieve Courbet's popularity with the masses and yet remain a modernist. The creation of a modern Cubist style based on popular imagery was crucial to him; for

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this reason, if for no other, he was one of Courbet's principal heirs. The style Davis settled upon is particularly fascinating today, when the subject of elitism versus populism in the fine arts is a hot topic; for Davis's art is equally devoted to cubism—an elitist style if ever there was one—and to realism, the imagery of ordinary objects familiar to the masses.

Courbet has been called by his biographers a political naïf; no one can make such an accusation about Davis, even though the period in which he lived and worked was yet more confused and confusing than the various revolutionary uprisings that punctuated nineteenth-century French history. Although he remained a socialist, Davis was one of the first American artists involved in Marxism to denounce the Russian example. Disillusioned by the Communist take-over of the Artists' Congress, he resigned from its membership in 1940, rejecting Marxism as "fallacious because it defines a human economy that excludes spiritual values. It does this by regarding spiritual values as nonmaterial products or as overtones of physical labor." According to Lane, Davis returned to the elitist ideas he had held before his radicalization during the depression. This may be so with regard to his overt political activity, which came to a halt at the end of the depression; but the fact that Davis continued to give an implicit political thrust to his iconography should not be ignored. For unlike his younger colleagues the Abstract Expressionists, Davis never became a totally abstract artist because he considered abstraction to be the incarnation of a remote elitism. Thus, his persistent preoccupation with the flattened, stylized motifs and bold lettering of popular and commercial art was more than an aesthetic idea: It was a political act, his way of directing art toward a mass audience.

Davis drew away from direct political participation and used his art as a means of integrating culture into society. A deeply moral man, he denounced as racist Thomas Hart Benton's portrayal of Negro field hands; his own later paintings were inspired by black music—jazz and swing. Although he was disenchanted with Marxism, he continued to look to popular culture for imagery and to the rhythm of popular music for form, refusing to turn his back on the real world of the city or to embrace the romantic subjectivity of abstract expressionism, which he summarily dismissed as a "belch from the unconscious."

Mrs. Stuart Davis

Super Table — *"Flattened motifs of popular and commercial art."*

As the gap between art and politics widened, Davis's persistence in attempting to reconcile popular and elite art took on the proportions of a heroic struggle. Shunning surrealism and all other forms of escapism into personal fantasy, he remained firmly committed to an art of this world—the material here and now.

Only today is it becoming clear that Stuart Davis—and not the provincial American Scene patriots or the Stalinist "social realists," whose proletarian propaganda illustrated the workers' struggle—is the true heir of the French Realists' goal to create an art of the people, uncompromised by either academicism or illustration, an art authentically contemporary as well as artistically valid. Davis's loud, hip painting is now enjoying growing popularity. Its influence and broadening appeal vindicate the difficult, solitary position of an extraordinary artist who refused to compromise either his art or his politics.

It is one of the ironies of history that Davis's prophetic disenchantment with Marxism left him isolated from the artists' community, whose energetic focus he had been during the fighting days of the Work Projects Administration, while his commitment to objective popular imagery set him apart from the introverted, mystical art of the Abstract Expressionists. A man who aspired to community solidarity, he was doomed by his own hardheaded realism to work alone, a prophet in his own country. ●

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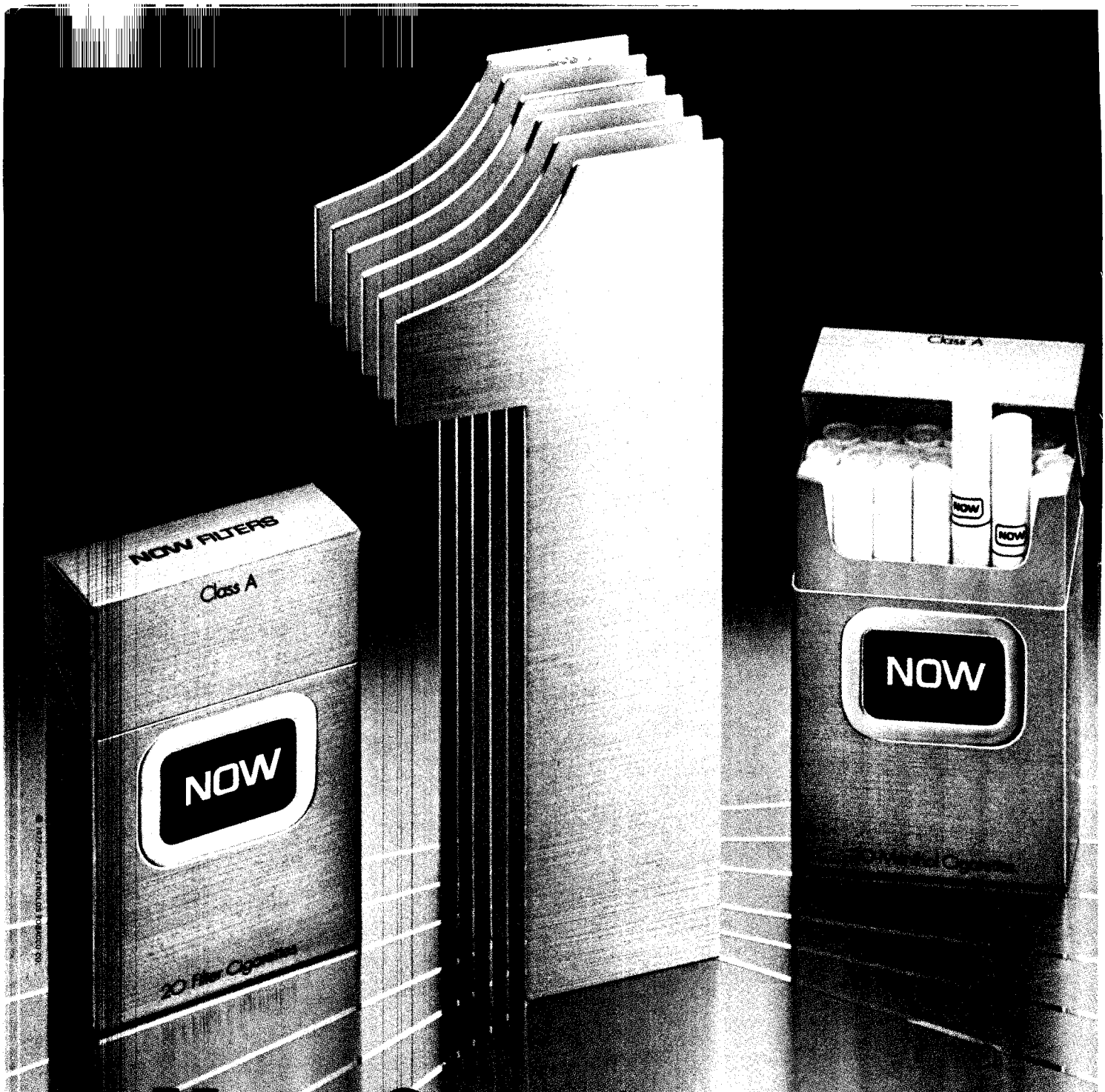

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Schippers's Remarkable Legacy

by Irving Kolodin

Thomas Schippers—"He made a great deal of memorable music, but the chord that will linger longest resounds from his bequest. It is an act of generosity that just may inspire emulation."

EXCEPT FOR NEWSPAPERS in Cincinnati, Ohio, where he worked, and in Palm Beach, Florida, where he sometimes visited, the musical press has for the most part issued few postmortems on the singular case of the late Thomas Schippers. It is as if it were an everyday occurrence for one of the most accomplished conductors of the era to die of cancer at the age of forty-seven and for him to leave to the Cincinnati Symphony, of which he had been music director since 1970, an estate of nearly a million dollars.

That he was tall and good-looking (with a photogenic profile) was both an advantage and a disadvantage for Schippers in the postwar musical world of the 1950s. Being young, American, and good-looking were assets that opened doors for him, even those doors that led into the orchestra pit of an opera theater; but his lack of experience was not always offset by his substantial talent.

A year or so after his first conspicuous success as conductor of the television premiere of Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, in 1952, I sought him out for an interview. After I had put my questions to him, he produced one for me: "What do I do now?" I suggested a couple of years in Germany, where he could learn his craft. His lack of enthusiasm for the idea is clearer to me now that I know his military service had already included a year (1950–51) in Germany.

Talent as well as good looks brought him to the pit of the New York City Opera in 1953. At twenty-three, he was the youngest conductor ever to have had such an opportunity at the City Opera. By 1955, he had still another identity as "the youngest ever"—this time at the Metropolitan, where he conducted Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*.

For the next Metropolitan season, his assignments included Puccini's *La Bohème*. He was so well versed in the text and the score that he could feed every word to the singers and sing every part with the orchestra. To some of the older performers, however, his lack of practical experience prompted such comments, prior to a working session, as "Let's go and rehearse the conductor."

Bit by bit his energy and application outmoded such derogation. A guest engagement with the New York Philharmonic at twenty-five (1955) opened another world of opportunity to his quick mind and ready responses. Aptitude later took him to La Scala at twenty-six; his association with Spoleto and RAI (Radio Italiana)—and he performed many unfamiliar works with both—fostered a linguistic talent that eventually gave him command of seven languages. An instance of his gifts at their best was contained in his 1965 revival of Beethoven's early (1790) *Cantata on the Death of the Emperor Joseph II*, which revised for many listeners long-held ideas on the kind of music the young composer was producing *before* he left Bonn for Vienna.

Anything resembling a debit in "practical" experience vanished on the night of March 4, 1960. He was the conductor that night of the Metropolitan's performance of Verdi's *La Forza del destino* (in which, tragically, Leonard Warren collapsed and died onstage during act two).

The Sixties—he was in his thirties then—were a mixture of grand successes and some opportunities overreached (hampered as he still was by lack of knowledge). The opera houses in which he appeared included La Scala, Spoleto, Bayreuth, Covent Garden (London), Teatro Colón (Buenos

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Aires), and, of course, the Met. At the last named, his aptitude for the French repertory was manifest in such a masterpiece as Massenet's *Manon*.

No conductor could have excelled the effort Schippers put forth for the premiere of Samuel Barber's *Antony and Cleopatra*, with which the new Met opened in 1966. The approaching end of Rudolf Bing's long tenure at the Metropolitan spurred something of a boomlet for Schippers to be his successor. There were, however, those who put him down (vis-à-vis the needs of the Met) as too "casual," one who "did not always come prepared" for a new assignment. La Scala came to be more and more his operatic base. It was there that Beverly Sills, as Schippers's chosen replacement for Renata Scotto (who had been forced to give up her part in a production of Rossini's *L'Assedio di Corinto* because of pregnancy), achieved the breakthrough (in April, 1968) that opened the way to her mammoth success.

By this time, any aspersions about "ambivalence" or "lack of focus" in Schippers's professional life had disappeared in the aftermath of a profound change in his personal life. That change was his marriage to Elaine (Nonie) Phipps on April 17, 1966. His casual introduction of me to her, some weeks before the marriage, was accompanied by this Schippers aside to me: "She doesn't belong to the wealthy branch of the family." Whatever the purpose of that disclaimer, she did in fact have all the connections required to satisfy the average person's idea of wealth and position.

Companionship, order, and emotional security in his private life undoubtedly had an effect on the stability, indeed the maturity, that now began to characterize his work. His direction veered more and more to the concert hall, with an occasional leaven of opera. When he accepted a long-term engagement as music director of the Cincinnati Symphony, in 1970, it was like a homecoming. The Schipperses went house hunting and found, overlooking the city, an old Victorian mansion that he described as "Tara transplanted from the South." The performances of Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* that Schippers conducted at the Metropolitan in early 1972 were undoubtedly the high point of his American operatic career to that time.

The first stroke of adversity set in soon after. Mrs. Schippers began to ail and died (aged thirty-four) as 1972 turned into 1973. The effect of her death on Schippers had better be left unappraised. The only anodyne was work. The venerable old Music Hall had been internally modernized in 1971–72, and the regenerated, revitalized Cincinnati Symphony was brought to a new high standard of achievement under its demanding director.

Even before his wife's death, Schippers had been troubled by a sense of dissension and confusion in American life. In an article devoted to the upsurge of energy in Cincinnati ("A Foresight Saga in Cincinnati," *SR*, May 20, 1972), Schippers said, "Americans don't seem to believe in America anymore.... If there were something I could do to hold the pieces together, I would." He found his opportunity in the aftermath of his personal tragedy. Mrs. Schippers's estate was left to purposes of her own; by prior agreement nothing passed to him. He drew a new will in which, apart from a few bequests to friends and the creation of a trust fund for his parents, he left everything to the Restricted Endowment Fund of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra for the sole use of the orchestra.

For anyone who expressed surprise at this disposition of his own earnings and investments, he had a startling response: "My money was made in music, and I want it to go back into music."

In Italy during the latter part of 1976, Schippers spoke with annoyance of a cough that had become obsessive. Near the end of the year, after some distressing signs of weakness, he came home to see his own doctor. The verdict was soon all too clear: His lungs were cancerous, and surgery would be useless.

Determination and a willingness to pursue any course of treatment kept him alive through the summer and fall. Early in November, despite anguished and incensed protest from at least one of its professional advisers, the board of the orchestra announced that Schippers had been designated "conductor laureate," and a search was soon on for a successor. This was equivalent to pronouncing him unlikely, ever, to resume his work.

A few weeks later, Schippers executed a new will, reaffirming his intention to leave his estate—roughly a million dollars, though appraisal of all property has not been completed—to the orchestra.

During his career, Schippers came to make a great deal of memorable music, but the chord that will linger longest is the one that resounds from his bequest. Such a gesture may never happen again, but we can all cherish it as an example of generosity by a rare man that may—just may—inspire emulation. ◉

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Business and the rational mind, Part II

Doughnut-watching•The virtue of dissatisfaction•The egalitarian thrust

When it comes to evaluating the performance of the American economic system, it's hard to get some people to look at the substance. They get so hung up on shortcomings that they fail to discern accomplishments. Instead of comprehending the doughnut, they become fixated on the hole.

As a result, they come out almost totally negative and conclude that we ought to scrap the whole system and rebuild from scratch. In our view, this ignores the extraordinary benefits that our system—perhaps best called "democratic capitalism"—has produced for the ordinary person over the years. It also ignores the question of what to substitute for the most dynamic, most egalitarian, and most productive system in history, despite all its obvious flaws.

We don't feel any theological attachment to the American economic system. Certainly it can be improved. And this is exactly the point: The system has improved throughout the past 200 years, no matter how unevenly, is still improving, and seems likely to keep on improving if given a chance.

The best way to gauge any system's improvement is, of course, to monitor its performance.

If you look only at the hole, you'll find that both unemployment and inflation in the U.S. are still far higher than any of us would like.

But if you look at the doughnut over the 10 years through 1977—a decade that encompassed the Vietnam war, the oil embargo, and other afflictions—you'll find this: The number of people employed in this country increased well over twice as fast as our population did.

And, as Ben Wattenberg points out in his book *The Real America,* family income in the U.S., after adjusting for inflation, has doubled in a generation, and the steady upward movement of median family income in our country has created a "massive majority middle class . . . something that has never happened before anywhere . . ."

This is not to say any of us should be complacent. On the contrary, healthy and informed dissatisfaction with the status quo has underlain much of our country's progress. But this constant progress itself has created problems: By performing economic miracles, the system has created enormous expectations and a growing desire for instant gratification of those expectations.

The key to this dilemma is partly one of timing: Our system is indeed able to work wonders when it is allowed to operate within rational, realistic timetables for change and with minimal government intervention. The problem often lies in expecting too much too soon, and this in turn often leads to well-meaning but misguided government intervention, which does more harm than good.

Most of the critics of our system agree that it is wondrously productive, though they are reluctant to comprehend that material wealth is indispensable if a society is to support such essentials as health care, education, and other social services. They fault the system on "moral" or other grounds—including, sometimes, esthetics. And they focus disproportionately on the short-term malfunctions that punctuate the system's long-term performance.

At least part of the carping at our economic system is sheer intellectual faddism; it's easier to criticize than to learn the basics of economics, which can require one to overcome deeply rooted biases. Many elitists seem to feel that in the long run our country will be better off if the decisions are made by a select few rather than by the masses of people. Since our economic system is essentially egalitarian in its thrust, elitists often appear to fear and distrust it.

Being egalitarian, the system naturally develops a constituency that is large and loyal, even if not as vocal as those bent on remaking society in their own image. If left unchecked, this tendency of people to think for themselves will almost inevitably strengthen both our economic and political systems.

This is a prospect we find it easy to live with. We believe that over any reasonable period of time the American people, no matter how much they criticize their economic system, will devote themselves more to appreciating the doughnut than to denouncing the hole in it.

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DANCE

The Menace of Show Biz Unions

by Walter Terry

"THERE IS NOT a single ballet company I know that has not been on the brink of bankruptcy sometime during the past ten years," says Anthony Bliss, executive director of the Metropolitan Opera. "Almost all ballet and modern dance companies have more than once faced the prospect of going out of business." John Waddell, cochairman with Bliss of the board of directors of the enormously popular Joffrey Ballet, adds, "We are living dangerously close to a formula for self-destruction." The crux of the problem can be summed up in one word: *unions*.

Ballet's financial straits come at a time when theater and dance around the world are flourishing as never before in history; since 1970, dance attendance in America has increased by a spectacular 600 percent. Not so long ago, about 60 ballet performances and perhaps 15 modern dance recitals took place in New York City each year; today, New Yorkers attend close to 500 ballet performances annually, and a balletomane can attend a modern dance, ethnic dance, or avant-garde dance event any day of the year. In the nation at large, there are more than 300 dance companies, several of them major professional troupes and more than 100 of them regional ballet groups that are culturally important to their areas.

Such aesthetically encouraging figures in no way erase the terrifying deficit figures that any one of these many companies must face. It is possible that simple business mismanagement may be causing the financial squeeze for some—but not many—troupes. Almost all companies, however, are plagued by the union problem. This does not mean that Equity, Local 802, or the American Guild of Musical Artists (AGMA, the union for troupes that are all dance) is a villain. There is neither villain nor blameless hero. It's a matter of viewpoint. A union contract is designed to secure fair salaries, obtain benefits, and protect workers. The dancers and the associated workers in a ballet enterprise (musicians, crew, and so on) are just wage earners to a union. But to the directors of companies, to choreographers, to boards of directors, to most dancers themselves, dancers are not laborers—they are artists.

"Dancers are basically poor union material," observes John Gingrich, president of the Association of American Dance Companies, a service organization that works to develop and foster performing opportunities for all companies. And Waddell explains: "Dancers dance because they have to, because dancing is a necessity to their very lives." But according to most directors, the musicians in a ballet orchestra perform not because playing accompaniments for dancers is their lifeblood or because they are devoted to Joffrey or Balanchine or Martha Graham but because they collect a salary. Likewise, members of stage crews work not out of loyalty to a ballet master, even if he is the genius of the century, but because they have a job.

These differing attitudes undermine the financial structure of most dance troupes. Waddell's figures for a Joffrey Ballet payroll during a typical week at the New York City Center illustrate the point. The total payroll in round figures was $100,000: $20,700 for the salaries of 46 dancers; $36,000 for the salaries of 46 musicians; $31,000 for 24 stage crew members (electricians, carpenters, stagehands); $10,800 for artistic and administrative personnel; and $1,500 for other employees (house personnel). In other words, two thirds of the total ballet company payroll went to the orchestra and the crew.

Does such a discrepancy between what dancers are paid and what others involved in the production earn suggest that the tail is wagging the dog? In part. But there are extenuating factors. Jane Hermann, director of research and special projects—with a particular accent on dance activities—at the Met, notes that musicians and stagehands see themselves as part of a national industry, whereas dancers direct their loyalties toward one artistic director and usually accept the fact that they can be paid only what their particular company can afford.

Gingrich, agreeing, notes also that the union can be credited with some accomplishments. "In small cities and towns, boards of directors of local ballet companies have treated dancers in ways they wouldn't dare treat musicians in the local symphony. AGMA has forced boards to treat dancers more seriously, fairly." But Gingrich has a warning as well: "We must continue to ask unions for restraint because government support is not going to grow much right away, foundation support is already eroding dangerously, and audiences cannot afford to pay higher ticket prices than already exist. Unions must consider the survival or the disappearance of dance companies."

The answer to the desperate financial problems facing dance companies is neither simple nor single. Obviously, funds must be raised above and beyond moneys earned at the box office. Bliss points out that fund raising is much more difficult for ballet companies than for most other performing arts enterprises. "The Met is ninety years old," he notes. "It is an institution. Institutions seem permanent, solid. Opera and symphony companies usually have been founded by community groups and have become institutionalized in due course. But dance companies, even big ballet companies, usually have been founded by individuals, and individuals are not invitations for investments." The American Ballet Theatre (ABT) was brought into being because the late Richard Pleasant had a dream in 1939; Lucia Chase supported and continues to support that dream. The New York City Ballet would not exist if it had not been for Lincoln Kirstein and George Balanchine. The birthright of companies named Joffrey, Graham, Cunningham, Ailey, Taylor, and so on is self-evident: They were created because of the desires of artists. Yet all these companies have perforce been hothoused into institutional form, with its attendant requirements and none of its advantages.

In the past, ABT actually has suspended activities; just a few months ago the situation was so desperate that there were barely funds to meet the payroll. Both the Joffrey and the Alvin Ailey companies have cut down drastically on New York engagements because of increased costs; and two years ago, the San Francisco Ballet—the nation's oldest ballet troupe—was so close to bankruptcy that its dancers took to the streets and danced for coins. It survived. But for how long? Someday, hopefully, the United States government will support its performing arts to the degree that other nations do. Until then, as Bliss says, "companies are skating on thin ice. And unions themselves must consider the individual circumstances of dance companies if they are to survive." ●

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THE MOVIES

Villainy Among the Proletariat

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

BLUE COLLAR, Paul Schrader's excellent new film, recalls the Warner Bros. vernacular films of the 1930s. When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer specialized in soap opera glossiness and Paramount in urbane sophistication, Warners alone made a systematic effort, in a series of gritty, fast-moving, unsentimental films, to portray the surfaces, the idiom, the values, the texture, of American working-class life.

Blue Collar (Universal) is a rare modern film in the same genre. But movies have changed in 40 years. For one thing, Hollywood in the Thirties was patrolled by the Legion of Decency, which meant the mandatory expurgation of the talk of men among men. One did not notice this much at the time, for the best of Warners' writers gave dialogue a compensating vividness and bite. The modern tolerance of Anglo-Saxon monosyllables makes it easy for writers now, though the result, while more literal, is a good deal less racy and spirited. Another difference: If *Blue Collar* had been made in the Thirties, its three leading roles would have been taken by, say, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, and Alan Hale; in any case, the actors chosen would all have been white. In 1978, two of the three leads are black. And the most interesting difference of all is that 40 years ago the union would have been the workers' hope. In the 1978 film it is the workers' enemy.

Blue Collar tells of three men on the assembly line in a Detroit automobile plant. Two have families and are in chronic despair over the financial exactions of the consumer society. The third is an ex-con who spends his money keeping up his bachelor pad according to the standards of *Playboy*. They decide to knock over the safe in the office of their union local. This *Rififi*-style sequence leads into an *On the Waterfront* study of union corruption and eventually to the breakup of the trio: one murdered; one bought by the union; one confessing the robbery in order to preserve his private sense of honor.

The film was directed by Paul Schrader, who wrote *Taxi Driver* by himself and *Blue Collar* in collaboration with his brother Leonard. This is his first try at directing. One feels that he has a distinctive imagination and eye without as yet a sure directorial instinct. The discordant elements in the film—comedy, melodrama, social message—are imperfectly fused. But *Blue Collar*'s vitality and drive generally prevail over technical flaws. It is continuously fresh, surprising, and absorbing.

It is also marvelously acted. Yaphet Kotto, a genial giant, plays the ex-con with great force and charm. As one of the family men, Richard Pryor gives a dazzling performance, his comedy emerging from the frazzled nerve ends of a life of noisy desperation. If he is not altogether convincing in his final turnaround, one suspects that it is because the writing did not quite prepare the ground in advance. In the least showy of the leading roles, Harvey Keitel offers a superb rendition of an honest, stalwart, troubled man harried to distraction by consumer capitalism.

Blue Collar, for all its documentary verve, does have two grievous faults. There is a grave disjunction in its internal logic. The key message, uttered mid-film by the wise ex-con and repeated behind a freeze finish, is straight out of the Thirties: The company's purpose, as the old black warns his comrades, is to preserve its power by setting the workers at one another's throats. The particular idea, Paul Schrader subsequently told an interviewer, was to show "how racism is used as a device by the corporate structure to keep the men divided and their statuses perpetuated."

But in fact the company is at best an ancillary villain. The central villain is the union; and the crooked union officials are stealing for themselves, not for the company. No doubt they have been corrupted in some larger sense by the ethos of an acquisitive society, but the film shows no specific collusion between the union and the "corporate structure." On the contrary, the film's implicit message is that the class war today is not between the workers and the corporations but between the workers and the unions. The alleged message, when repeated at the end, simply does not connect with the plot of the film.

The other grievous fault is that the film's target is the United Auto Workers—the union of all unions that has striven most carefully and energetically to prevent precisely the kind of labor racketeering the movie indicts. The union in the movie is called the AAW—presumably the Associated Auto Workers—but the photographs of Walter Reuther hanging on the walls in the office of the crooked union boss leave no doubt about the union the Schraders had in mind.

For a movie with documentary pretensions, this is hard to forgive. *On the Waterfront*, for example, took on Joe Ryan's notoriously corrupt International Longshoremen's Association. If the Schraders had really wanted to make a courageous movie about union corruption, they would have made *Blue Collar* about the Teamsters—and, in so doing, might have given much-needed support to the group of valiant Teamsters who have organized to overthrow the unsavory dictatorship of Frank Fitzsimmons.

Perhaps the Schraders recalled the experience of Budd Schulberg, the author of *On the Waterfront*, when he later wrote a hard-hitting script about the Teamsters based on Robert Kennedy's *The Enemy Within*. Jerry Wald agreed to produce the film for 20th Century-Fox but then suddenly died. Thereafter, as Schulberg tells the story, "a labor tough walked right into the office of the new head of the studio to warn him that if the picture was ever made, drivers would refuse to deliver the prints to theaters. And if they got there by any other means, stink bombs would drive out the audiences."

Then Columbia expressed definite interest in making *The Enemy Within*. "On the eve of the meeting with Columbia executives to which I had been invited," Schulberg writes, "every one of the people who was to attend that conference received a letter from William Bufalino, whose activities on behalf of Hoffa are a matter of record. ... This letter was disturbingly extralegal. It stated flatly that 20th Century-Fox had wisely abandoned the project as soon as all the possible eventualities had been pointed out to them, and [Bufalino] felt confident that Columbia would be smart enough to do likewise. On the morning of the meeting, a studio secretary called to tell me that it had been cancelled, indefinitely." One is sorry that when Paul Schrader decided to make a movie about union corruption, he also decided to play it so awfully safe. ◉

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Writers and Money: Traumas of the Writing Trade

by J. P. Donleavy

ONE LATE SUMMER SUNNY day during a long London afternoon perambulation and while innocently looking in the window of an old established cheese shop, the definition of what writing is all about hit me. Writing is turning one's worst moments into money. And money is one of the motives for becoming a writer. The others are leisure and money, women and money, fame and money, and sometimes just money all alone by itself.

And to the young dreaming writer money portrays itself as a blazing blue beautiful world set on a gently nodding horizon complete with a 12-meter racing yawl. Under his captain's hat, the author as sailor, a gentle breeze, two published novels, and a currently running Broadway stage production behind him, he stands in the rear cockpit, binoculars at the ready, searching the evening shore ahead where on some mysterious promontory a faintly lighted dining table is being laid ready for his appearance. And he appears. And out of the flowery landscaped darkness folk rush to him and say, their eyes glistening, gee, your conversation is even more beautiful than your book, and gosh, you're even better looking than your photograph.

And as a youthful American, such dreams are dreamed sitting at one's kitchen table over the milk and peanut butter during the years of high school while Ma is saying, "Haven't you done your homework yet, Junior." "But Ma, I'm going to be a famous writer and a millionaire." Ma says, "Drink your milk, and go and do your homework. How do you ever expect to get a job with the Asbestos Company." A few minutes later when no one is looking, Junior has closed his biology book and sneaks out into the Summer evening for an illicit smoke with friends. Walking along the maple-shaded street, finding that no one else believes his dream yet saying behind a shaking fist, "I'll make one hundred thousand dollars with my first best seller and then they'll be sorry."

And so the budding writer, among his uncaring skeptical cronies and invariably hostile family, learns that being a writer is antisocial, anticommunity, because it's not a job and that the natural reaction of the immediate working society around him is to destroy or drive out the bad apple in its midst. Who would want to be a millionaire without first filling out an application form. Or who would forsake an afternoon's tennis to lonely reconnoiter in the local cemetery. And now when he meets with his friends and they say, "Hey, what are you really going to be when you grow up," and all one can say is, "Rich," and they say, "How," and you say, "I'm going to be a dentist," the writer has picked up a useful tool in his survival, cunning.

As the high school years go by, the first steps toward the great dream ahead are taken when the poems get written. The girls say, "That's really beautiful, but you copied it out of a book." The boys say, "Gee, you're a Shakespeare." College approaches. The four years of indoctrination for the corporation. Or the grooming of a literate mind till it's full of the most recently accepted critical opinions that can be safely repeated for graduation. This is where the young writer founders. And toys with his maiden trauma. As he offers his scribblings for appraisal, he's told, "Get your degree first, your security, then think of becoming a writer." And during this testing time the road ahead fatefully forks, when you can no longer think or dream of becoming a writer, you must be a writer. Or else get shunted off on an English literature course to the conniving assassinating world of criticism, grants, and fellowships, rarely to return to that of writing.

But collegiate or not, one more indoctrination is inevitable. And most traumatic of all. The nice girl turns up. She likes you because you have a beautiful sensitive mind. You're so good at judging people, so good at turning the world into visions. She says, "You would look so handsome making decisions behind a desk. Just what they're looking for on Madison Avenue. And then we could move to Scarsdale or Sunningdale out of all this filthy mess." And so, if you haven't told her to go to hell and she's still stealing from the supermarket, one day sometime later a little baby is born. Along with the infant screams and sleepless nights, the relentless sledgehammer of responsibility lands. You get to recognize the tiptoe to the apartment door of the rent collector and the disguised voices of the terminators of gas and electricity. Plus the soft uncomforting words of the bank, "But you've got no regular job or collateral for a loan."

AND SO WE COME to the first indispensable tool of the writer. Money. And by money is meant capital. For only with capital can come independence and the long-term purchase of time. The writer's most important ingredient. Time to wake up in the morning haunted with the anxiety that the money is running out. Time to sit at the typewriter putting down that first page, haunted by the anxiety that one will never write a second. And finally time to realize that you may need a year, or two or three. When surely by that time you'll be in the asbestos plant or the poorhouse.

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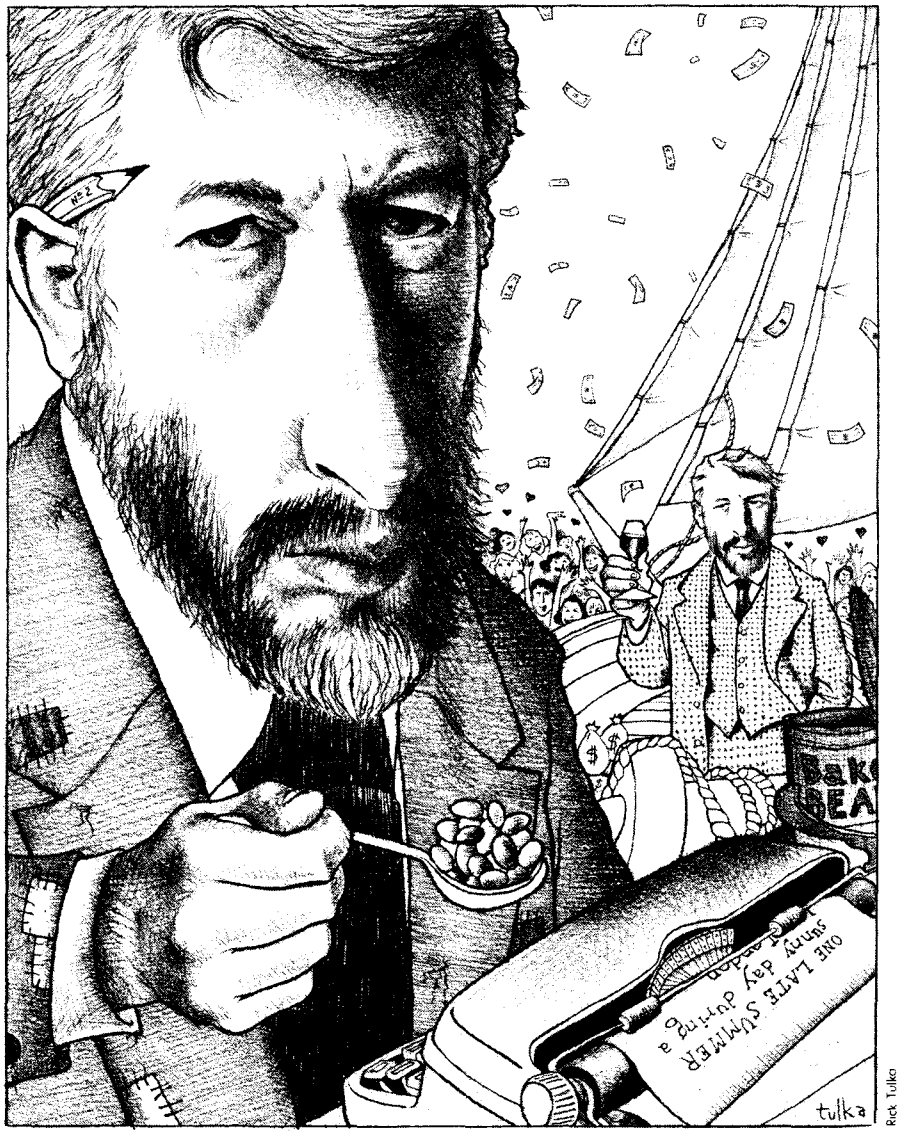
On your first pages the struggle may go on for weeks. The sentences trying to find life. That can begin to weave a story that lives. Which in turn can lend you confidence to continue on. Spelling out the words you clutch from your brain. And that conjure on the page a meaning you want to mean. Until suddenly, one day, a chord is struck. It will have a strange reverberating music. But when you hear it you'll know you're on your way. Able now to further brazen through the chronic prevailing igno - ny. And at last sure, when no one else is, that you're a writer.

And what did you do for money. Only God knows. And it would embarrass Him. But now you have a desk, a typewriter, carbon paper, a wife screaming why don't you get a job, and the vague but burning presumption that you have written something that someone else might want to read. And also make your Ma and Pa drop dead with shame. Plus a slew of relatives who will tell them I told you so. But all this brings into function the second most important tool of the writer, a suicidal and ruthless nerve. It's a trait that makes your friends a trifle shifty-eyed and uncomfortable. And with it there comes the slow but sure alienation, a stepping back and apartness from the world around you. For the born writer this has happened years ago, when his girl friend or later mother-in-law said he had a dirty disgusting mind. Or when for his evil influence on other students he was expelled from high school or kicked out of college. And leaving all your old neighborhood friends to whisper, "He isn't the same George we used to know when he told us he was going to be a dentist."

And along with this alienation an author finds his next best all-purpose tool is that of an empty head. From which learning and knowledge, the two greatest enemies of a working writer, have been eliminated. Which alas will provoke an oft heard refrain about you, "Holy cow, not only can't he spell, he's illiterate too." But your business now is to see and hear both in yourself and in the world around you. Especially involving the incidents that caused you the most acute embarrassment. These, your uninhibited observations and feelings, are the building bricks and cement. Variously styled by others as malicious rumor and falsehood. They accumulate and get mixed in dreams, conversations, and drunken brawls. And get colored by despairs and joys



Rick Tulka

and tempered by passing time and morbid hangovers. To finally unearth during the long bouts of lonely despair as the threads that bind and weave your story.

But hopefully, and amid protests from those nearest and dearest that "My God that's not literature that's libel," this narrative as it unfolds becomes a novel. And the writer has found that the everyday tools he has needed have not been a University course in English, journalism, or writing, but the accumulated gossip, hearsay, and scandal circulating among his more steadfast cronies, a thousand or more dollars or pounds, a typewriter, a disciplined pounding of it for three or four hours a day, the finishing of a page, the rewriting of it, watching each sentence catch fire and bring to life another and that another, until one day arrives. The writer reaches over on his desk and pinches between thumb and forefinger a stack of paper. He lifts it, and it has weight. He punches holes, threads through ribbon, or nuts and bolts, puts on a cardboard cover, and suddenly he's got a manuscript. This is where the traumas begin.

All the old friends in search of their life's safety are gone on their ways to higher degrees. Or to steady or not-so-steady jobs mending tracks on the railroad. One penurious oddball is left. Like you he's decided that for the time being he'll continue doing what everyone else describes as nothing. He frequently on his hungry evenings comes and scrapes the bottom of the spaghetti bowl. You say, "Read this." He says between mouthfuls and brief perusals of your heartfelt scurrilous prose, "You're crazy." You pull away the bottle of wine. As he tugs back the manuscript for another look, he says, "Wait, maybe you're a genius, but get a second opinion."

The author studies the literary pages of newspapers. And in his incredible

American-born novelist, playwright, and short story writer, J. P. Donleavy is best known for The Ginger Man.

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innocence mails off his manuscript to the most prominent publisher in sight. Meanwhile he peruses fashion magazines listing town houses and country Estates. He looks over the Cadillac Limozines at the local suppliers. And takes an interest in yachts providing a library and study attached to the owner's suite. But the silent days lengthen as they accumulate, and he goes back wandering, waiting, and contemplating in his favorite cemetery again. And when with a last handful of change he buys beer in his local pub, he still answers "Nothing" to an old pal who asks suspiciously, "What are you doing now." But next morning he knows. For at the end of three long weeks a crushingly bulky reply has at last come. From the awe-inspiring firm under whose banner these past 21 days you dreamt you would take your first bounding steps to fame and fortune:

Dear Sir:

Thank you for giving us the opportunity of reading enclosed returned herewith, but we do not feel it suitable for our lists.

Yours faithfully,

The Editors

The first thing you go and do is to sit and write. A furious reply. The first and rudest of which is torn up to write another:

Dear bunch of Editors:

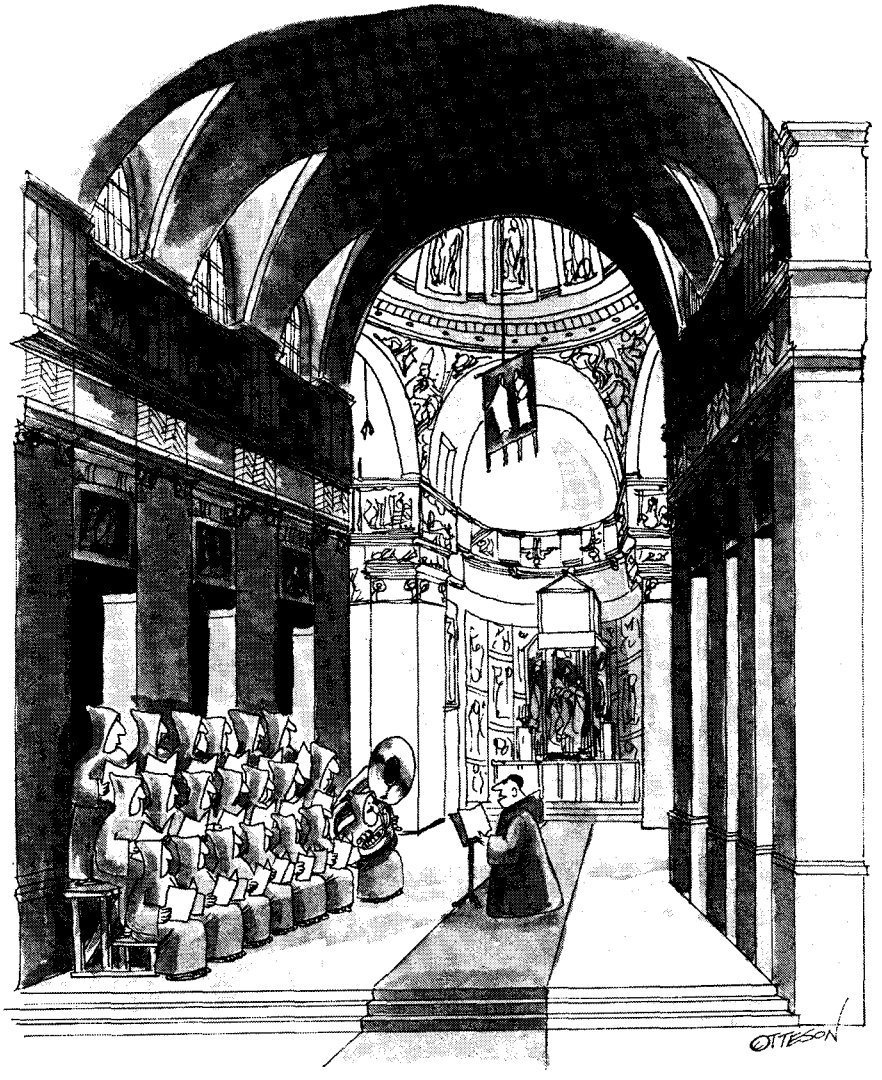
You stupid bastards have just turned down what will be one of the great best sellers of the last half of this decade.

Yours sincerely,

The Author

And alas, as the glowering wife loudly smolders and innocent kiddies cower quietly, you realize that the words of both your letter and manuscript are just as effective as throwing the paper on which they are written as hard as you can against the skyscraping massiveness of genuine Georgian brick in which these titans of the published word reside, daily solving the world's toughest crossword puzzles and trading epigrams with colleagues on their hourly visits to the water cooler.

But the penurious oddball who, along with his deep researching of his own nonexistent sex life, has been philosophizing elsewhere. He has on the breeze of his eccentricities sailed into the current latitudes of literature and is lapping up a more lavish lasagna and grabbing at the now vintage wine. He says, "I have a friend who has a crazy manuscript." And the thin, poem-writing, many-University-educated blond says, "Hey gee isn't that interesting I have a friend who is a publisher."



"The traditional Gregorian chant is usually performed without accompaniment, Brother Fespucci."

SO IN A BIG BUILDING sits a guy behind a desk who majored in English and now makes $20,000 a year, leaning against a wall at various cocktail parties with that look, "I've read Proust in the original, straight through, one summer in my cottage up on the Cape, and I am sure there is no new Proust budding in the Bronx." However, uncrossing his legs and pulling up his English woven socks, he condescends to continue the never-ending search for new talent and enduring penmanship and says, "Let us have a look at this crazy manuscript." And of course this is the novel that would make one's folks, if they read it, drop dead. This publisher reads it. He finds he is glued to every word and shocked in the bargain. He is certain that this is not literature. And if it is it would not make him look good at his next cocktail party. And so carefully disguising the offending tome with the nice blue wrapper borrowed from his copy of *The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*, he sneaks the manuscript back to the mailing room. And there with it safely parceled, he writes that under separate cover is returned this volume that the editor finds not only unpleasantly unsuitable but also that season's leading candidate as the most unlikely book for publication.

One more trauma and the author learns a rule, that what is original and vital, and offered, will be rejected. This rule is rarely ever changed, neither by fame, fortune, nor acclaim, and rejection will happen again and again. For in the nature of publishing everyone is

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searching for what is unhackneyed and alive while handing over a check to an agent who has an imitation of last season's best seller. Which the publisher's representatives think they can subscribe in hundreds of copies at the bookstore. So where does this leave the author. It leaves him thoroughly depressed and back again among his neighborhood tombstones wondering if any soul alive out there will ever hear him, so thoroughly has the loud world quelled his tiny voice.

But the word has at last got around. That the author looks well in a bathing costume. And has a criminally dirty mind. Another young woman, a graduate, a doctor of modern English literature, says so. And that there is a socially redeeming aspect to the honest and explicit treatment of sex in his manuscript. And the word *sex* is soon described as "brutish" and "unbridled." And these words in turn gain those of "shockingly explicit." And the whole damn reader's report goes whispered hurriedly from tipster to publisher, whose legal advisers counsel that the sodomy is defensible on literary grounds, plus a prosecution would immensely help sales. And suddenly the word *carnal* gets converted to "Our Standard Contract." And this latter, as

speaks your language.

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Dear Norman Cousins,

We are writing on the occasion of your retirement as editor and your election as Chairman of the Editorial Board of the *Saturday Review.*

For 36 years you have edited and edified the entire literary world. You have distinguished yourself both as a man of letters and a humanitarian.

As proud publishers of many of your numerous works, we congratulate you on your new position and know that our world will continue to benefit from your leadership for many years to come.

Sincerely,
Harper & Row

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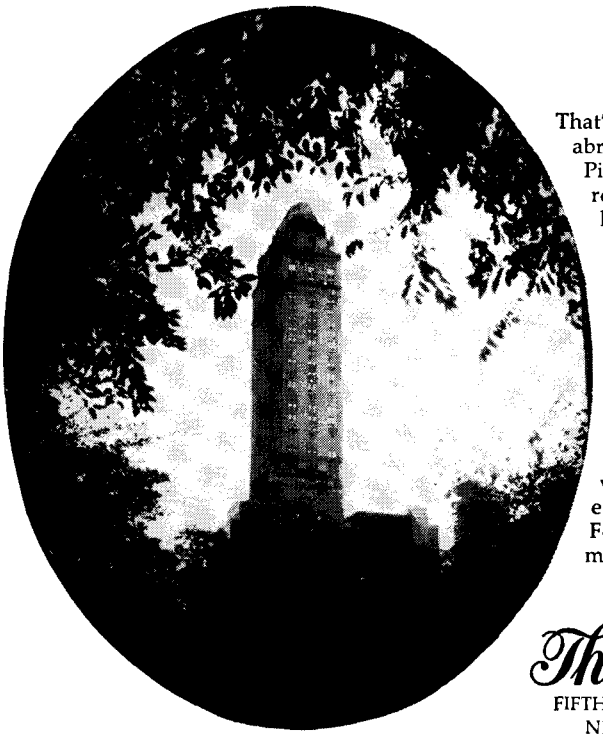

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the author sits trembling reading it, is being amended with their most recent fairest option clause for the writer's next six books on the same terms. And meanwhile, "Have you an Agent." The answer, "No," and the reply, "Just sign here." But through the remainder of that unforgettable afternoon the author's ears are thundering with printing presses, the flash of camera bulbs, and the hundreds of blond smiling women fresh in from Scarsdale and Sunningdale with their books to sign and themselves free that evening to dine with the author at the Ritz.

But months go by. As the publisher's editor, under the guise of correcting the spelling, attempts to rewrite one's book in standard English. Next the author accidentally gets a peek at a proof of the jacket. And one looks for one's name. And finally finds it. And says to the publisher, "Make it bigger," and he says, "That's the regulation size for all first novels." Slowly the author gets a changing glimpse of his future. His name insignificantly there on the luridly illustrated cover. And prophetically written on a tombstone astride which is the naked heroine.

Next, the Publisher's list is published. And the adorned print doesn't look half bad. Nor the blurb describing the author as this untamed child of his times whose soul must speak out. And now once again the writer sees himself at long long last standing on high ground, the sailing skiff if not the yacht would be delivered from the boatyard soon. Meanwhile on the three-figure advance, the first figure of which is one, his wife has had dental treatment, his children new shoes, and he, a new seersucker suit. The wind is gently blowing through his recently tonsured hair. As the distant roar of the printing presses rises. And then subsides. To a soothing spiritual sound. Once heard, never forgotten. Of fresh bank notes floating endlessly down from heaven.

Publication day comes. The world does stop. But only for a fractional second as the sun sets just that bit more slowly than yesterday. There are no full-page screaming advertisements or even book displays. But you did see an obscure review along with that photograph taken by the wife outside the welfare office. And the words beneath, "shows promise." And at the end of the review, "We should await his next book with interest." But luckily someone else has said, "This isn't a book for the squeamish or to give your Aunt Christabel for Christmas." And such words have caught the attention of a few old friends who, instead of calling you, call their lawyers. And if you have

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been honest enough to have written what you've felt and heard, you've also thereby invaded everyone's privacy and held them up to ridicule and contempt, but you avoid being sued for libel because no one dares get up in court and say, "That's me he's writing about."

However, following all the dashed hopes, renewed despairs, and the unending "Well I'm sorry, I do read books, but I've never heard of you," finally, five years later, just as you go down for the third time, voices are speaking up. A discerning few are beginning to discover the novel and say, "Gee, you ought to read that." The book starts to sell. Someone wants to dramatize it, someone wants to reprint it, translate it, and film it, and is offering money. The author at long last smiles, shakes his fist close up in his wife's face, and mouth watering, runs to his contract. Alas he reads here, turns over and he reads there, but mostly he turns over again and reads where he finds the words "the Publisher shall exclusively negotiate all rights, including spin-off, character and merchandising, and receive 85 percent of all moneys accruing therefrom." After his first feeble moments of white-faced anger the author searches in a pitch-black soul for words of comfort, fairness, and justice to temper his own screams of woe, "Those dirty rats, they never promoted my book, never advertised it, they let it die, and here they are, five years later, jumping with both feet onto my gravy train."

And yet when the author is writing his first book, it somehow exists that words written on paper and unpublished are valueless. And they are. Till that day arrives when someone puts down five or more dollars to purchase these scribbles in their published form, when it dawns on the writer that he is in business. Just like anyone else. And the time now has come, if his outrage has left him any remaining sense at all, when the author goes to his local library and borrows his first volumes on contract and copyright. These are two subjects that never occur to him during the years sweating out his creative words. Believing as he blindly must that the world will always somehow discover, admire, and reward a genius. The author, somewhat to his surprise, finds that copyright is a big pie, full of juicy fruits better known as licenses and assignments, all of which can make money. And the author owns all of it. For a while. And forever in two countries in the world. Portugal and Nicaragua.

Among the countries in which he

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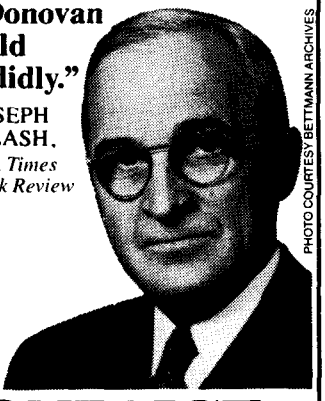

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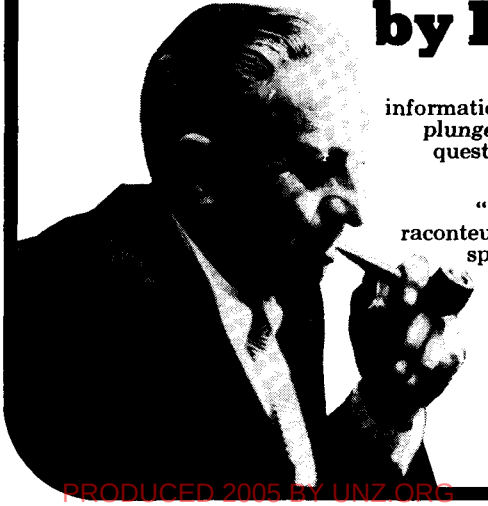

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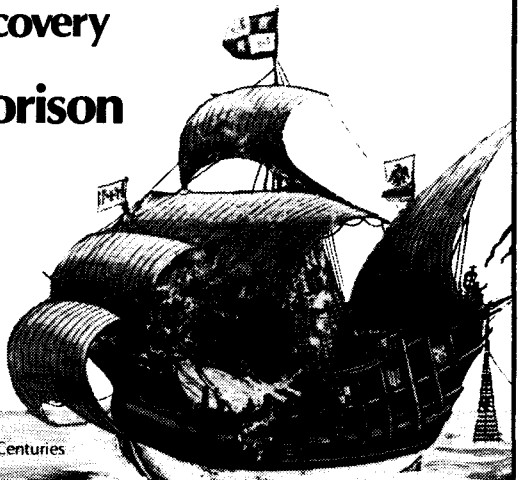

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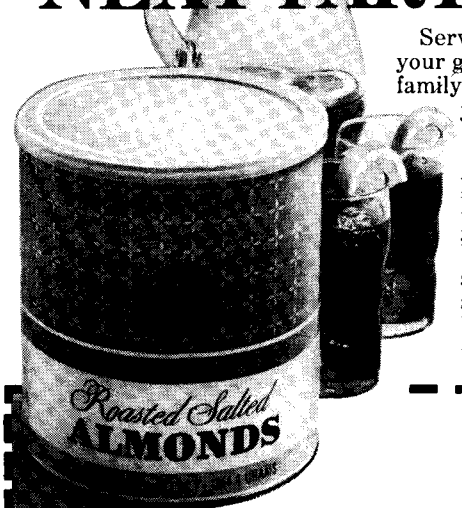

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owns least is the United States of America. Where fellowships, prizes, and grants are poured down the throats of writers. Yet an author could not be insured to receive the rightful earnings of his work should he outlive the term of copyright protection or fail to comply with the complicated regulations. Which until recently required you wake up on a certain morning and search your pocket for $2 and write to Washington for the forms and fill them out without a mistake and send them back before twelve o'clock midnight, Sundays not included, on the last day following 28 years of publication. The situation resulting from such failure is known as public domain. Into which a living author's work may fall. Which does not mean it benefits the public but does mean that publishers, who preach and breast-beat in the name of art and letters, don't have to pay an author a royalty on his work.

AND THIS BRINGS ONE to one last tool in the writing trade, a lawyer. That few writers can afford. Especially in their first eager innocent steps, which, should he survive these, then for the good author and the best author, litigation will be his lot. For folk, mistaking his heartfelt feelings expressed in his work for softness and relying on his poverty, automatically try to make him the scapegoat of any dispute. Critics remain always his enemies. Except over the years they hopefully will take more and more print and space to condemn you. Invariably sneakily referring to criticisms of a previous book to see to what extent they dare degrade you with your presently published volume. And the author's weapon at this period becomes silence. In which he remains sacred to that final word he puts on the page. But alas that one tool that the author needed in his first steps and that he still now needs more than ever is money.

Through all his traumas and through the too slowly waxing and the too quickly waning of his reputation, hopefully, you finally find the author safely arrived. To that acceptable but declining condition pleasantly known as his prime. Which means you are faintly branded as famous amid the growing hordes of people who have never heard of you. But odd invitations come to give talks at colleges. Interviewers again and again report your daily routine. From dawn nonstop till midnight changing typewriters as they overheat. Yet now you really are a writer. And if there is an occasional glow of joy it

Continued on page 76

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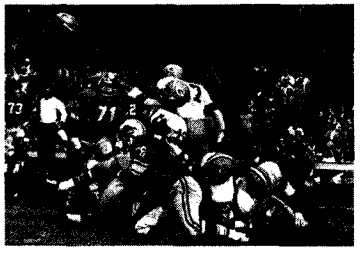

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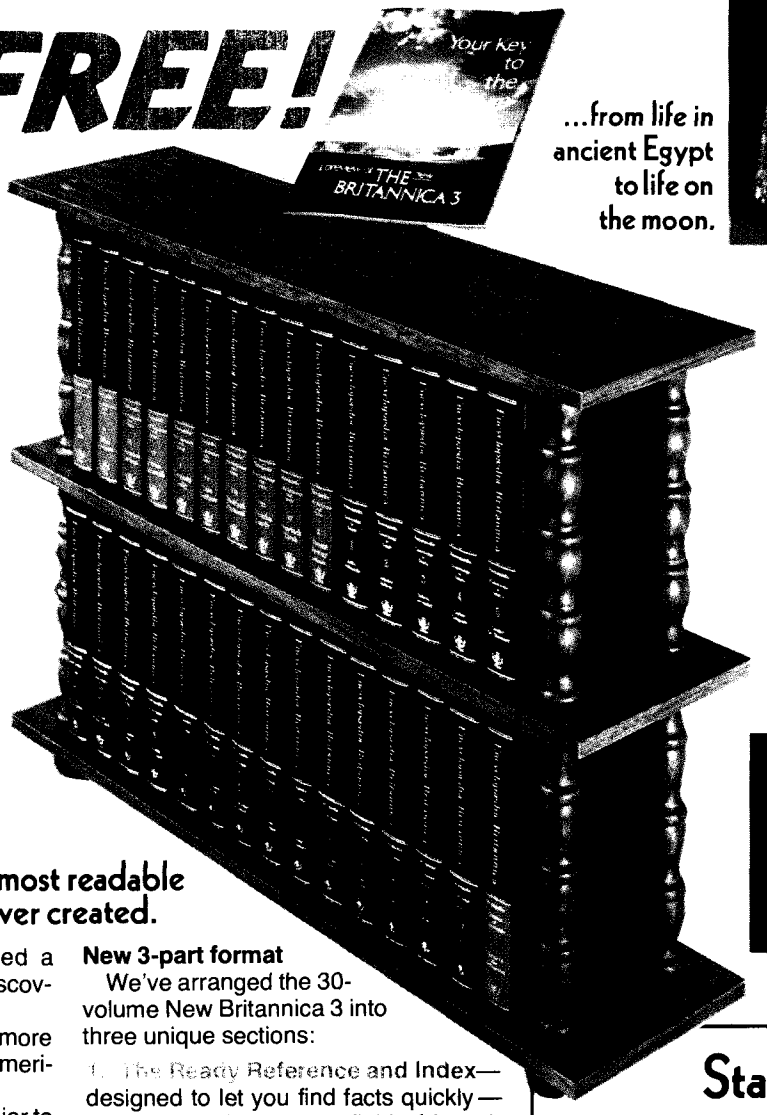

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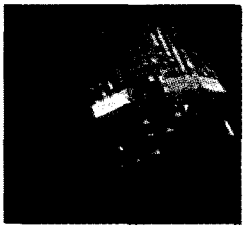

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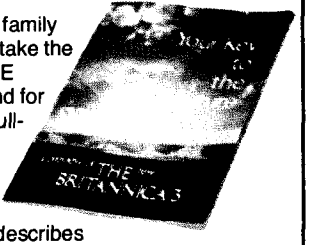

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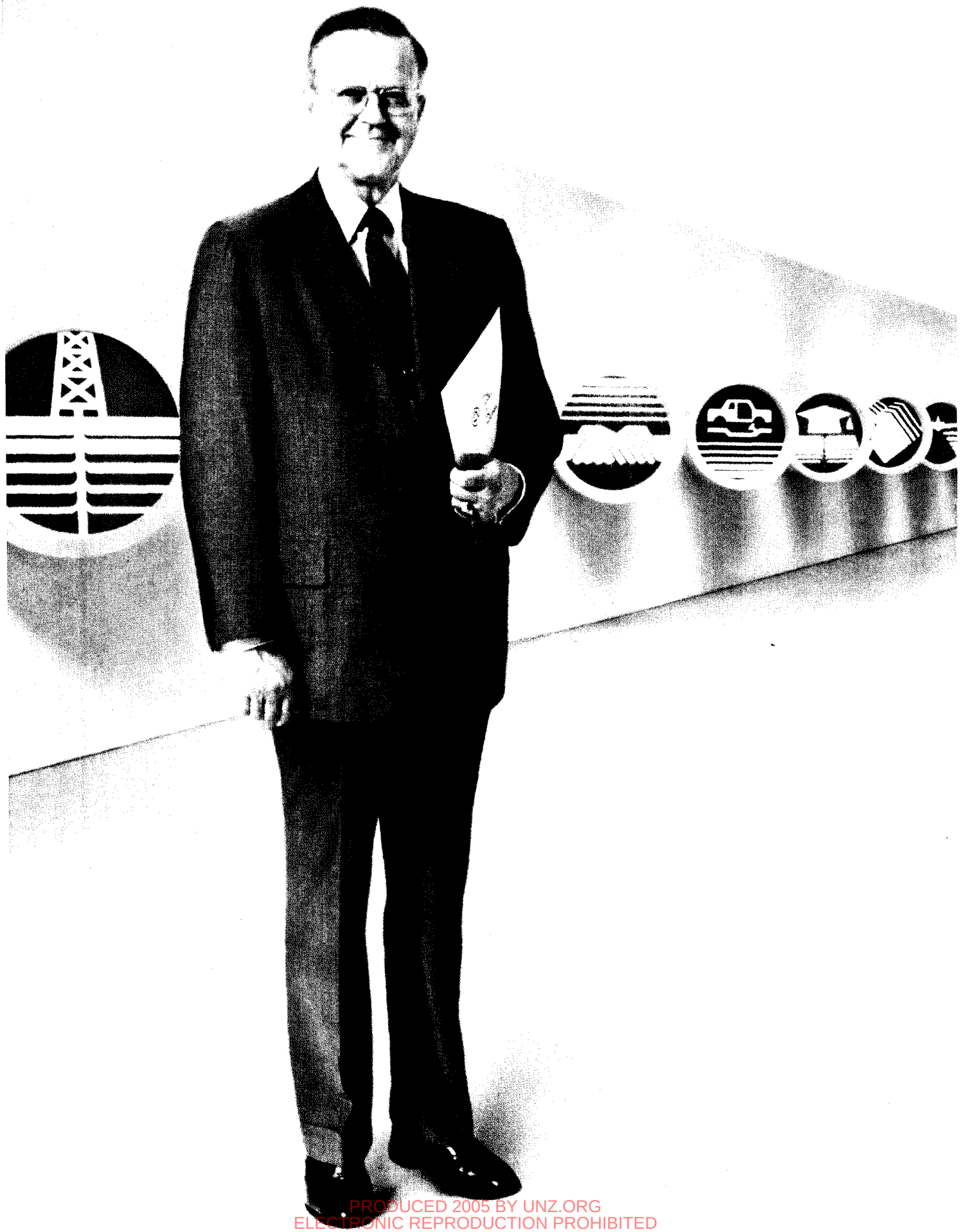

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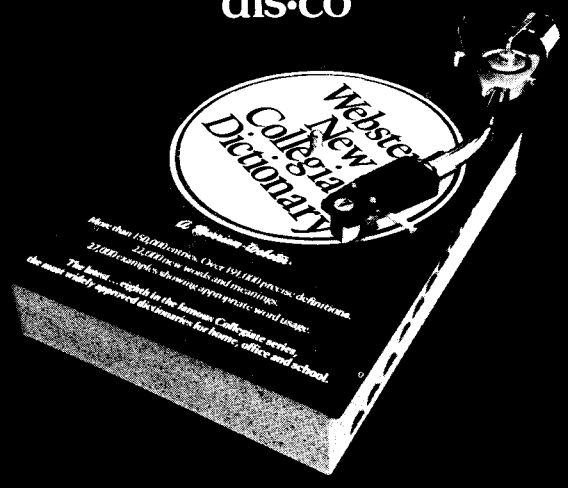

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Books *from page 72*

mostly comes when walking during your recreation. With a little wine and a little travel. And you may from your country house go up to town. To lie abed that night with a first-class woman in a first-class hotel and next morning greet the world with interest. And find the charmingly literate hotel director has seen to a display of your work in the lobby bookstall. Breakfast is brought. Of buckwheat cakes with creamy melted butter and splashed with pure maple syrup and surrounded by rashers of bacon and golden toasted sausages. Stacked by your hand as you munch, the cities' newspapers both saucy and serious. And you leisurely read while drinking your coffee. Having just listened pleased to sales reports from your most recent publisher on the telephone. And now you make an appointment for tea with an old pal who has long since forgotten he was at length libeled as an unsavory character in your first novel.

And just as you settle into the Lapsang souchong balmy accords of afternoon tea, merely one day like this can nearly answer why be a writer. Forever sweating on a page. Hoping still to find a few voices out there to echo back your own. And make you know another mind, kindred and understanding, has seen your ghosts, felt your love, and had his own worried loneliness broken and driven away awhile with laughter. And meanwhile you've lived the usual story. You can't win. But if you don't fight, you lose. And there is a victory. To remain a writer, reach the age of forty, be solvent, and still love your trade. ◉

Every Soldier, Coming Home

Whistle
by James Jones
Delacorte, 457 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by Tim O'Brien

IN *WHISTLE*, as in the best of his earlier work, James Jones writes with the urgency of a man who wants to communicate, a man who believes, in this time of dazzle and gimmicks, that genuine communication is still possible. His interest is substance. The noumena—the things seen and heard and felt by men at war and home from war and hurt by war—are the province

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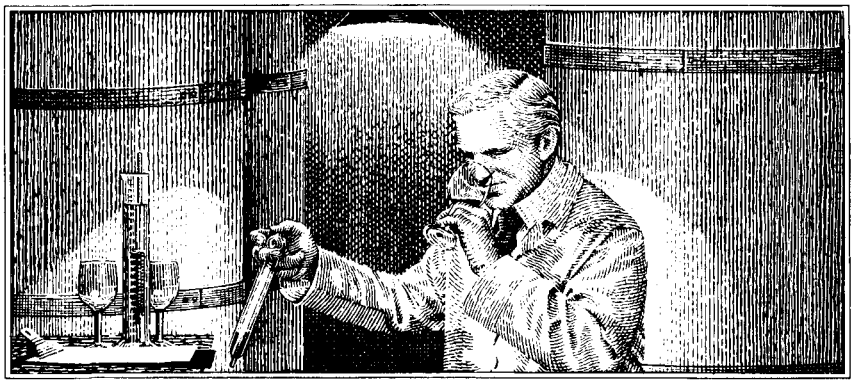
of James Jones, and in his final novel he pursues this material with unrelieved fixity. He has little time for experiments of style. He does not fabricate time warps or narrative tricks. Indeed, he even refuses to invent a fresh story or to create new and sharply individualized characters. Physicality and message, not imagination, are his signature.

Perhaps impelled by coming death, certainly compelled by his own substantive concerns, Jones uses *Whistle* much the way a hunter uses a familiar forest to track the elusive, truly important game. What is the feel of combat? How does terror, both in the immediate instant and as relived afterward in memory, affect the lives and psychologies of human beings? What is courage, and does it matter? What is it about war that binds Eros and Thanatos together so as to render the distinction almost meaningless? How is it possible to love one's fellow soldiers and at the same time to hate them, to simultaneously love and hate one's enemy? Why in war do the politics of war—the *reasons* for war—seem so beside the point? Among the fraternity of soldiers, what makes the "common male interest" so precious and so inviolate, and why, also, do members of the same brotherhood manufacture rivalries and hates out of the most petty of differences? And finally, having suggested and rejected the obvious answers, why are men—men like James Jones—so often haunted, even obsessed, by such questions?

Conceived as the final volume of a trilogy, following upon *From Here to Eternity* (1951) and *The Thin Red Line* (1962), *Whistle* explores these and related issues through a narrative that traces the return of four soldiers from the bloody island-hopping campaigns of World War II. (Readers of the two earlier novels will recognize the central characters. As Jones explains in an author's note, they are "the same people as before," only the names have been changed.) The men to whom we are reintroduced, and whose lives we follow throughout the novel, are, conveniently, "the four most important men" in their infantry company: Mart Winch, the tough first sergeant; Bobby Prell, the "steady, cool, calculating" hero who cannot reconcile himself to heroism; John Strange, the mess sergeant, a lifer who fits the military as a bullet fits the barrel of a rifle; and Marion Landers, a likable

Tim O'Brien's novel Going After Cacciato, *which was published in February, deals with the Vietnam War.*

Fermentation: The birth of a fine red wine.



Despite the wealth of sophisticated equipment available today, there is no substitute for the judgment and care of a dedicated winemaker.

At no time is this more apparent than during the critical days of fermentation, for it is at this stage, the birth of the wine, that taste, character, aroma, body and color are in large part determined.

Our Winemaker's Role

Consider just a few of our winemaker's responsibilities during the vinting of a fine red wine, such as our Zinfandel.

When the grapes arrive at our crusher, a State Agricultural Inspector measures sugar content and physical condition. But, in addition, our winemaker checks and tastes for grape quality.

If our winemaker feels a particular lot of grapes does not measure up to our requirements, he will reject them.

Those grapes which he approves move directly to our "crusher-stemmer" which removes the stems and then gently "crushes" the fruit.

The Right Yeast

Since fermentation results from the natural interaction of yeast with the sugars and acids in the juice, the selection of the right yeast from the many available to our winemaker is crucial.

Not only is it up to the winemaker to determine the proper yeast strain to begin the process of fermentation, but he must also select the precise quantity. Too little, and the juice will ferment too slowly and the wild yeasts naturally present on the skins may again become active. Too much, and the juice will ferment too rapidly and develop a "yeasty taste." The winemaker must select exactly the right yeast, in exactly the proper quantity, to yield a wine whose flavor is true to the grape, with all the desirable taste characteristics in balance.

The Constant Vigil

Now begins a vigil that will remain unbroken for 72 to 96 hours.

Because fermentation creates heat, temperature must be carefully controlled—otherwise the delicacy of the wine may be irrevocably destroyed. Through years of experience we have determined that 70 to 75 degrees F. is the ideal for a red wine of true excellence, and this is the maximum Gallo winemakers permit.

As the liquid ferments in the presence of the skins, each passing hour brings changes in flavor, in color, in aroma, and in body which the winemaker monitors constantly, partially with sophisticated instruments, but primarily through his own highly developed sense of taste and smell. At each tasting, our winemaker must be able to call to mind all the various vintages of his past and how they tasted at each particular stage. He must mentally compare them and predict precisely how *this* Zinfandel will taste when fully mature. This talent we have found to be more than an acquired skill; it is, rather, a rare gift.

Flavor: Skin Deep and More

As the juice ferments, skins and pulp float to the top, forming a "cap" vital to the wine's development. This is because the skins are the repository of the cells which eventually determine the character of the finished wine.

If the wine is to achieve its true peak of flavor, color, body and aroma, the cap must not be permitted to dry out and harden. Therefore, we designed a system that circulates the fermenting wine over the entire surface of the cap. The winemaker must determine exactly how often and for what duration the fermenting wine will be circulated over the cap. These are critical decisions—too much circulation will draw less desirable flavors from the skins, too little will cause the wine to be lacking in body and color.

When his tasting tells him the wine is fermented to the precise degree that augurs a superb Zinfandel, he halts the process by lowering the temperature. He then has the wine carefully drawn off and removed to the cooperage for aging.

Now, finally, the wine can rest. And so, for the moment, can our winemaker.

Our Goal

The same meticulous attention to detail so evident during the fermentation process is given at every step of our winemaking process. Here at the winery of Ernest and Julio Gallo, our purpose is to bring you the finest wine that skill and care can produce.

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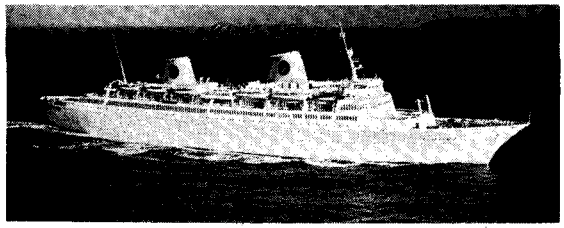
—Esquire Magazine



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and sane company clerk.

Coming home from war, each of the four is wounded or ill. Each is war-weary. Each has suffered hurt, physical and psychological, and each suffers increasing hurt, hurt compounding itself, as they are shuffled from hospital ships to hospital trains to hospitals. Each cares for his fellow soldiers, though in different ways and with different motives. Each of them has difficulty adjusting to war's end—whether as patient, stateside enlisted man, war bond hawker, or veteran.

In these respects and others, the four soldiers of *Whistle* sometimes blur into a single personality or become fixed as aspects of some larger personality—Jones's own, perhaps. Depending on interpretation, this sameness of outlook and personality can be viewed as either the book's major virtue or its major difficulty. Thematically, it may well have been Jones's intent to dramatize the leveling, reductionist impact that war can have on men. In *From Here to Eternity*, for example, Jones demonstrated with remarkable skill the means by which even a peacetime army can mold men in its own image, reducing them, eliminating or at least eroding many marks of individuality. Over time, the process continues, and given that *Whistle* is the conclusion to a trilogy that followed Winch and Prell and Strange and Landers through the long preparation for war, then the wait for war, then war itself, we know that these four men have been exposed to the process for many years. So it can be argued that it is proper that they should often talk alike, think alike, share similar dreams and nightmares and fears and hopes, assume similar postures, react similarly to the return home. Soldiers join the herd. Or, more elegantly, join "the fraternity of war." And since this fraternity is precisely Jones's subject, his concern, it makes both artistic and intellectual sense for him to show through the very similarity of his characters the erosion of personality before the powerful forces of military life. In the end, these four men even share a similar, if not quite identical, fate. They go mad or they die. They become one. The final erosion of personality. Madness. Extinction.

The problem with this is that not all returnees ("returnees," one of those mechanical words from the military vocabulary) have such trouble adjusting. Many are able to find a job and get married and buy a house and go on. Even the maimed and crippled often resume normal lives. Not all veterans are haunted, not *all* are tied so intimately to the soldierly fraternity. By breaking

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all four of his characters, Jones has ignored—or has chosen not to deal with—the possibility of salvage and repair.

But a novel should not be criticized for what it deliberately excludes, and this is not intended as a criticism. Rather, it is only to note the limits and focus of *Whistle*. Jones's subject here is not, as some have argued, redemption; his subject is the continuing pain of war and how that pain, if unstopped, can destroy people. The pain of remembering. The pain of failed courage. The pain of loss. The pains of anomie, restlessness, uprootedness.

Bound together by shared experience, the four returned soldiers of *Whistle* take part in a classic struggle to disengage themselves from war and from one another. This alone would be interesting drama. But there is more to it than that. While trying to undo their bonds, they are fighting equally hard to tighten and preserve them. It is this tension between competing desires, ambivalence stretched into outright schizophrenia, that gives *Whistle* its intellectual import and its dramatic power.

There are awkward passages and awkward scenes in the novel, particularly those that involve women, and there are tedious moments when the intensity of Jones's desire to communicate—repetition, jackhammering dialogue—gets in the way of communication itself.

But there are also jewels of storytelling. Most moving of all is the tale, told in syncopation with a hospital train ride to Tennessee, of Bobby Prell's wounding. Here, Jones offers combat writing of the first caliber, detail piling on detail, fact on fact, and we hear the machine gun fire and see Prell's legs go "as if a big scythe had swept through a field," and we think how crazy Prell was to try to bag the Jap commander, how he should instead have gotten himself and his men out of there but how, no, Prell wasn't that type, and we see him take aim and we feel the presence of the enemy all around, and then, clank, we hear the rattle of a canteen giving away Prell's position, and we feel the fear, and we run, and, like Prell, we are hit and cut down and the war is over for us and the memories begin. All this is written neatly and with attention to the crucial bits of data that distinguish knowledgeable writing from Hollywood lies.

Likewise, the hospital arrival scenes and the internal military politicking and the petty feuds are all rendered with clarity of image, sensitivity, and toughness. Oh, it would have been better to have allowed such excellent stuff to breathe on its own, to have freed it from the bog of constant introspective musings, but, again, this must be accepted as integral to Jones's driving desire to lay out the important issues, to teach the important facts.

In his author's note, Jones writes about *Whistle*: "It will say just about everything I have ever had to say, or will ever have to say, on the human condition of war and what it means to us, as against what we claim it means to us."

Notice: Jones uses the encompassing "us," not the more personal, more particular "me." This is both thematically apt, given the way his soldiers blend together, and morally instructive. Jones

"Helen, how long have I been sitting here without my newspaper?"

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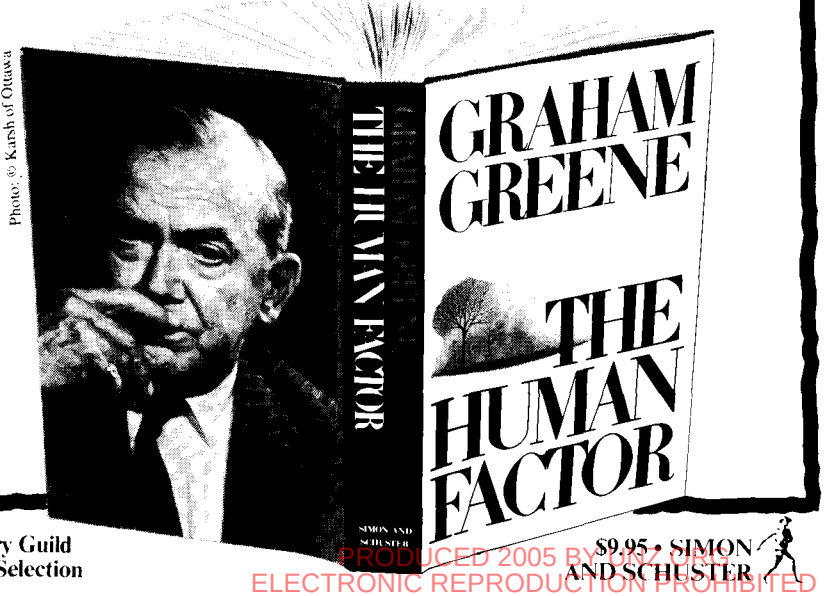

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speaks for all of us, embraces all of us. So in the final scene of *Whistle* (sketched from tape recordings and notes by his friend Willie Morris after Jones's death last May), it is appropriate that John Strange, who jumps from a troopship in an act of compulsive self-destruction, should suddenly imagine himself swelling into the universal soldier—Every Soldier. Strange, like Jones, "seems to be taking into himself all of the pain and anguish and sorrow and misery that is the lot of all soldiers, taking into himself and into the universe as well." ●

Books in Brief

Riders on the Earth: Essays and Recollections
by Archibald MacLeish
Houghton Mifflin, 176 pp., $8.95

This collection of essays by the distinguished poet and playwright Archibald MacLeish (in addition to having won three Pulitzer prizes, MacLeish has served as assistant secretary of state and as librarian of Congress) includes ruminations on such diverse topics as student radicalism, the absurd in literature, Ezra Pound's infatuation with fascism, and nineteenth-century small-town life. Now in his eighties, MacLeish writes of America in the Sixties with dauntless optimism and faith in the possibility of a revival of Jeffersonian ideals: "Belief, passionate belief had come alive for the first time in the century." The autobiographical pieces, in which he tells of his youthful decision to leave the prestigious Boston law firm where he was well on his way to partnership in order to go to Paris and write, are refreshing antidotes to the current fascination with the Twenties' expatriates: Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Joyce, and the rest went to France to work, he points out, not to have a high time. Even Gerald "Living Well Is the Best Revenge" Murphy, according to MacLeish's biographical sketch, took his painting more seriously than he took his parties.

One longs to hear more, but most of the essays are quite brief and seem, moreover, oddly skewed toward an audience other than the reader. Some are indeed speeches, graceful but ephemeral (a tactful tribute delivered at Carl Sandburg's memorial service, an after-dinner address on the relation between poetry and, of all things, football). Other essays, too, seem to be responding to particular occasions about which we are left in the dark.

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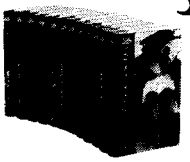

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Failing a recasting of the material into a more accessible form, citations would have been a great help. As it is, much as one enjoys MacLeish's feisty, cheerful, reminiscent voice, one senses that he is talking to someone else.

—KATHA POLLITT

Perdido

by Jill Robinson
Knopf, 448 pp., $9.95

There is a porcelain frailty enveloping Jill Robinson's novel that begs to be shattered. Rather than insulate her ingenue's unripened sentiments with the standard panoply of neurotic defense mechanisms, the author identifies and boldly transports them across the page like bottled combustibles at a firing range. At any time, the story could explode in Robinson's face.

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—ROBERT STEPHEN SPITZ

The Legacy of Mark Rothko

by Lee Seldes
Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 372 pp., $14.95

For members of the art community, Lee Seldes's book on the Rothko trial will provide an excellent refresher on the events of "the art world's own little Watergate." For the general reader, the book contains an absorbing story of financial corruption and its devastating effect on the fortune of one of the era's most important artists.

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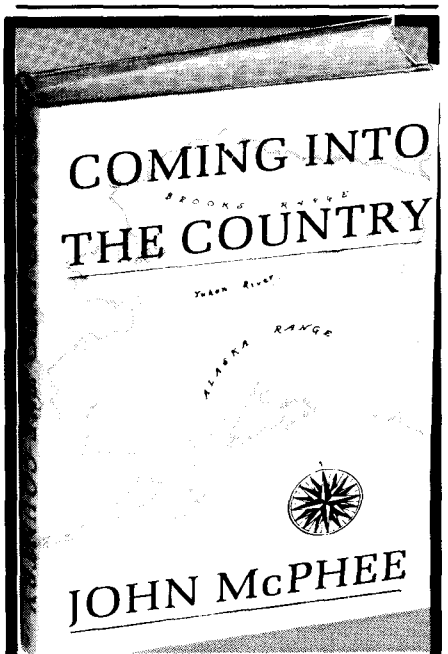

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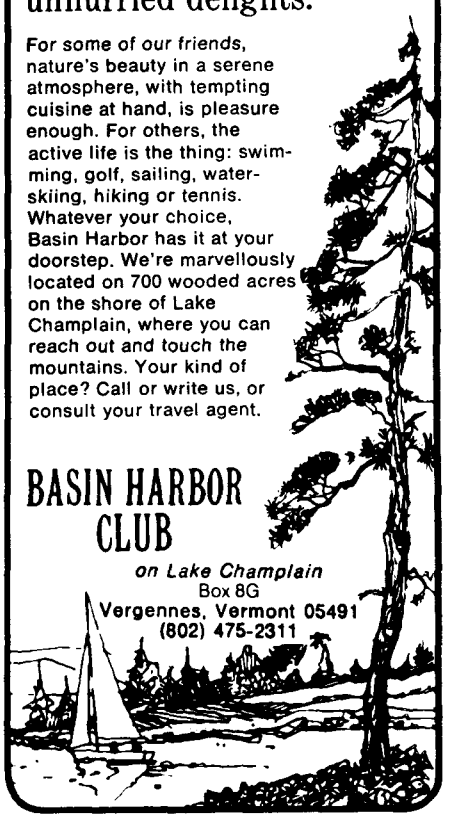

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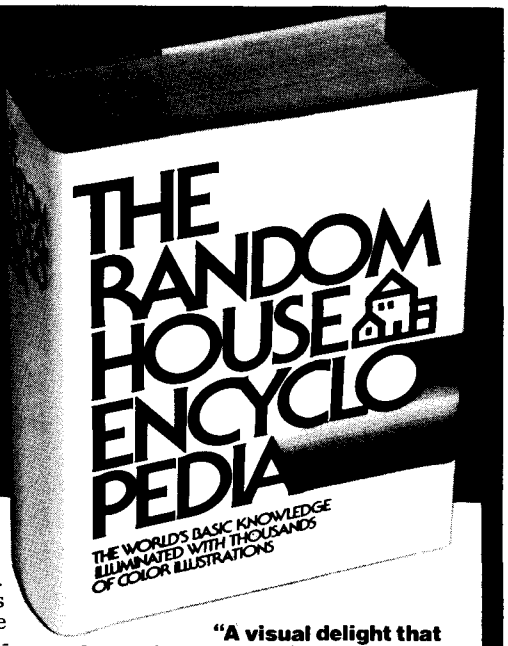

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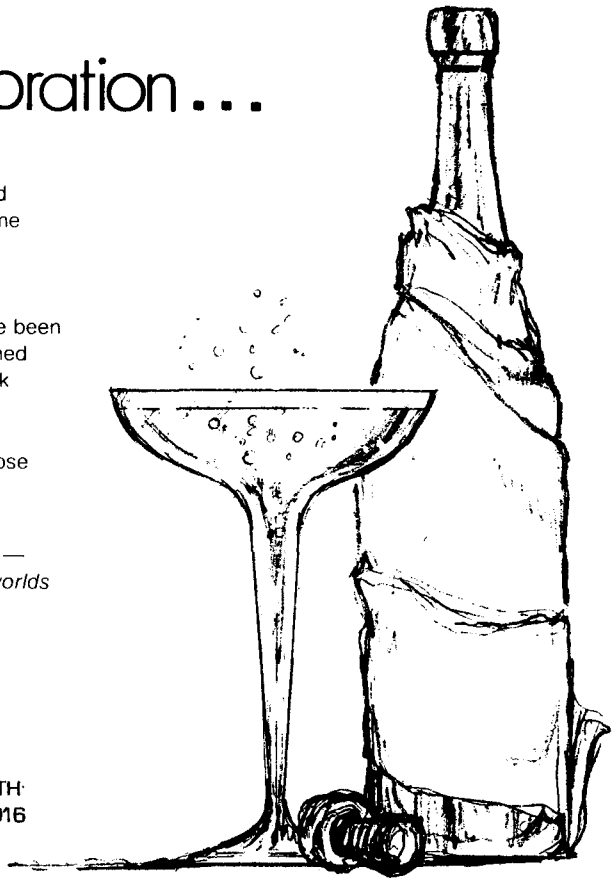

The suit exposed the devious machinations of Marlborough's worldwide empire, in which paintings were "parked" with collectors and shuffled between branches of the gallery in order to obscure the works' actual sale price and whereabouts. The heirs eventually won in court—but by then many of Rothko's works were not recoverable.

Lee Seldes, a reporter who covered the trial, has done an admirable job of recounting these events (although the quality of her reporting is superior to that of her often trite and circumlocutious prose). The book begins somewhat shakily, with an account of the artist's life, reconstructed largely from secondary sources, and is marred by irritating small errors of fact and detail (for example, Matisse, who died in 1954, writes that he is too ill to attend the consecration of the Rothko Chapel, in 1971).

When Seldes begins reporting on the legal proceedings, however, the book comes to life. She has sifted and reviewed available evidence, uncovered the motivations behind seemingly irrelevant actions, and pinned down the major participants' connections, allegiances, and family trees—gradually revealing a story of awesome treachery. All in all, this is a valuable and fascinating book. —BONNIE BURNHAM

Metropolitan Life

by Fran Lebowitz
Dutton/Henry Robbins, 177 pp., $8.50

In this collection of 38 short, cantankerous essays (most of which originally appeared in *Mademoiselle* and in Andy Warhol's *Interview*), Fran Lebowitz does for New York what W. C. Fields did for children and dogs. She's a professional fad puncturer. High on her hate list are cigarettes that come in a choice of colors, desserts served in brandy snifters, houseplants, gerbils, conceptual artists, digital clocks, people who serve apple juice with dinner, wall-to-wall carpeting in bathrooms, Lina Wertmuller movies, open-necked shirts with a repeating pattern of sailboats, and telephones that put her on hold and then play music.

Lebowitz is funniest when she's genuinely astonished—as when she hears that broken fingernails can be replaced by nails from a nail bank (presumably similar to a blood bank) or when the phone company informs her that in addition to the Trimline and Princess models a special "weak speech handset" is available, a device that Lebowitz imagines will take "the wearisome remarks of the boring and convert them

Continued on page 86

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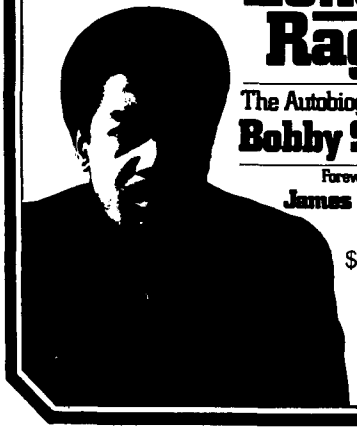

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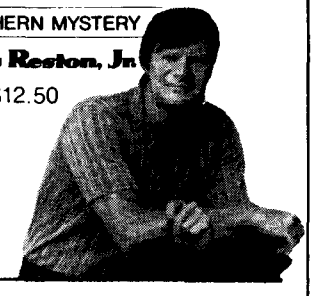

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Books in Brief *from page 82*

into sparkling repartee." She also excels at instructive topics like how to be a New York landlord and how to tell when you're pregnant whether your baby will be a writer ("you have morning sickness at night because the fetus finds it too distracting to work during the day").

When she and her victims are unevenly matched, Lebowitz is less successful. It's no fun to watch her pick on est or CB radios or leisure suits: They've already been bullied to death. Conversely, she can be overly offensive when she takes on topics too large for her, such as homosexuality and race. And sometimes she's just plain confusing—a cardinal sin in this brand of humor. I've read her account of an investigation into male prostitution by a high fashion detective named Sherlock Homes and Gardens three times, and I still don't know what's happening.

The major problem with *Metropolitan Life* is that it is a book instead of a magazine article. Lebowitz is strong stuff and should be taken in small doses.

—ANNE FADIMAN

The Runaways: Children, Husbands, Wives, and Parents

by Myron Brenton
Little, Brown, 252 pp., $8.95

With the pressures of contemporary society putting more and more of the lost, the lonely, and the confused on the road, runaways of all ages and descriptions have become a recognized social problem.

Myron Brenton has attempted to explain this phenomenon in his glib survey. *The Runaways* is an example of the new genre of socio-pop research study: part overview, part case histories and statistics. Like too many of these hybrids, this one doesn't quite work.

For one thing, the scope of the book is too wide: Children, teen-agers, husbands, wives, and senior citizens are all squeezed into this slender volume. Their problems overlap and Brenton too easily attributes them to the alternative culture, women's liberation, or senility.

For another, the case histories seem contrived and do not increase our understanding of runaways. Are these people real? one wonders. But their problems are real, and Brenton explains their running away as a cry for help and a way of seeking revenge. He reminds us that although we are tied to our desks and our typewriters, we also furtively dream of the great escape. —NANCY NAGLIN

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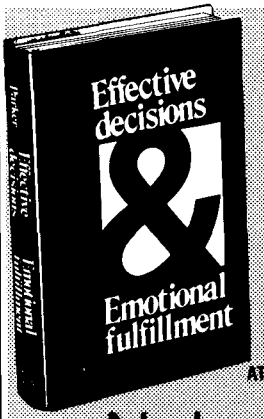

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By Rolland S. Parker

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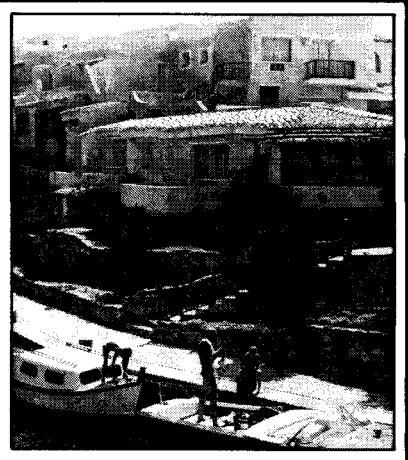

In sixth century B.C., no Greek city lived in a manner more grand than did the citizens of Sybaris. Today's Sybarites find their own high style in scattered corners of the planet—on an atoll in the British Virgins, on the coast of Sardinia, in a remote enclave of Hawaii. They ride *Concordes*, sail the sea in duplex suites, view African animals from a balloon. Where they go, and how they travel—as well as a historical reflection of the original colony that gave them their name—is the theme of *SR*'s summer travel section.

DON'T MISS:

Sybarites

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May 27, 1978

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FINE PRINT

The Familiar Virtues of an Old-fashioned Novel

by Doris Grumbach

WE OFTEN TALK about the old-fashioned novel, a genre that has all but disappeared from the lists of quality fiction. What we mean by the term is a storytelling novel, peopled with characters who are quickly established in our minds: No ambiguity exists about what is happening or who is acting or why. The old-fashioned novelist tells us everything he knows about his story, and it is usually enough to satisfy our curiosity. His narrative has a beginning, a middle, and an end that strikes the reader as both inevitable and complete. Old-fashioned fiction is "well-made," to use a term often applied to the plays of the French dramatist Sardou.

Ward Just writes this kind of novel and has apprenticed himself to his craft in the traditional way. Like Dreiser and Crane and Hemingway, Just was a journalist who stopped filing stories to write them and then went on to novels. *A Family Trust* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $8.95) is his latest, fully realized old-fashioned novel. It remains to be seen whether he can restore our taste for its special kind of pleasure.

A Family Trust has all the outward signs of its tradition. It is set in the small midwestern town of Dement, Illinois, where it remains with only occasional forays to the East—for all its considerable length. The family chronicle begins in 1953 with the funeral of Amos Rising, the founder of the town's newspaper, the *Intelligencer*, affectionately called the "I." At the funeral, we are given the thoughts of Amos's longtime friend and lawyer, Elliott Townsend. Through Townsend's recapitulation of the situation Amos has left behind, we meet Rising's heirs: sons Charles, Mitch, and Tony; his faithful friends; and his granddaughter, Dana. And then, having drawn a long arc in time, backward and forward, the book ends 20 years later with Townsend in his last days.

The narrative often moves slowly, almost ponderously—though it is always very thorough in detail—as it goes through three generations. The novel has at least three "heroes": the newspaper itself; the town of Dement, fighting against the advances of progress and development; and the Rising family, held together for a while by Amos's powerful conservative dicta until without the founder's unilateral vision, it finally disintegrates. A fourth hero is perhaps the individualistic Middle West, holding out against the little foxes of commerce and the blandishments of the corporate East.

The essential conservatism of the heroes makes *A Family Trust* a story of American values in the tradition of the early twentieth-century American novel. Its moral roots are strong, and the reader finds himself on the side of Amos Rising and Dement and furiously opposed to the evils of encroaching Chicago, its "aggression, its heat and energy and money." We pull along with Townsend and Amos for small-town honor and virtue: "So he and Amos had blocked the highway and caused a strict zoning code to be written. They'd brought suit against a Chicago group seeking to establish a television station in Dement, and had won. He and Amos, they looked on themselves as regents of a principality under permanent siege from powerful neighbors." Against all logic we find ourselves hoping that Charles (the son who's taken over the *Intelligencer*) will not sell the paper to outside interests and that Dana (the novel's beautiful and intelligent heroine) will somehow give up her unconventional life as a New York editor and take on the running of the paper. But of course it cannot be. The old order is defeated, the town has been permanently invaded by development and big business. The picturesque old bog becomes a housing development, and the newspaper loses its independence.

I have called *A Family Trust* old-fashioned. It is, not only in form and in character but also in its defense of the old American virtues—decency, honesty, smallness, independence, faithfulness to family, trust in friends, and patriotism for town and country. These things are past worrying about: For many of us the battle has long since been lost. For towns like Dement, the war against ugliness and bigness is over, but we can enjoy accounts of the battle in novels like Ward Just's.

You may remember Josh Greenfeld's story of his supposedly autistic son, Noah, written six years ago. In his new book, *A Place for Noah* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $10), Greenfeld lets us read the journal he has kept about Noah since that earlier account. It resembles the first book in tone; so honest, it hurts to read it. As Greenfeld strives for an understanding of and a sympathy for his eleven-year-old severely brain-damaged and thus retarded child (at last the Greenfelds face the fact that their son is not autistic—the euphemism some unhappy parents cling to in order not to face the less acceptable truth—but retarded), he bares his hidden thoughts: "Eventually there will be euthanasia for children like Noah. After abortions, the killing of the very young, and gerontocide... it's the next logical step, if one believes in a domino theory of societal morality. And I do."

Noah is a beautiful young boy, as unteachable as his brother, Karl, is exceptionally bright. But as he grows into his teens, his personal, obsessive habits become offensive to his mother and father, and he becomes very irascible and less attractive. Yet the journal ends on an affirmative note: Despite moments of despair and thoughts of putting Noah away, even of killing him—all understandable human responses—Greenfeld knows he "can never kill the dream that is my son." You will not be able to prevent yourself from being profoundly moved by Noah and his remarkable father. ◉

Wit Twister No. 116
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 100.

His__ __ __ __ __are ended.
Drowned the sailor lies,

Last of his __ __ __ __ __,
beneath gray foreign skies—

His unmourned grave a __ __ __
__ __of tide-washed shale

Marked by a __ __ __ __ __
and tatters of sail. A.S.

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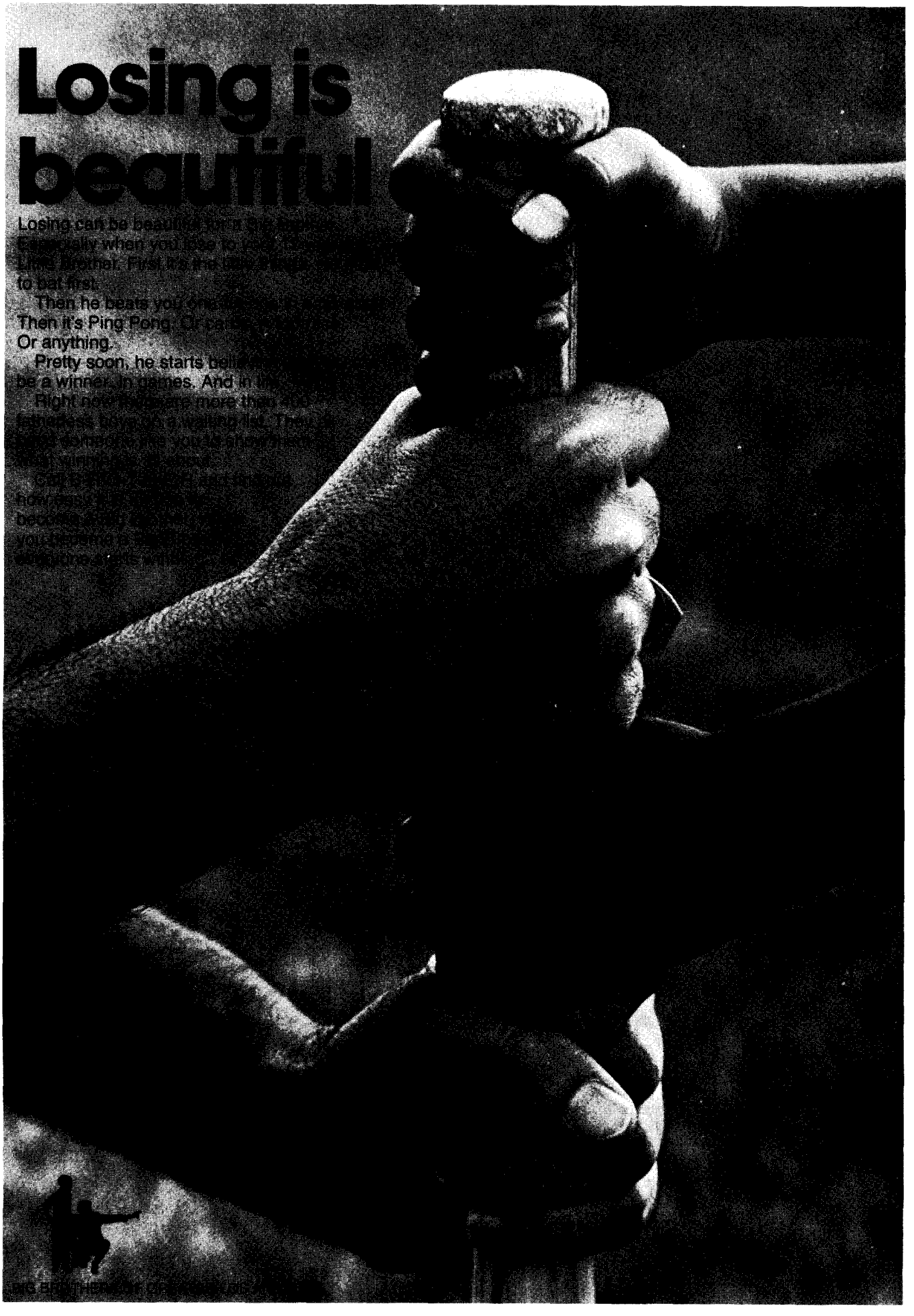

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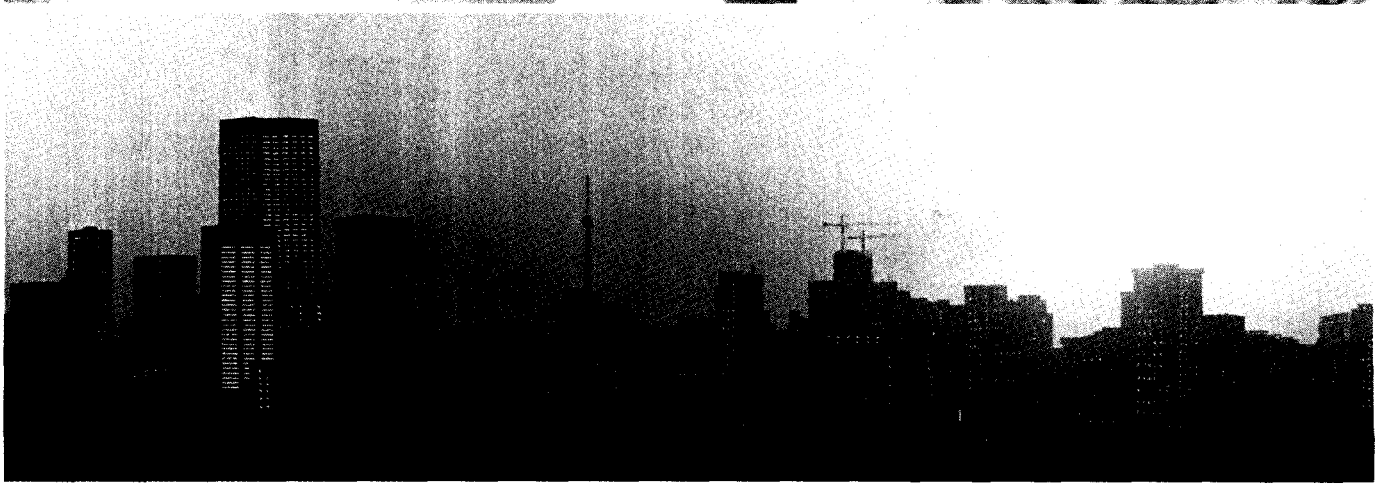

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TRADE WINDS

by William Cole

His Best Of

Karl Shapiro, born in 1913, is of the same generation as Lowell and Roethke. He has taught at various universities all his life and was from 1950 to 1956 editor of the then prestigious *Poetry* magazine. In 1945 he won a Pulitzer Prize for *V-Letter and Other Poems* and was awarded, with John Berryman, the Bollinger Prize in 1969. Now we have his *Collected Poems 1940–1977* (Random House, $15), which contains poems he has selected from his earlier 16 volumes as well as 15 new poems. I've always admired his books, with the exception of *The Bourgeois Poet* (1964), in which he dropped into prose poetry, one of my pet dislikes. Here's a recent poem, a tribute to Eliot, titled "T.S.E.":

Coming slowly down the aisle,
Mounting the podium with baronial tread,
Very solemn and slightly stooped,
As if in awe of his stupendous stature,
The responsibility which he has created,
The hush he has summoned,
He carries his poems in two slim volumes,
Holding them lightly in one hand
And touched by the fingers of the other hand,
Sensing rather than carrying his books,
His mythic poetry that has stunned the world.

Improvs

Ours could be called the Age of the Interview. Everybody's being interviewed, not just on TV but in magazines and books. Take *Something Wonderful Right Away: An Oral History of the Second City and the Compass Players*, by Jeffrey Sweet (Avon/Discus, $2.95 paper). Improvisational theater, or improvs, as actors call it, was a Chicago-based movement—a contemporary version of the commedia dell'arte—in which the actors would walk out on the stage and wing it from a loose scenario posted backstage each night. From improvs came such luminaries as Mike Nichols, Elaine May, Barbara Harris, Joan Rivers, Alan Arkin, Robert Klein, Gilda Radner, and the largely unheralded masters, Severn Darden and Tony Holland. It was mostly comedy; for example, a couple of actors would be onstage pretending they were an advertising agency. They'd get audience suggestions for products, and as one of the interviewees in the book puts it:

Severn was backstage for the first part of the scene, and after we'd kicked the audience's product around for a little while, he would come in, playing the head of the agency. We'd all get very obsequious and grovel a lot. He would always come out with a product idea in addition to the audience's that was even more outré. For instance, an olive the size of a watermelon, and he'd say, "I don't think we're going to have any problem selling this, but packaging may give us trouble." There was another time when he came onstage with a soft drink or something and said, "We're going to have a little bit of a problem with this one because our scientists have discovered that it's pretty addicting." And I came up with the campaign—free samples.

Don't Want to Go

Some people say reading expands your horizons. Funny, sometimes it works just the opposite for me. I've read books that make me not want to go to India, Antarctica, or Egypt. And now that I've just finished *Caravansary: Alone in Moslem Places*, a handsome photo-text by Richard de Combray (Doubleday, $12), I fervently don't want to drop in on the Arab countries. They're hot, uncomfortable, unsanitary, beggar-ridden, and have incomprehensible customs. Here's the richest (oil) man in the world talking to an interviewer: "'You must understand,' he says after 10 minutes, 'by spending the time talking to you instead of doing business on the phone, I'm losing about a million dollars.'" De Combray has a keen journalistic eye (and is a fine photographer). Here's a word picture of a scene in Casablanca:

We walked quickly past the hotel's new boutiques where kaftans cost, I noticed, a local month's wages and then some. Soon we were on the streets that were barely paved, outlined by torn and shredded buildings. A line of five blind men walked uncertainly around a corner, with detached dignity while everyone else hurried along. Their voices as they chanted *"Allah"* in unison were harsh and guttural. Each of them thrust out a tin plate and withdrew it, thrusting it out again in a tragic parody of a chorus line.

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 105

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 101.

F K V Z S D V S X N Z V N
N S K Z O F O S K O L U L -
W E S O Z O K U L H D R -
S W K Z K C L K O .

— F C U W S R D L W O N
X N Z O S N S F R

Big Do

There's a growing tradition that once a year the book world dolls itself up in black tie and flowing gown and has a deluxe party. Last year, the Literary Guild had their gala fiftieth anniversary (which I misreported here as their seventy-fifth—dope!), and this year, in late February, Delacorte celebrated the publication of James Jones's last book, *Whistle*, with a big do in the huge Seventh Regiment mess and lounge at the Sixty-seventh Street Armory. Featured attraction was *people*. Among the 300, I spotted Norman Mailer with his lady friend Norris Church (enceinte with his eighth child), Kurt Vonnegut, Joseph Heller, Woody Allen (no dinner jacket for *him*), Shirley MacLaine, Lauren Bacall, Tom Wolfe, Walter Cronkite, Ralph Ellison, Wilfrid Sheed, Irwin Shaw, George Plimpton, and William Styron, whose long-awaited new novel, *Sophie's Choice*, is all but finished—Random House has 800 pages in manuscript. Doubleday's newest editor, Jacqueline Onassis, was there, and I overheard someone say, "Golly, she's beautiful! And look how far apart her eyes are set! You could fit a silver dollar between them." To which another guest replied, "And she's sure got the silver dollar!"

As is usual at these fetes, photographers were working incredibly hard, jostling and snapping like madmen. I jokingly said to Tom Victor as he was changing film, "Who *are* all these people?" To which he replied, "I wish I didn't know." ◉

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SATURDAY REVIEW: PLEASURES

Baseball's Beleaguered Bowie Kuhn

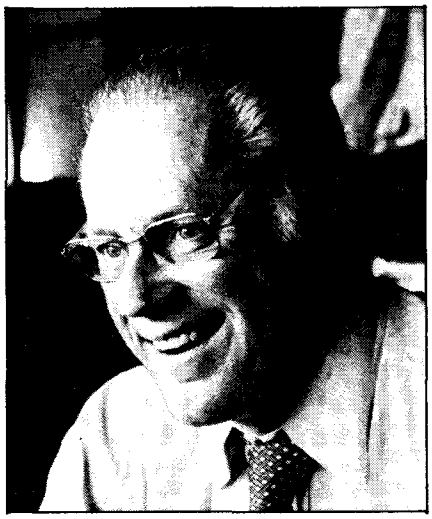
by Jonathan Evan Maslow

AT LAST, baseball season is upon us. Any afternoon now, we'll be sitting around, mad at the world or dejected or bored, when suddenly we'll begin to feel that epiphany of early summer: the first emerging patterns of a new baseball campaign. For a brief interlude we are all analytical geniuses, for the great thing about baseball is that it's so complicated nothing is ever decided in a day. It takes all 162 games of summer for the truth to out, and during that sweet time we've all got as much right to manage the game as—well, as baseball commissioner Bowie Kuhn, for example.

Baseball has changed as much off the field as it has stayed the same on it. Now, the free-agent market makes it possible for any club with cash to correct instantly its faults. A strong players' union has brought professionalism and salaries so high that dentists' mothers must sometimes wonder if they steered their sons wrong. The media take us within the very bunions of our favorite players. And what was once a game that even sportswriters could understand has evolved into a maelstrom of multimillion-dollar deals, lawsuits, marketing, expansion, personnel management, domes, Astroturf, and elbow X rays.

Presiding over these new environmental hazards is Commissioner Kuhn. For the last 10 years, while the national pastime passed through the gauntlet of modernization, Kuhn has been the man in the hot seat. Not surprisingly, one result is that both press and fans love to hate the baseball commissioner, who can't go out there with a bat and defend himself like Rod Carew. But, of course, press and fans aren't alone: Of all the commissioners of major sports, King Kuhn is the most beleaguered by the owner-nobles who pay his salary.

If the owners aren't plotting in some dark saloon to depose him, as the Texas Rangers' Brad Corbett has been attempting to do lately, they're dragging him into court, as the Oakland Athletics' Charles Finley does regularly. If they're not intimating that Kuhn has ruined public confidence in the game, as the Cincinatti Reds' Bob Howsam did after Kuhn prevented the Reds from buying Vida Blue, they're announcing, as San Diego Padres' Ray Kroc did the other day, that "the commissioner should be fired."



Wide World

Commissioner Kuhn—"We are still kicking his elusive image."

Who is this solitary figure intervening in owners' horse trading, this lawyer behind the wire-rimmed glasses and the forced Prussian smile, this overseer with a knack for incurring the wrath of the cantankerous owners, who bank the profits? Who is this man, a puzzle to so many of the millions who turned out last year to watch the sport he has done much to preserve?

Nine years after Kuhn's unanimous election as baseball commissioner, we are still kicking his elusive image. He is an extraordinarily opaque man, always speaking in those careful on-the-one-hand-this, on-the-other-hand-that phrases so typical of the corporate attorney. He never displays anger. He sometimes goes into hiding. To quote Balzac, "He thinks no small beer of himself ... and has as much pride as two new-made counts."

But Kuhn possesses a mind so Cartesian that he gives the impression of having had every last drop of unruly passion drained out. If only once he would shout, "I hate that sonofabitch Finley, and I wish he were dead!" we would all feel a lot better about him. But no. As with the best-paid of our legal minds, he is technically faultless. His commitment to the "integrity" of baseball and the commissioner's office conjures up a vision of justice untempered by mercy. After an hour spent interviewing Kuhn recently, I came away with the odd feeling that I'd just applied for a bank loan—and been turned down.

I suppose baseball's owners weren't particularly interested in the state of Kuhn's emotional development when they chose him. By 1969, baseball was under severe strain. The major leagues were still run on the antiquated notion that all an owner needed to do was open his stadium gates in April, and the grateful public would flood in. But expansion to 24 clubs had thinned the talent, while television was killing off the minor leagues. St. Louis center fielder Curt Flood had bravely decided to make a court test of the reserve clause, that ancient option of owners to renew their players' contracts in perpetuity. Add to this the fact that the owners were scared to death that Congress would remove baseball's exemption from the antitrust laws, and you have a fair idea of why these besieged plutocrats fired Kuhn's predecessor, retired air force general Spike Eckert, who was very good at throwing out the first ball of the season. In short, the team owners did what most of us do when the situation gets out of control: They hired a lawyer.

Bowie Kuhn (pronounced "Boo-ey Kewn") comes from a distinguished Washington family, with three state governors branching off from the family tree. He was always nuts about baseball, but the scions of leading Washington families just don't grow up to be ballplayers. And besides, Bowie was a klutz: "I would have loved to become a baseball player, but I couldn't hit or field or throw or run."

Instead, Kuhn followed the WASP's warpath to Princeton and the University of Virginia Law School and emerged looking for work as a baseball lawyer. He found the ideal spot in the Washington office of Willkie, Farr, and Gallagher, the Wall Street firm that has handled the National League's legal affairs since 1936. After only 20 years' servitude, Kuhn came to head the owners' side in contract negotiations with the Major League Baseball Players Association. Those who sat on the opposite side of the bargaining table say he exuded the air of a stern patrician father. "Bowie was very condescending to us," recalls one of the player-negotiators. "He had this attitude of 'I'm a lawyer, and you're only a ballplayer; therefore I know what's best.' He'd get angry, but

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he'd never lose his temper. He was always a master at cutting you down with a cold remark."

With the National and American leagues locked in one of their endless factional disputes when they tried to select the new commissioner, Dodger owner Walter O'Malley came forward with Kuhn's name. O'Malley is the Midas of baseball, and his influence with the other owners stands in direct proportion to the gold he's accumulated since moving the Dodgers to Chavez Ravine. O'Malley saw Kuhn as the astute mouthpiece who could keep profits up by keeping player salaries and legal costs down in the dawning age of baseball litigation.

As the new commissioner, Kuhn moved swiftly to assert his autonomy from the owners. He made the rounds of the spring training camps, telling the players that he wanted to be considered *their* commissioner. The players were flabbergasted. As Steve Hamilton, a former Yankee pitcher, recalls, "He told us, 'Look, I didn't want to be commissioner, but the owners elected me, and I'm going to do the best job I can.' We honestly believed he had baseball's best interest at heart, but then he started peppering his speech with locker room language. The guys all sat there with their mouths open as if to say, 'Hey, what's with this guy?' He used profanity to show us he was just one of the guys. It was pretty demeaning."

Kuhn played a disastrous monkey-in-the-middle role in the fight over baseball's reserve clause. On the one hand, he conceded that "the time for modifications is overdue." On the other, he defended the faith, insisting that the reserve clause was "reasonable and necessary." When the Supreme Court decided in 1972 to let the reserve clause stand, Kuhn had some time to work out a peaceful solution. He might have imposed reform; he might have been fired, too. (At times, Kuhn has shrewdly put personal survival above principle. Among reform-minded bureaucrats, this is standard operating procedure: While the "process" is resolving the "issue," the successful infighter lies low to live on and fight another day.)

In 1970, Kuhn had facilitated a bargaining agreement by which player contract disputes are submitted to binding arbitration. So when no progress was made on the reserve clause dispute by 1974, the players turned the new arbitration process against the owners. Andy Messersmith and Dave McNally took their free-agent case to the arbitration panel. And the reserve clause gasped its last. Unfortunately, Kuhn could claim no real credit for the freedom of baseball players. He could only take the rap for having sold the owners on arbitration.

In the aftermath of the free-agent draft, Kuhn's considerable weight has been thrown into his precedent-setting interventions in big-money player deals. Simply by his activism in this area, Kuhn has come to tower over the other sports commissioners. Basketball commissioner Lawrence O'Brien, for example, is expressly forbidden from intervening in trades. Football commissioner Pete Rozelle, a public relations man by profession and instinct, knows better than to get involved in them.

Kuhn first intervened in this area to stop A's owner Finley from selling three of his stars: Joe Rudi and Rollie Fingers (to the Boston Red Sox) and Vida Blue (to the Yankees). The commissioner's concern, very proper, in my opinion, was that Finley was eviscerating his franchise for fun and profit at the fans' expense. Kuhn has relied on his sweeping power to "act in the best interest of baseball," a power first extended to Judge Landis in the chaotic wake of the 1919 Black Sox scandal. There is little question that baseball's bylaws give the commissioner dictatorial powers. The only problem is that when he tries to use them, the owners are likely to suffer fits. There's an innate conflict when a commissioner who theoretically has unlimited power over team owners also serves at their behest.

In any case, the numerous Kuhn haters in the sporting press don't see past the supposed Kuhn-Finley vendetta to the important issues involved. And in truth, the two men often seem like the fantasy of a tabloid sports editor hungry for hot copy—Finley the egomaniacal old showman masquerading as the honest entrepreneur versus Kuhn the egomaniacal monarch masquerading as the cool corporate manager. To Finley and friends, dismantling a championship team is in the grand old tradition of private enterprise baseball. Connie Mack twice gutted his champion Philadelphia Athletics, and the Red Sox sold Babe Ruth to the Yankees, which amounted to the same thing.

However, Kuhn told me, "Judge Landis did nothing to stop those deals because the philosophy of the country at that time was laissez-faire. Maybe that was all right when you didn't have competition from other sports or national broadcasting or a powerful players' union or any of the complications of modern baseball. But being standoffish isn't practical any longer. What you need today is a commissioner with enough integrity to work closely with the clubs on administrative matters and then when needed be a disciplinarian."

Although Kuhn is right when he says that uninhibited buying and selling of players would hurt competition between teams, his political justification is eight centuries too late. A certain group of English nobles got the Magna Carta signed precisely because you can't trust a king as both lawgiver and law administrator.

This inherent conflict between Kuhn the impartial ruler and Kuhn the political animal arose when Finley tried to depose the commissioner at the owners' 1975 summer meeting. The swing vote was the Yankees', who were miffed at Kuhn for suspending Yankee owner George Steinbrenner after his Nixon campaign contribution conviction. Kuhn and Steinbrenner had never been friends. Nevertheless, the Yankee owner had been punished in the "real world," and the suspension smacked of double jeopardy. O'Malley, always Kuhn's strongest pillar of support, led the counterattack against Finley's rebellion. And after a furious night of telephone calls, the Yankees finally shifted back into the pro-Kuhn column. "No deals have been made," claimed the commissioner. But after a decent interval, Mr. Kuhn quietly reinstated Mr. Steinbrenner. (The awkward thing about this commissioner's commitment to integrity is that it doesn't always pass the consistency test. Ultimately, this is why Kuhn looks like a tyrant when he purports to act fairly.)

Yet it cannot be said that Commissioner Kuhn hasn't had the luck of the draw, if only because under him baseball has been played more beautifully than ever and because Americans have responded with tremendous affection for the national pastime. This year promises to be every bit as good as last—two strong Chicago franchises, Philadelphia's batting power, Pittsburgh's running game, Cincinnati's perfectionism, the Dodgers' mutual esteem, the Red Sox' fence swinging, the Royals' feistiness, and the Yankees' feuds. The players, now assured of fair treatment, are performing with greater vigor and artistry, while the fans have maintained a sophisticated knowledge of baseball unknown in other sports. The baseball commissioner can schedule the World Series for freezing October nights to keep the TV networks happy. But what can he do to spoil Reggie Jackson's home runs? ●

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OH, CUISINE!

Confessions of a Deli Freak

by Mordecai Richler

Montreal

THE ONLY THING first-class about too many people who fly that way is their ticket. Similarly, one of the greatest joys of eating in a four-star restaurant—often oppressively elegant, the menu intimidating, the waiters insufferably condescending—is being able to afford it in the first place. People come home from Paris and tell you they've been to Lasserre or Au Grand Véfour not to recount what they ate, nervously wondering if they were sweet-talked into the wrong wine, but to brag about what it all cost. Look at me, I'm a gourmet.

This is not to say that I haven't got a list of my own favorite restaurants in London, Paris, or Rome but to confess that at heart I remain a delicatessen freak. Set me down in the center of any of these cities, spin me around three times, and I will track down the best delicatessen in town. Where the gefilte fish comes to you steaming and smelling of spices, not counter-cold and hard as concrete. Where the horseradish brings tears to your eyes. Where fleets of fat do not sail the surface of the chicken soup. Where the chopped liver is moist and garnished with dripping golden onions fried just right in chicken fat. And where the waiters, their aprons grimy, their manner gruff, treat you like an interloper until you have proved yourself at least their equal: a *mensch*. Alas, such delicatessens—not tarted up with chrome or banquettes or waitresses in miniskirts—the real hard-core stuff, are swiftly disappearing. Traditional Jewish food, admittedly heavy, has become unfashionable. Why, go even to an Orthodox bar mitzvah today, and you are no longer tempted with fattening but nifty little knishes, stuffed chicken neck, or other cherished delicacies. Instead, you are offered sickeningly sweet Chinese goo, glazed sardines on pulpy white bread, and, God help us, Protestant celery sticks.

Chicago, as far as I can make out, no longer has a proper delicatessen. The ones in Beverly Hills are strictly for Reform Jews, those who also find joy in father-and-son breakfasts at the temple. Even in New York, New York, I have been unable to find the real stuff. It seems to be the same in Paris these days; and in London, Isow's, of blessed memory, has been closed for five years.

So I am pleased to report that the presently troubled city of Montreal, possibly best known for its fine French restaurants, boasts what I take to be the best deli in North America. I speak of Schwartz's, also known as the Montreal Hebrew Delicatessen.

An experienced delicatessen freak, incidentally, can recognize a proper place even before sampling its fare. To begin with, the place is in or not far from the garment district. There is no neon sign outside or soft-cushioned chairs inside. Neither is there a maître d' or a hostess with impossibly long false eyelashes to hand you an eight-page menu from which tassles hang. The floor is bare, there are no tablecloths. The waiters, unshaven, cigarettes dangling from their lips, have been working in the same place for years and can slow their usual frenzied pace to a crawl if they don't appreciate your manners. Furthermore, there are no reservations, no lingering over coffee. First come, first served, eat and out. Somebody else is waiting for the table.

Ah, Schwartz's, out there on the bounding Main, next door to ABC Remnants and Dry Goods, across the street from L. Berson and Son's funeral monuments. Schwartz's fulfills all these exacting requirements. And its windows are crammed with jars of scarlet banana peppers that promise to scorch. Salamis rock on a rack. Karnatzeles drier than the Sahara hang from strings. There are also trays of smoked turkeys and geese, sweating fat. And mounds of succulent red smoked briskets, encrusted with spices.

Smoked meat, I should explain to the uninitiated, is not to be confused with pastrami or British salt beef any more than you would mistake beluga caviar for British Columbia salmon roe. Smoked meat is infinitely spicier, squirting juice on the first bite. It is also peculiar to Montreal. And though available in all our delicatessens, even in many supermarkets—as it has come to be adored by French Canadians throughout the province—it is nowhere as good as at Schwartz's. The variety of smoked meat served exclusively at Schwartz's is pickled for 10 days in vats upstairs from the restaurant and then smoked in the kitchen for seven hours, and its exact ingredients are kept a secret.

When I was a boy, sandwiches cost 10 cents each, and when the price zoomed to two for a quarter, my father, outraged and wondering what the world was coming to, swore off for a week. Now the sandwiches, still incredibly thick, I'm glad to say, cost $1.50 apiece at Schwartz's—and they are a bargain at the price.

Schwartz's is open until 1 A.M. on most nights, until 3 A.M. on Saturday nights, and seems to be crammed with people whatever the hour. Bejeweled ladies and their escorts fresh from a ball at the Ritz are ensconced at the same table as laborers in parkas coming off a late shift. And only a five-minute ride away, on 263 St.. Viateur, is our one and only bagel factory, open seven days a week and 24 hours on Friday and Saturday. ◉

Mordecai Richler, a Canadian novelist, is the author of The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz.

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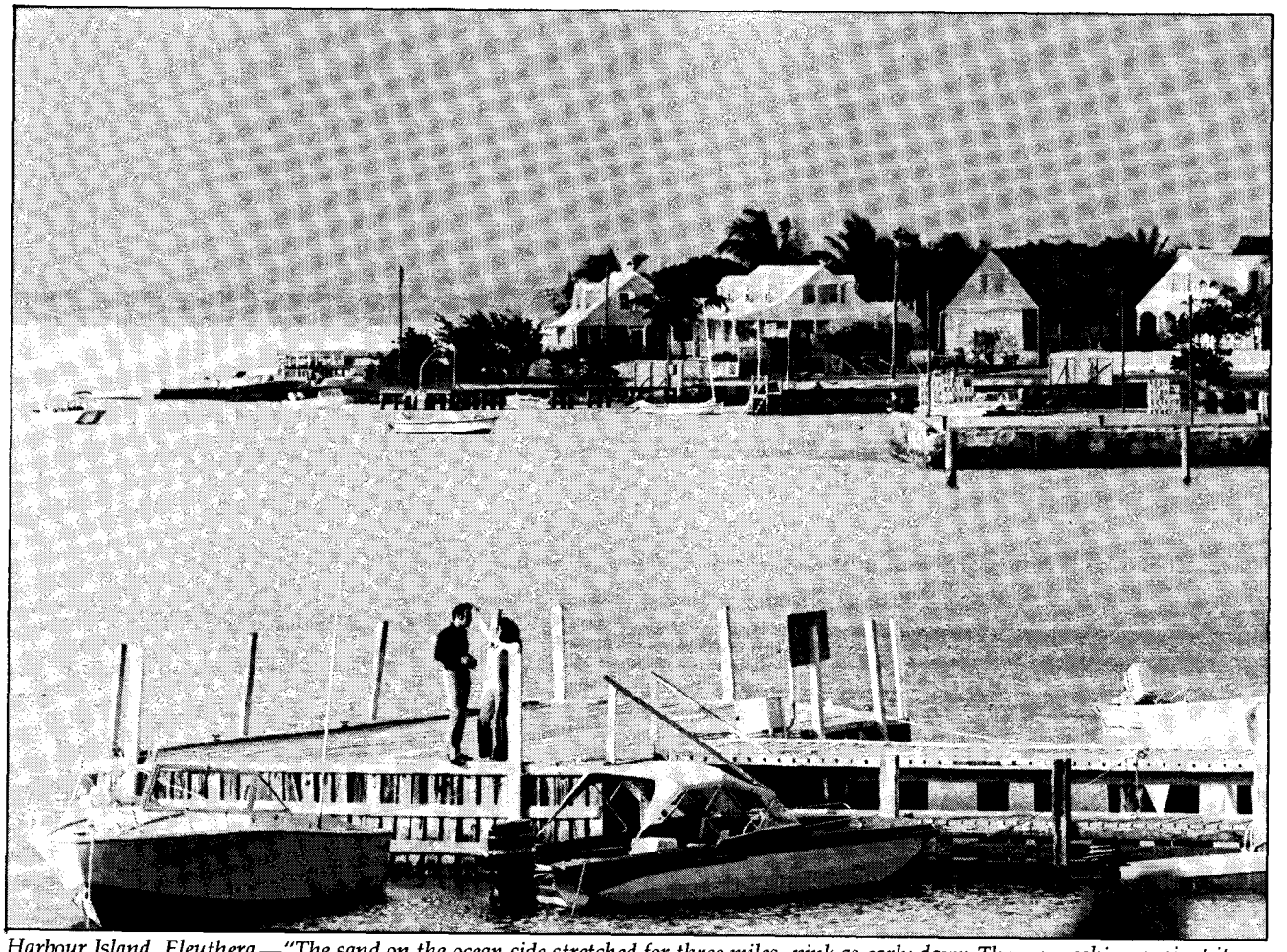
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

A Bahamian Harbor in the Pink

by Horace Sutton



Harbour Island, Eleuthera—"The sand on the ocean side stretched for three miles, pink as early dawn. The sea washing against it was turquoise, aquamarine, azure, and a dozen mutations in between."

CONSIDERING how the fourth earl of Dunmore, John Murray, treated the people we today call the patriots, it is a wonder any American sets foot in the town that was named for him, a settlement in an obscure backwater in a hard-to-get-to nook in the Bahamas.

To arrive in Dunmore Town, which is on Harbour Island, off the north end of a loose thread of an island called Eleuthera, one must book a seat on Bahamasair, the local line, for the 20-minute ride from Nassau flying over Six Shilling Cays and landing on the strip at North Eleuthera, one of three airports served on that island. Taxis wait there to convey the visitor to a wharf where a motley set of motorized craft that would have been disdained by an evacuee at Dunkirk wait to transport body and baggage across the two-mile expanse of bay.

The *African Queen*, to which I was directed—possibly the original used in the 1951 film with Bogart and Hepburn—piled the baggage on its roof, the passengers on its deck. With ominous black smoke pouring out of the wheelhouse and hanging like stygian mustard gas in the open cabin, in utter defiance of the winds, the *Queen* began its chug across the water.

Much to my astonishment it got to the opposite shore, whereupon the bearded Bahamian mariner who was its captain extracted $2 from each passenger. Dunmore Town, where he put us ashore, is lined with homes of northern expatriates—winter expatriates, really—although one harborside manor is called Loyalist House because it has survived from the time when the colonists who were true to George III fled the colonies after Cornwallis gave up his sword at Yorktown. Impelled by the political impudence of the revolutionaries rather than by the intolerable weather, these expatriates brought with them their slaves and their techniques for growing cotton.

The social life at Harbour Island—if it wasn't as much of a whirl as that of the Carolina plantations—was assured by the presence of Governor Lord Dunmore, who maintained a summer residence there. The residents were flattered enough to name the town for him.

Dunmore was less popular in Virginia, where he had found the colonial assembly breeding revolutionary sentiments and so had it dissolved for three years, beginning in 1772. In the spring of '75, with the dogwood in

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blossom, Dunmore ordered a party of marines to invade the munitions store at Williamsburg and to seize the colony's powder supply. It is an event that was replayed in 1975 at Colonial Williamsburg—the discovery of the theft, the rallying of the militia, and the ignition of an armed uprising that sent Dunmore scurrying for cover on a British warship.

The Scottish nobleman was not done. He proclaimed that the slaves of the colonists were free and could join the British cause. He incited the Indians to strike. Beaten in a battle outside Norfolk on New Year's Day 1776, however, Dunmore, in a fit of pique, ordered his ships to bombard Norfolk, an attack that set the city afire. By July of independence year, he was back in England but showed up again in the New World in 1787 to begin a 9-year stay as governor of the Bahamas.

Harbour Islanders, many of them loyalists of prominence, slurred the name of their chosen homeland so that in time they became known as Brilanders, all other intervening vowels and consonants having been discarded. Brilanders were famous, as were those craftsmen on Man o War Cay, as shipbuilders. Before the eighteenth century had run out, they had built a 58-foot privateer carrying 10 cannons and half a hundred men. Stealing the goods out of foreign ships was a forerunner to the more respectable calling of foreign trade. Brilanders built ships for that, too.

Much of the Bahamas archipelago, which stretches for 750 miles east and south of Florida, is scruffy, sandy soil. But patches of Eleuthera are arable, and Queen Victoria, in her time, gave commonage land to those who lived here or were born here. If they worked it, they could use it. Today, pineapple farms and tomato farms produce bountiful crops in the 6,000 acres of Eleuthera that Brilanders hold in commonage.

The largest ship ever built in the Bahamas, a four master of nearly 700 tons, went down the ways at Harbour Island in 1922, but World War II put an end to shipbuilding. Late in the 1940s, the tourist explosion that had been detonated at the war's end finally reached Eleuthera, which had been settled in earliest colonial times by the Eleutherian Adventurers, émigrés from England seeking freedom.

Now there were other wayfarers poking about the islands—these searching for a respite from northern winters, for hours on the sand, for a swim in the sea. Harbour Island had all of that. The sand on the ocean side stretched for three miles, pink as early dawn. The sea washing against it was turquoise, aquamarine, azure, and a dozen mutations in between. Great houses went up, owned by assorted people—a prominent New York banker; a Livanos shipping heir who built not only a home but an airstrip. One large waterfront *estancia*, a six-bedroom manse called Blue Ruin, is now on the market for $365,000.

The old houses—built, bought, or restored—are strung along the bay. The small hotels that were to come in the last quarter century were the first to look to the magnificence of the beach that on anybody's list is easily one of the world's best. Harbour Island in its entirety is three-and-a-half miles long and a half mile wide. Virtually all of its shoreline on the ocean side is a wide carpet of pink talcum.

It is fitting—almost inescapable—that the first major hotel on Harbour

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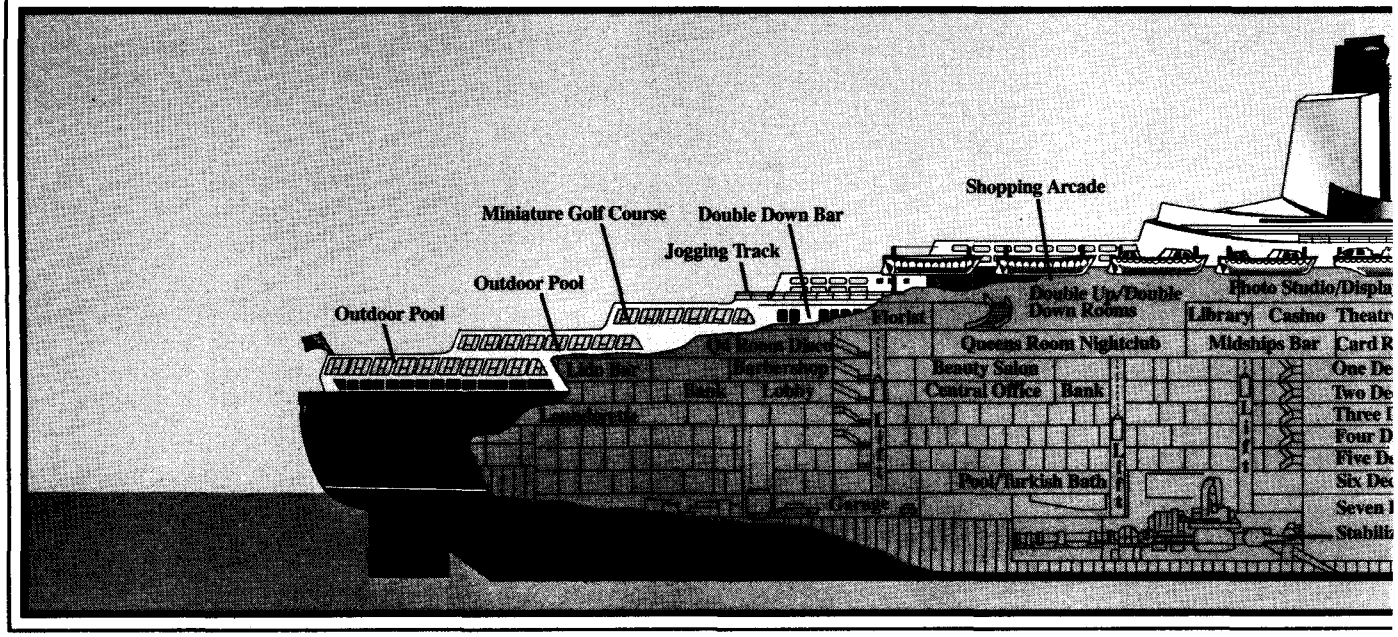

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Island should have called itself Pink Sands. Opened by Allan Malcolm in the early Fifties, it is a collection of cottages sprinkled along the ridge above the beach. It has exactly 99 adult beds whose occupants need not leave them for breakfast. Maids come to put on the coffee and fix the eggs. Lunch and dinner are served in a big,openside plantation house. There is no bar, but drinks flow from a dispensary alongside the office and library. To keep up with the tilt toward tennis, the Malcolms have built three courts.

Life on the full American plan, that is, three meals a day, costs $55 per person in the high winter season, $10 less than that after mid-April. There is no air conditioning, and in the dead of summer, when the rate descends, only beachfront cottages are used.

Malcolm's immediate neighbor is Brett King, wartime and peacetime aviator, movie actor, and television performer. King's father, a pioneer flier, retired to the Bahamas and began to piece together the property that is known now as Coral Sands. He planned a hotel, but he died before it was finished, and Brett took leave of the cameras to come down and finish it. Today, Coral Sands has 33 rooms built in modified motel style. The extraction here is from $50 to $60 a day for the room, plus $16 per person on a modified American plan, that is, two meals a day. As with all hotel rooms, the government slaps on a tax of $1 per day per person, and the management adds 10 percent—the going rate—for tipping. Sailboats, rowboats, snorkeling gear, and tennis (one court) are free. So are conversations with Brett, who flew 134 combat missions in pursuit planes over Africa and Italy. Coming home with a Distinguished Flying Cross and a Purple Heart, he spent some tune-up time with the American Theater Wing, then all at once was offered a part in *South Pacific* and another in *Mr. Roberts*, both early postwar Broadway efforts. At the same time, MGM tested King and invited him to Hollywood. He went west to make *Battleground*, with Van Johnson and the late John Hodiak, *Flying Leathernecks*, with John Wayne, and a dozen other films. Stills from his films hang in the hotel lobby along with scenes from a variety of *Gunsmokes*, *Wagon Trains*, and *Dragnets*.

Brett still flies, still wears an aviator-style baseball cap, a bright scarlet version with scrambled eggs of gold braid on the beak. He also spices up the staid Harbour Island proceedings every year with a skydivers meet. The parachutters jump from 10,000 feet, carrying tennis racquets and suitcases in what King calls a vertical check-in. They land on the beach in front of his hotel.

Down on the bay, a former hospital administrator named John Valentine gave up fox hunting and horse racing in Virginia to open a combination yacht club and inn. The Valentines have built 21 compact units clustered around a pool. A tennis court has been put down behind the pool, leaving room for a breadfruit tree that summons recollections of Captain Bligh's mission to the South Pacific. Deep-sea fishing boats leave from Valentine's dock for dolphin, marlin, tuna, kingfish, and big grouper. Some days there are island picnics with grouper roasting slowly over coconut husks and pine boughs. On weekday afternoons, cocktails and conch fritters are served on the Sundowner's Terrace, where, indeed, the sun goes down behind the harbor as it did, obligingly, for Lord Dunmore two centuries ago. ●

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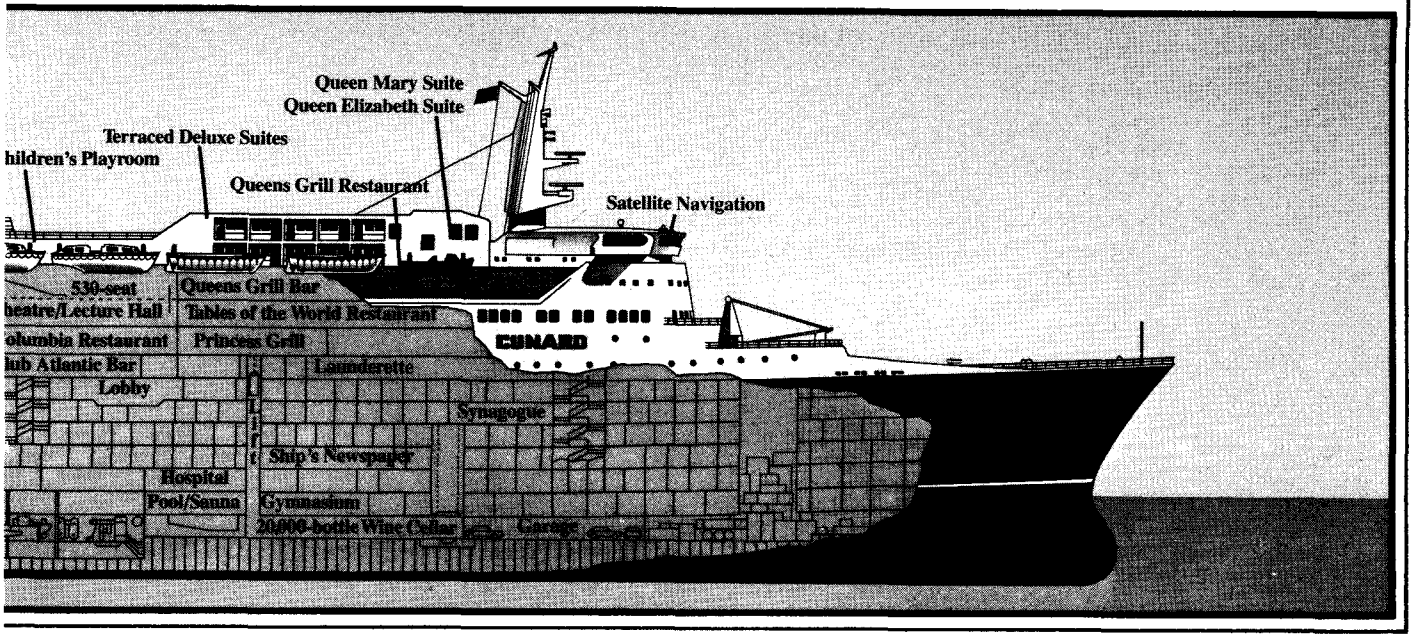

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SATURDAY REVIEW: OUTLOOKS

Notes from the Blue Coast

by Anthony Burgess

FIRST, composition of place, as Ignatius of Loyola and James Joyce enjoined, and how, by the way, are those two getting on, wherever they are? My place is the Côte d'Azur, and my particular spot on it is Monaco, a tiny principality graced by an ennobled movie star and haunted by the ghost of a Greek shipowner. Monaco has two hills and a valley. On one hill, Monaco-ville, is the palace; on the other, Monte Carlo, is the Casino. The valley is called La Condamine, and here, in an apartment high on rue Grimaldi, I may be said to live.

Very few, if they are forced to dwell in Trenton, New Jersey; Buffalo, New York; or Wigan (Lancashire), will ask the question, Why the Blue Coast? This stretch of the Mediterranean is traditionally a desirable place to be. The mimosa flames out in January, you can take your coffee outdoors on Groundhog Day, the Maritime Alps are picturesque, the bay dances with expensive shipping. It's a heaven for the well-heeled retired, old claws crusty with rings trembling over the roulette chips, the white suit and panama hat, and the fresh-washed poodle. I am not retired, nor will I ever be able to afford to be, yet I am here.

I am here because I have to be somewhere, this being the first condition for existing at all. I doubt if I shall be here for ever. I exiled myself from England just 10 years ago, and it is only now that I have realized the essentially negative nature of exile. You are exiled from, not to. The only solidity in the whole business of exilic flux is the place you leave behind. All countries other than your own are insubstantial, mere frivolous decor or gaudy projections on a cyclorama. You may, if you're a writer like me, think you're going into exile to get away from high taxes, friends, the climate, the dangers of parochial living; but it's really so that you may learn to exist inside your skull.

The writing job is the most solipsistic imaginable: What you imagine is the only real thing. The language you write in is that of the country you've left behind, and you've had an unconscious desire to separate this language from the current of daily life, get it out of the marketplace, make it your own isolate instrument. Here I am, surrounded by French speakers, and the English language is mine, and mine only, malleable matter to be hammered into my own shapes, as unsullied as Carrara marble, there for art and not for trivial intercourse. Solipsism and preciosity—how disgusting they both are. The reader in Milwaukee who is going to write an abusive letter about my artsy-shmartsy ivory-tower pococurantism is perfectly right.

But look at it another way. I may be the worst writer in the world, as American correspondents frequently tell me, but writing is the only thing I can do. I humbly accept that if a man could do anything else, he would not write for a living. Still, I have many things to write, and time is short. I am sixty-one, just. There is no guarantee, with the way I smoke and neglect physical exercise, that I shall see sixty-two, but, like everyone else, I have to work on the *as if* hypothesis. There's an exquisite appropriateness in the fact that *monaco* is the Italian for "monk." I have to stick to my cell in my hairy robe and painfully get on with the manuscripts. The roulette wheel spins, unheard by me. Crêpes suzette and pêches Melba are consumed in the Hôtel de Paris, their home of origin. I hammer the keys, unseduced. I never thought the onset of old age would be like this. Now I see that for a writer who wasted too much time in his youth, the seven-day week and the twelve-hour day were inevitable. To be so engaged in a place given over to sloth and dissipation has its own piquancy. Who knows what Great American Novel may not be gestating in a servant's bedroom in Caesar's Palace?

One is allowed most things these days, except to be left alone. The *monaco* in his *cella monastica* leaves his illuminating for the chapel and the refectory; but the state only marches in when it wants to dissolve his monastery. Anywhere except here, for a secular monk trying to write a book, politics, police, and press press in all the time. Italy, where life is nothing but a political riot, is intolerable for the writer who has no political affiliations. Even in France you have to have an ideological slot—post-Maoist, neo-Zen, *nouveau philosophe*, structuralist, grammatological. In England you are a swine if you don't write pamphlets in support of gay liberation (which I will never support because of its abuse of a fine old neutral necessary word). But in Monaco you *have* to be nonpolitical. So long as you do not preach Monegasque republicanism or the sinfulness of gambling, you are more or less left alone. Still, the chief of police did once say to me, "Monsieur Bourguess, you are an *homme de lettres*. *Hommes de lettres* I *know*. Be careful."

I prize this place because it is so bourgeois. Nobody really gives a damn about literature. If it were an island like Malta—where my exile first took me and which I had to quit because of censorship—I should become restive, claustrophobic. But Monaco is a place you can easily get out of, and by rail too, which is civilized. You can take a sleeper to Rome, Paris, Geneva, Barcelona, Milan. I don't get out, I stay here in my gray cell or cells, but freedom consists not in doing a thing but in knowing that doing that thing is possible when, or if, you should feel like doing it.

How ignoble, how egocentric, how antisocial, how smugly sequestered from the great public issues. Did not Richard Nixon himself, a man well able to judge of ignobility, condemn the exiles of the Blue Coast? I'm living in a pocket within a pocket, jingling a pocketful of loose words. And it is this personage, who thinks himself pared down to function—the function of contemplating beauty and truth—who proposes to communicate with you periodically in these columns. Confession to a kind of multiple priest, but no hope of absolution.

Ignatius of Loyola and James Joyce have not been getting on at all, to revert to my first sentence above, since they are not in the same place. Ignatius is a saint, Joyce was a writer. ◉

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 144

Cyra McFadden:
Semantic Spinach

"I can't get behind school right now," said a student in a college composition class... when I warned him that... he would fail the course. "But I'm not into F's," he added, "and, anyway, I don't think you ought to lay that authority trip on me. I mean, failing someone... wow, that's a value judgment."

From *The New York Times Magazine*, November 20, 1977

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EDUCATION NOW

The School as Surrogate Home

by Fred M. Hechinger

All the suggestions in your article on what parents can do to raise children's Scholastic Aptitude Test scores [SR, *October 15, 1977*] *apply to middle-class children. How are those who live in poverty and whose parents are practically illiterate going to benefit?*

James Marshall
Former president of
New York City's Board of Education

HORACE MANN, the father of universal education, was firmly convinced more than a century ago that the public schools are the only means of bridging the gap between rich and poor and of allowing the poor to cross that bridge toward the goal of affluence.

The schools have rarely lived up to that challenge. Since it is easier to teach middle-class children than children from the slums, the myth has been perpetuated that if poor children don't learn as well, it must be their own fault. When teachers boast of their successes, they usually point to the achievements of middle-class youngsters.

If middle-class parents can, and do, help their children to make it into college, public policies must aim at offering poor children comparable help through other sources. This is what compensatory education, a term coined in the 1960s, is all about.

Affluent parents help their children at a very early age by reading to them, showing them pictures, explaining daily phenomena. As the children grow older, these parents often aid in the youngsters' homework or, at least, provide a quiet, comfortable space for it. Often, extra stimulation is offered through music lessons and the like. And if necessary they enroll their high school age children in special courses to coach them for their college entrance tests.

Equal opportunity becomes an illusion unless the schools offer poor children the related benefits. This was the idea behind Head Start. Preschoolers were given a chance to take part in activities that affluent children enjoy at home. They were given as nearly individual attention as possible, often with the help of bright college or high school students in addition to teachers; they were introduced to books, games, films, and good television, such as *Sesame Street*; they were taken on trips, to concerts, to the country; if they were ready, they were introduced to the ABCs and to numbers. Recent studies show that youngsters who took part in well-run Head Start programs achieved much greater success in school—provided that the schools followed through.

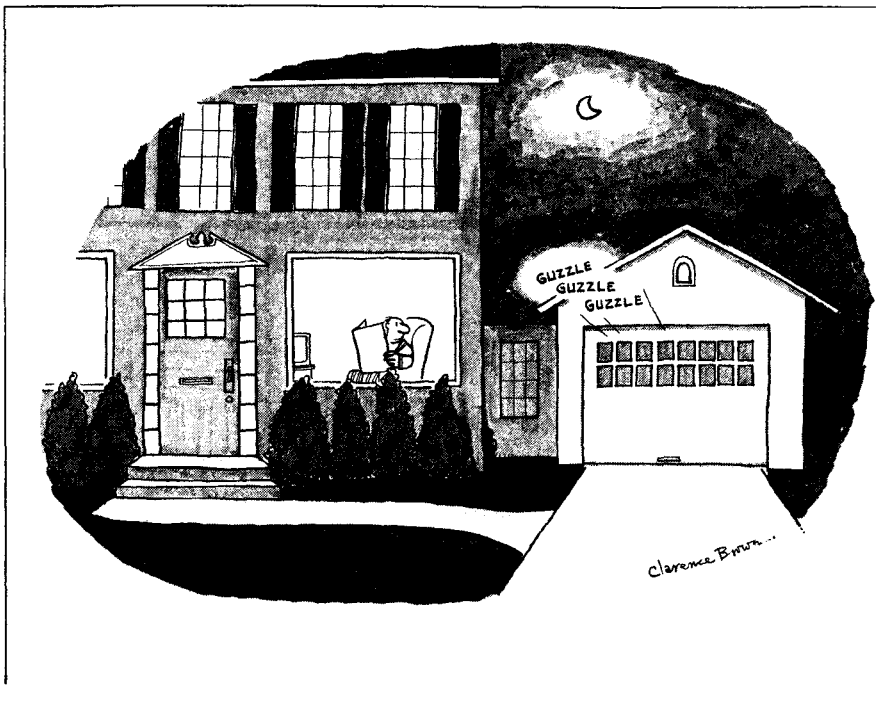
Several decades ago, New York City introduced a pilot program called Higher Horizons into its junior high schools. It did for that age group of deprived youngsters what Head Start later was to do for preschoolers. It tried to open up precisely those horizons—in the arts, in music, in formal and informal studies, in personal aspirations—that are normally only available to affluent children.

Unfortunately, when Higher Horizons achieved superior results for a few children, the schools tried to cash in by spreading the program's benefits without increasing funds and staffing. It became an empty shell, useful to the schools' public relations but useless to the children.

In many instances, that dismal history appears to be repeating itself with Head Start and with compensatory education. Many people resent publicly funded programs that benefit only special groups. And so, funds for these programs are spread thin in order to serve all children, undermining the purpose of helping needy children to catch up. In the latest manifestation of this attitude, a local school board in a middle-class area in Queens, New York, turned down $40,000 in federal funds because the money was earmarked for use only by poor youngsters.

Exactly the opposite approach is needed. Even Head Start is not enough—it begins too late to let poor children overcome their deficient home environment. These youngsters, probably as early as age two, need special day care centers that provide books, conversation, and peace and quiet. As the children grow older, the schools, acting as community centers, ought to involve the parents together with their children in late afternoon or in early evening programs of learning. And as long as affluent high school students are coached to improve their college entrance test scores, the schools should eventually offer the same opportunity, free of charge, to deprived children.

The point of all this is that poverty ought not to be regarded as a preordained condition about which nothing can be done; it should instead be a signal for school and society to provide the opportunities the home cannot. To prove that organized education can make the difference is the ultimate challenge. ◉



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TOP OF MY HEAD

To My Unemployed Baby Nephew

by Goodman Ace

Memo to: Samuel J. Singer
Re: Sixth-Month Birthday Greeting on How to Beat the Infancy Rap
(For Your Eyes Only)

WELCOME, nephew, to the ranks of the unemployed—although I can tell from these snapshots that your father wasted no time putting you to work posing for baby pictures at the age of two weeks. That's the second of the two traditional indignities every newborn has to suffer. The first, of course, was the resounding slap that the doctor gave you upon your entrance. Although that unprovoked attack is traditional, it is certainly not one of those biblical moments when we are advised to turn the other cheek.

I enclose a clipping from *The N.Y. Times* concerning the famous Scottish psychiatrist Dr. R. D. Laing, who pleads for gentleness with the newborn. QUOTE: "An infant has all its sense channels open and is not a lump of stuff to be turned upside down and slapped." Remember his name, boy. Your new leader in the crusade for infants' rights. Give that some serious thought, Sam. A cause worth fighting for. Join the crusade! You have nothing to lose but your diaper rash.

Do me a favor, boy, hide this clip under your pillow. Or better still, burn it. I don't want your mother complaining about a meddling old uncle trying to subvert her firstborn. New mothers tend to become unreasonably possessive, not only with child number 1, but also with child number 2, and child number 2.6.

I was surprised and disappointed that among all the other inhumanities heaped on infants, Dr. Laing did not include in his remarks the interminable torture of week-by-week baby pictures. He should have. Actually, an infant's snapshots serve no good purpose. (They dread posing for them.) There will come a day some 20 years from now when the family album will be dragged out to show visitors your baby pictures and somebody will always say, "Gee, Sam, you were such a beautiful baby. What happened to you?"

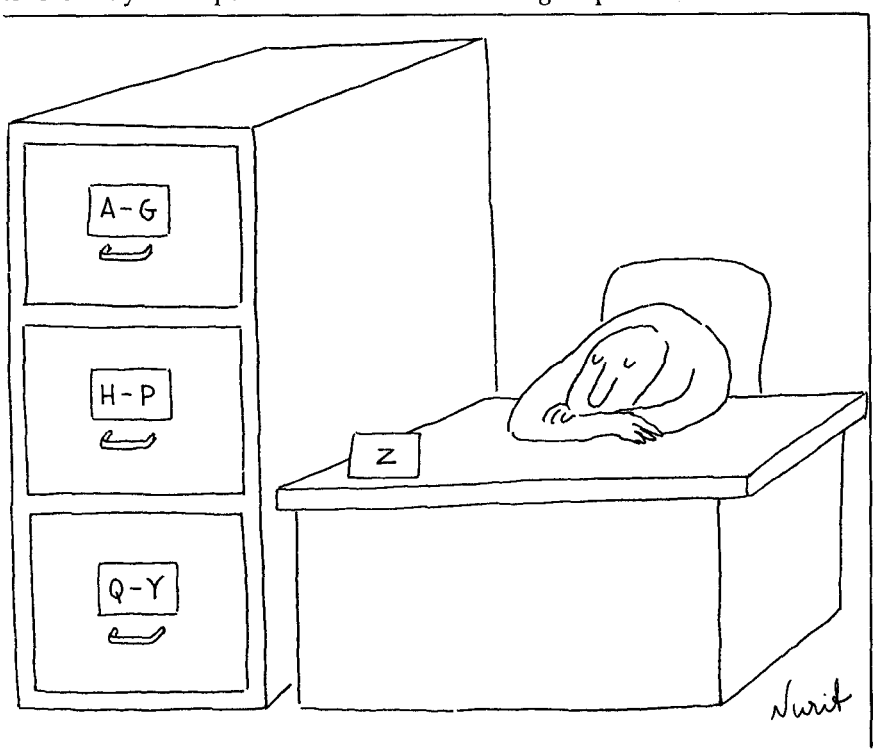
You can't deny it's your picture, and I know you let 'em take it without raising a fuss. How do I know? All it took was one close look at your face in this snapshot at age two weeks, and I detected your bemused smile. For me, that smile declared you had decided to go along with the gag. The look in your eyes told me that you were thinking, "If taking snapshots of me is all it takes to make them happy, why shouldn't I show them I understand their problem? The three of us are in this thing together."

That was using the little old bean, Sammy. "Togetherness" and "understanding"—the two absolutes necessary for a family to live in harmony and equanimity—and you showed the way. The reason family life is now in such sad disarray is that most kids are born rebellious. Would you believe that I heard an infant say one moment after birth, "Okay, Mom, I get off here. See you around. Thanks for the lift."

Who was right or wrong about the snapshots doesn't apply. The thing always to remember, Sam, is that these two people you moved in with were as newly born to parenthood as you are to childhood. Before you, they were only a handsome young married couple. A miracle was needed to make them a family. And you were that miracle. Stand up, kid. Take a bow. Your sainted great-grandfather, for whom you were named, applauds.

Posing for snapshots that morning had not been on your calendar, right? You had probably already planned a full, busy day, one of those hold-all-phone-calls days... a morning for tending to the more pressing infancy problems ... a morning to practice burping without being savagely thumped on your back ... learning how to pretend you're sound asleep so as not to be disturbed ... kicking your toes in the air and counting to see if they're all there ...attempting again to capture a small circle of sunbeam that filtered through the window onto the blanket in your crib, then uncurling your fingers and there's nothing... just a little handful of whimsy. You'll remember that. It'll come up again when you grow up and reach out to make what looks like a big business coup, and you'll open your fist... a handful of fantasy.

To sum it all up, Samuel J., your first six months were a breeze. But I would be remiss if I didn't caution you that life is not always a crib of roses. So watch it. There may arise instances of heated differences in judgments that may drive your father to shout, "If you don't like it here, why don't you go back where you came from?" And sad to tell you, boy, there may be moments through life when you wish you could. ◉



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LIGHT REFRACTIONS

Choice of Life-Style

by Thomas H. Middleton

HARRY AND CHARLOTTE Spitzer are among the leaders of an organization called Straight Talk, the purpose of which is to provide speakers—most of whom are heterosexual—to talk to interested groups on the subject of homosexuality. It seems that an increasing number of people are interested in hearing some straight talk on the subject, and it is high time.

Harry asked me if I'd write a column about homosexuality. I told him I wasn't an authority on the subject—though that has never checked me before—and I added that Light Refractions was usually about words and usage. He reminded me that the problem of homosexuality is in large part a problem of words. He's right, of course.

I feel very strongly about what is now usually referred to as "gay rights." Along with many other people, I wish "gay" were not the operative word; but it is, so I'll use it, although I still refuse to use it as a noun.

One of the problem phrases most frequently used in discussions of gay rights is "their choice of life-style," the implication being that one chooses to be a homosexual just as one might choose to be a doctor, a lawyer, or a cabinetmaker.

When we talk about sexuality, we're in a field in which there is infinite variety and almost anything is possible, so there undoubtedly are many men and women whose androgyny is so balanced that they do indeed have a choice among heterosexuality, homosexuality, and bisexuality. And, of course, there are those who under the press of circumstances turn to homosexuality as an expedient. But for most homosexuals, choice of life-style has nothing to do with it.

I had a college classmate whose name I think, although I'm not certain, was Charlie. That was a long time ago.

Charlie was bright, talented, witty, and fragile-looking. He was almost stereotypically the effeminate young man. I say "almost" because he worked against it. He affected, not entirely successfully, a sort of good-ol'-boy camaraderie. The consensus about Charlie was that he was almost surely a fag but a hell of a nice guy.

One afternoon, Charlie hanged himself in his dormitory room. He might have considered himself, as everyone else did, "a hell of a nice guy," but I think it's safe to say that he hanged himself because he was a "fag" and therefore loathsome to society and to himself.

I had two other good friends in my youth—both of them big and muscular, excellent athletes; both of them rather quiet and not much interested in girls; both highly intelligent. Fine examples of what we called the strong, silent type. Each was the sort of boy we used to elect Most Popular Boy in the Graduating Class. And both of them were dead before the age of twenty-five—one by carbon monoxide poisoning, the other by pistol; and both because—to everyone's amazement—they were homosexual.

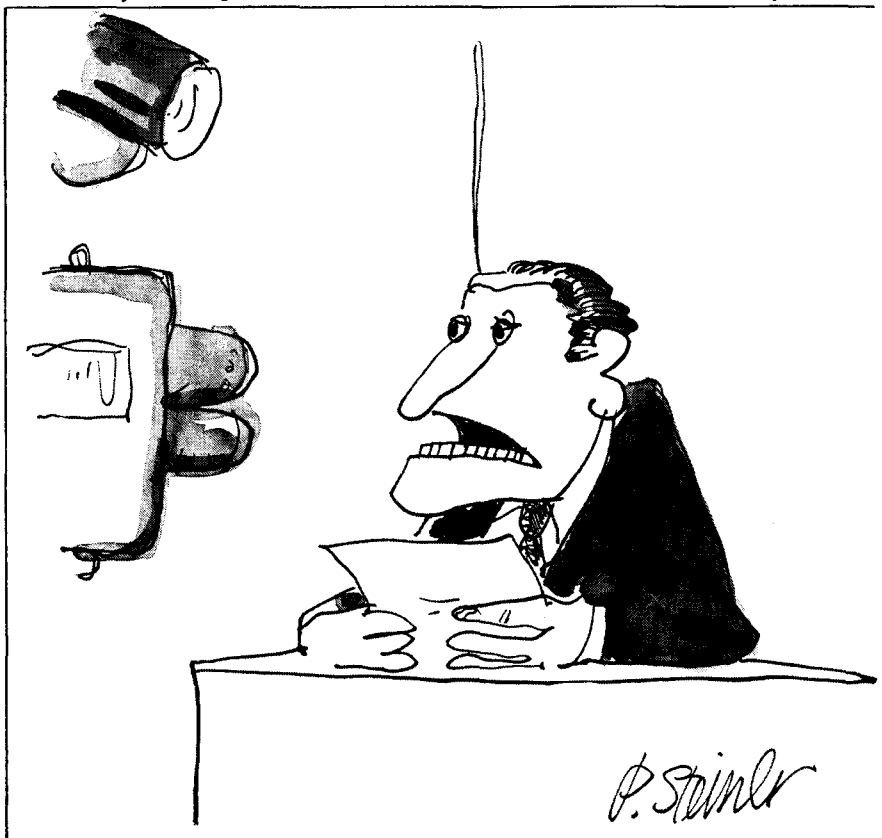
In this context, the phrase "choice of life-style" is an obscenity.

I've known at least two men who in order to prove to themselves and to the world that they were "normal" married women. Considering themselves perverted, they tried to pervert what in fact was perfectly natural in them. Predictably, they messed up their own lives and the lives of the women they married.

Thanks to the gay rights movement, with its gay alliances, gay task forces, and similar groups, that sort of thing is happening seldom these days, I suspect. These tragedies are becoming relics of a benighted past.

More and more of us are learning that homosexuality is in a somewhat paradoxical sense normal. We've learned that about 10 percent of every culture in the world is homosexual, so the real abnormality would be a society in which there were no homosexuals. Homosexuality itself is no more abnormal than left-handedness.

If, in the name of morality, we enact laws—or even hold attitudes—that are specifically directed against homosexuals, we are attempting to consign them—people who are good and bad, strong and weak, bright and stupid, just as we all are—to a special sort of hell, and I think we should take a very hard look at our own morality. ◉



"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is a news capsule. All hell is breaking loose. I'm John Davis. This has been a news capsule. Good evening."

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trips, stirp, strip, sprit

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Number 145

by Thomas H. Middleton

		1 W		2 G	3 V	4 P		5 Y	6 A		7 H	8 J	9 L	10 N	11 U	12 K
13 I	14 C		15 J	16 X	17 G		18 W	19 E	20 F	21 B		22 Y	23 Z	24 D	25 H	26 L
27 K	28 Q		29 H	30 M	31 S	32 A	33 V		34 W	35 F	36 C		37 K	38 Q	39 A	40 E
41 Y	42 B	43 I	44 R	45 F		46 G	47 V	48 H	49 M	50 D	51 C	52 R	53 Y	54 T		55 K
56 J	57 O		58 V	59 M	60 A	61 T	62 W	63 U	64 X		65 I	66 J	67 G	68 H	69 R	70 E
71 Z		72 D	73 S	74 K		75 E	76 L	77 T	78 R	79 Y	80 B	81 N		82 X	83 K	84 C
	85 J	86 V	87 A		88 Q	89 W	90 D	91 F	92 C		93 O	94 E	95 N	96 Q	97 R	98 M
99 S	100 X	101 U		102 C	103 P		104 H	105 A	106 S	107 U	108 Z	109 O	110 I		111 U	112 K
113 A	114 X	115 P	116 C	117 L	118 D	119 O	120 B	121 Q	122 E		123 J	124 I	125 G	126 N	127 Y	128 F
129 K		130 P	131 Z	132 E		133 U	134 B		135 M	136 G	137 P	138 K	139 R	140 D	141 O	142 W
143 J	144 X		145 A	146 Y		147 E	148 O		149 K	150 P	151 I	152 H	153 G	154 T	155 L	156 B
157 M	158 Y	159 J		160 C	161 T	162 W	163 U		164 G	165 C	166 Z		167 P	168 A	169 V	170 O
171 K	172 E	173 F	174 X	175 L	176 U	177 H	178 R		179 H	180 Y		181 M	182 E	183 F	184 K	
185 D	186 Q	187 S	188 E	189 I		190 S	191 C	192 T	193 M		194 Z	195 M		196 R	197 B	

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to ***Double-Crostic No. 144*** appears on page 96.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Fleabag, especially for men only	6 39 60 113 145 168 32 87 105
B. Constituent republic of the U.S.S.R., on the Baltic Sea	120 134 156 197 21 42 80
C. Exalted expressions of feeling or enthusiasm	84 165 191 14 36 102 160 51 92 116
D. *Cool, withdrawn*	185 24 50 72 90 118 140
E. Desirous of or eager for knowledge, curious	147 188 172 182 40 70 94 122 132 75 19
F. Hard to express or to define	20 45 173 183 35 91 128
G. Traps for the unwary	136 153 164 46 67 125 2 17
H. Deviser, maker, or creator of anything	29 48 104 179 68 152 177 7 25
I. Variety of rummy	43 65 110 124 151 189 13
J. Barrel along, go flat-out	15 56 66 85 123 143 159 8
K. State of being transitory	27 37 55 74 112 171 12 83 138 149 184 129
L. Positively charged atom or group of atoms	155 9 26 76 117 175
M. Upbraid harshly	195 30 181 157 59 98 135 193 49
N. Wipes; shocks	81 126 10 95
O. Remove, as from office or service	93 109 170 119 141 148 57
P. Group or clique within a larger group	103 130 167 4 115 137 150
Q. Native, congenital	186 28 88 38 96 121
R. Beings with the heads of men and the bodies of *serpents, offspring of* Gaea and Uranus	52 139 196 44 69 78 97 178
S. American dramatist (1891–1939; *They Knew What They Wanted*)	73 31 190 99 106 187
T. Occupant, inhabitant	61 77 154 161 192 54
U. Not identical, separate	101 111 63 107 133 163 176 11
V. Choice	47 58 33 86 3 169
W. Meeting hall of a legislature	142 34 1 162 18 62 89
X. Type of fishing vessel	64 114 16 82 144 174 100
Y. Diminishing (3 wds.)	5 79 41 53 180 22 158 127 146
Z. Disconcert	23 108 71 194 131 166

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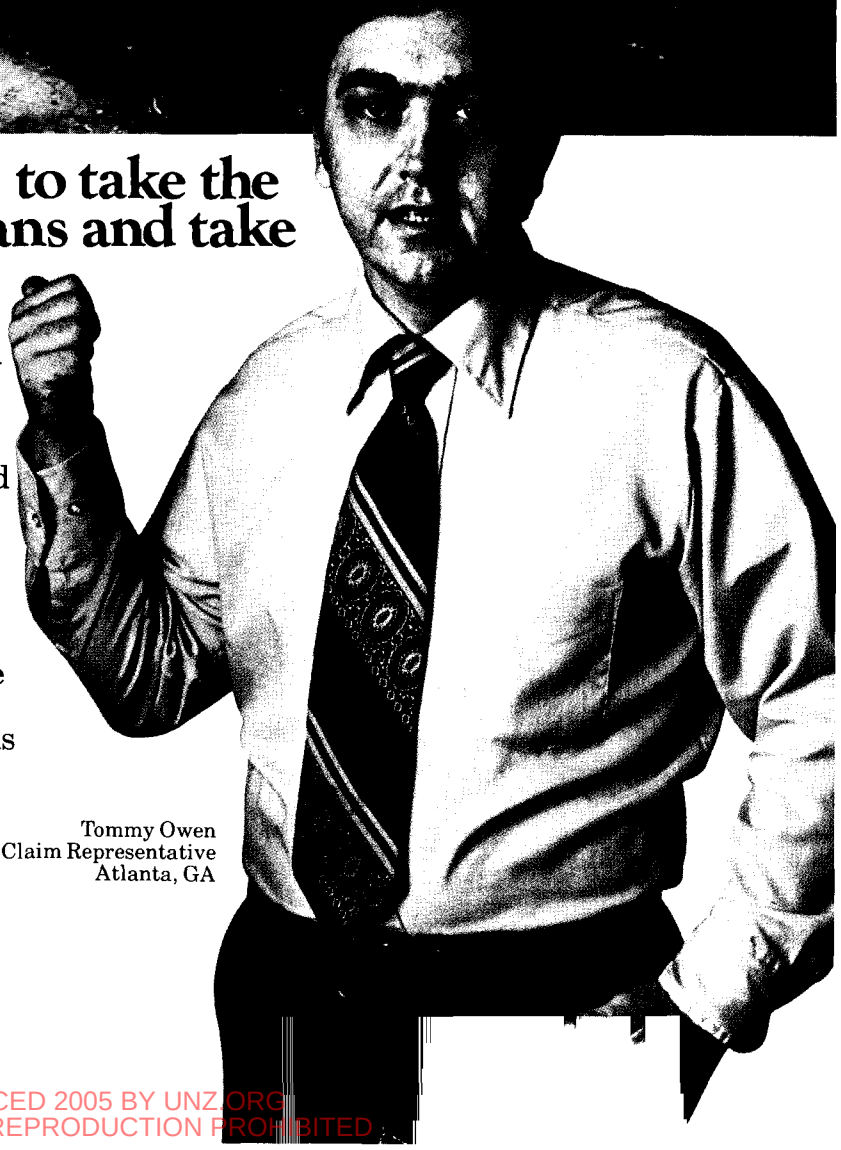
"Our first concern was to take the burden off the Cochrans and take it on ourselves."

"Everything had burned and they had no clothes, furniture or food. But they did have Allstate Homeowners insurance.

"I told them we'd worry about it and work out all the details. We go in there and scratch through the debris, take down the damage costs and then get the contractors to come in.

"And we got the Cochrans into an apartment, with clothes and furniture and an advance on expenses to live comfortably. That helped the Cochrans to start living normal lives again."



Tommy Owen
Staff Claim Representative
Atlanta, GA

Help when you need it. That's a promise from the good hands people.

Allstate®

Allstate Insurance Company Northbrook, IL

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Merit Key Factor In Smoking Shake-Up.

Large numbers of high tar smokers converting to Low Tar–'Enriched Flavor'™ cigarette.

Confirmed high tar smokers are finding an answer to the dilemma of choosing between good taste and low tar.

In two short years, an unprecedented number of high tar smokers—the toughest "taste" critics of low tar smoking—have switched to one low tar brand.

Their answer: MERIT.

In fact, 75% of current MERIT smokers are coming directly from high tar cigarettes.

It's clear.

MERIT is delivering the kind of flavor smokers thought they could only get from higher tar brands.

The reason: 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

Tobacco fortified with certain key flavor-rich ingredients isolated in cigarette smoke and proven to deliver taste way out of proportion to tar.

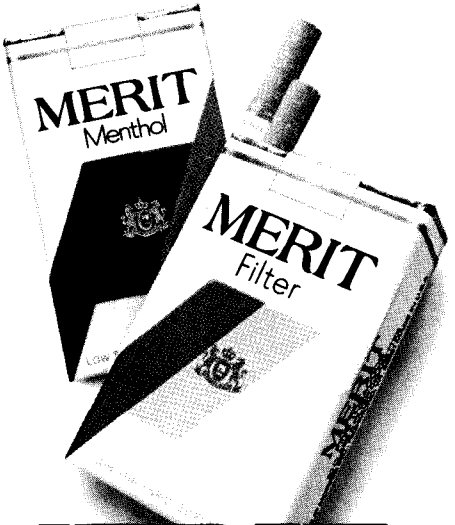
Tests Prove Taste

MERIT and MERIT 100's were both tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested.

Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. And you can taste it.



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Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'77
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT

Kings & 100's

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